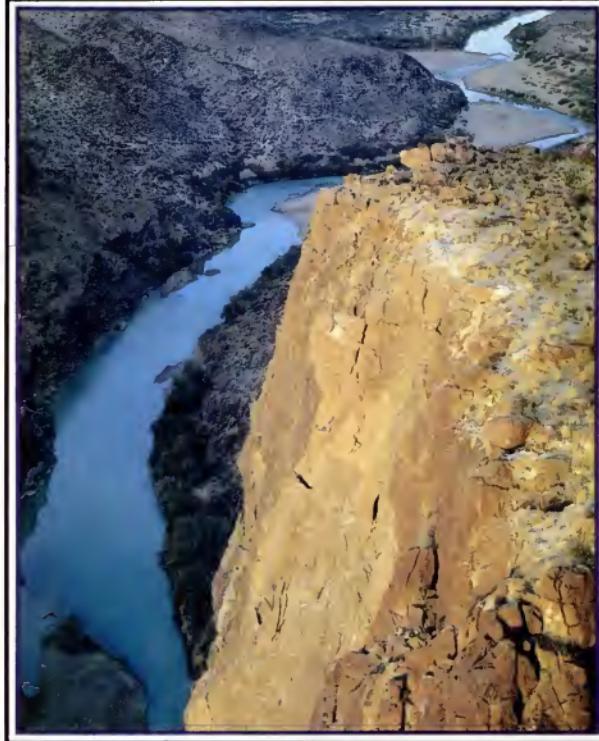


When Kids—and Parents—Go Wrong, by Gary Cartwright
Whiskey, Women, and Singing: The Saga of George Jones
Fort Worth, I've Fallen in Love With Yew, by Jan Morris

Texas Monthly®

BIG RIVER



**The Rio Grande,
From the Mountains to the Sea,
by Jim Bones, Jr., and John Graves**





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Sonny Caster, owner of Mustang Beach Ltd.

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In 1977 Mustang Beach Ltd. was formed by developer Sonny Caster to acquire and develop canal-front property. By 1981 he had done just that: select resort canal and canal-beach lots had been established near Port Aransas, on Mustang Beach. Complete with paved air-strip, concrete bulkheads, and private beaches, Caster's dream was now ready and waiting for the right customers.

The question was, How could he reach them?

Smooth sale-ing.

With lots priced from the high thirties he knew his market would be affluent and vacation oriented. To target this audience Caster used a variety of media.

In addition to Texas Monthly, his mix included local newspapers in Corpus Christi and Rockport, *Houston City, Ultra, Southwest Airlines Magazine, Corpus Christi Magazine, the Wall Street Journal, Texas Sports, Houston Business Journal, and Gulf Tides Magazine*.

Of this extensive list of magazines, he found that Texas Monthly was the most effective in providing both coupon response and sales.

The tide rushes in.

Mustang Beach Ltd.'s ad in Texas Monthly's December 1981 issue drew a phenomenal response. In only two months, sixty of the development company's lots were sold. Sonny Caster found that, in addition to providing leads, the Texas Monthly ad provided backup for on-site sales—"as seen in Texas Monthly" had definite pulling power with the people who came to look at the lots.

"One reason we worked so well together," Caster notes, "is that there's such a good match between Texas Monthly's readers and my market."

Upon analyzing his sales, Caster

found that 90% of his lots had been bought by Texans with a median age of 45 and an approximate income of \$100,000 a year. These figures correspond neatly with Texas Monthly's subscriber statistics: 90% of Texas Monthly's subscribers are from Texas, and the median age of Texas Monthly's subscribers is 41.7. The average household income of Texas Monthly's subscribers is \$60,191, and 11% of them have a total household income of \$100,000 or more.

A shore thing.

Sonny Caster's success with this venture has allowed Mustang Beach Ltd. to grow in only five years into a development company with sales of over \$2 million last year.

Caster now has plans to acquire similar property in order to develop three to four hundred modular condominium units. And Texas Monthly, tailor-made to reach a market of affluent Texans, is ready to play its part in marketing this project. With Texas Monthly's help, Sonny Caster and Mustang Beach Ltd. will continue riding the waves of success.

Texas Monthly
The magazine as big as Texas.

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Men's Fragrances.

Neiman-Marcus



Dallas

Fort Worth

Houston

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Cover Photography Jim Bones, Jr.

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BEHIND THE LINES

by Gregory Curtis

Accessing the world's great artists is consistent with accessing the world's commerce." That is Ben Love, chairman of the board and chief executive officer of Texas Commerce Bancshares, explaining why there is a sculpture by the Spanish artist Joan Miró standing before his bank's tower in downtown Houston. The statement is typical of enlightened business attitudes about the arts; for that matter, if interpreted broadly enough, it is consistent with the attitudes of the powerful throughout history toward the monuments they have built. And it is hardly surprising that the three Houstonians most responsible for the building—Love; Hugh Roff, Jr., head of United Energy Resources; and developer Gerald D. Hines—should have decided to erect a monument of some kind before their monumental edifice, the largest bank building in the world. What is startling is the work they selected. It is a sculpture nearly six stories tall, painted in vivid colors, fashioned originally from cast-off junk, with an ambiguous though clearly sexual organ protruding from its center.

One can only speculate what sort of monument Messrs. Love, Hines, and Roff might have chosen had they been left entirely to their own devices. Modern corporate executives tend to be more modest in the public art they commission than the ancient generals who liked triumphal arches and statues of themselves on horseback, or those Renaissance cardinals whose portraits showed them in the foreground devoutly praying to a significantly smaller Christ on the cross. This modern modesty has its disadvantages, since today some of those ancient works that are blatant products of pride and vanity are among the great art treasures of the world. And even those whose value is more historical than artistic have their place. In Rome one wants to see a statue of Caesar. When I raised this point to some executives with Gerald D. Hines Interests, one snorted, "You mean we should have put up a statue of Gerry?"

At the same time that they repress vanity, modern corporations do not feel much need to memorialize either the services they perform or personages in local history. No artistically evoked oil rigs or service stations will ever stand in front of the Exxon Building; nor will there be, as was once jokingly proposed, statues of the Allen brothers, the land speculators who founded Houston, before the Texas Commerce Tower.

But Love, Hines, and Roff were hardly left to their own devices. Their choice was carefully and deliberately drawn forth from them by the building's architect, I. M. Pei. And through the process of their making that choice the sculpture became, in a very subtle but important way, a sculpture of Gerry and Ben and Hugh after all.

I. M. Pei won the commission for the Texas Commerce Tower by participating in an invitational competition with six other architects, an event recounted by John Bloom in *Texas Monthly* ("Three Gentlemen, One Ghost, and a Skyscraper," May 1980). Ben Love had already decided that he wanted a tall building, but Pei most impressed the audience of builders and bankers by stressing that his design created a void. "Great cities are known for their



Miró's *Personage and Birds*: sculpture that will change Houston.

voids," he said, referring to the open plazas and squares and promenades of London, Paris, and Rome. Houston could be known for its voids more than for its buildings, Pei said, and it could be known especially for the void now named United Energy Plaza in front of the bank tower. This empty space then dictated that the building adjoining it, in order to have the necessary square footage, be built very, very high. Pei's building would be tall, all right, tall enough to dominate the skyline of Houston; but with the creation of a public plaza, it had an aesthetic, rational, generous, and public-spirited reason for being tall.

The void, however, should not be completely empty; it should contain something to attract people to it. Fountains and gardens are two familiar themes, but Pei's idea from the beginning was for the plaza to contain something of real significance, and to him that meant just one thing: a great work of art. Pei began to educate Hines and Love in modern art. (Roff, whose United Energy would become a major tenant somewhat later, had

not yet entered the process.) Pei talked with them. He sent them books about art. The sculptor Henry Moore was considered, and the men even went to Dallas to meet him when he was working there. But there is already a Moore in Houston, on Allen Parkway, and Moore's work tends to be horizontal. The bank tower was going to be 75 stories of verticality.

Pei's preference had always been Miró, now 89, who is generally considered second only to Picasso, if not Picasso's peer, among artists in the modern era. Pei continued his process of education. Ben Love, for one, went home at night with his art books and, as he puts it, did his homework. At first Miró's work—mystical, dreamy, sensual, with bright colors and primordial figures that frequently appear to float in an almost biological medium—came as a shock. But Pei persisted. As Love recalls, "He told us that Miró was not on trial. We were on trial in our appreciation."

Then, with Pierre Matisse, Miró's dealer in New York and the son of the painter Henri Matisse, Pei arranged for a trip that would culminate in Love and Hines's meeting Miró. But first the two Houstonians were to stop in Paris, where a Miró stands in a plaza adjacent to the Fiat building. The Fiat building is of black granite—stolid, conservative—but the statue is colorful. There were throngs of people around, and the two men were impressed that the average man on the street seemed to react happily to the sculpture. Next, Love and Hines visited the Maeght Foundation in southern France. It is an idyllic spot where perhaps the greatest collection of Miró's sculpture in the world is set off by rock walls, lush vegetation, and the blue Mediterranean sky. That was the turning point. Any doubts that persisted were swept away by the beauty of the sculptures in their lovely setting. Miró had taken ill and could not receive visitors, but that did not alter their decision. Love, who considers his building "classical, conservative in every respect," saw the perfect complement to this conservatism in the work of a visionary modern artist.

But which Miró? They wanted to choose an existing work that

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could be enlarged to the proper scale. First they selected a piece called *Disheveled Woman*, but, as Hugh Roff recalls, when it was brought to their attention that the piece could be seen as a symbol of fertility, enthusiasm for it waned. "We didn't," Roff says, "want to make a statement about fertility." The work they then settled on was originally done in 1970 and named *Personage and Bird*. The horizontal bar below the round head divides the sculpture into two parts. Below it the triangular shape with its sexual organ represents the body, the earth, the senses. Above the bar, the head and the bird (or birds, as we shall see) represent the mind, the sky, the imagination. Pei had a wooden model of the sculpture sent to Miró for him to paint with the colors to be used in the monumental version.

The result, at least artistically, is open to some question. To the unsympathetic eye it looks like a gawky spaceman made of Tinkertoys. I asked Barbara Rose, art critic, consulting curator of the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston, and organizer of the splendid show "Miró in America" that opened at the museum at the time of the dedication of the sculpture in April, if she thought this was a major piece by Miró or an average or even minor one. She hedged by saying, "Well, you have to compare it to Miró's other monumental sculpture." Further, it's time to stop letting architects foist off on us these downtown plazas that for the most part become not pleasant gathering places but expanses of pavement that must be crossed in the cold rain of winter and the sizzling sun of summer, places where swirling gusts of wind throw dust and candy wrappers in your face, places that make street-level shops impossible.

But whether this is great art or simply a piece by a great artist, whether the plaza will become a notable void or simply a void, I think you just have to like this thing and admire the audacity of the conservative businessmen who put it there. It is colorful, eccentric, funny—all qualities in short supply in most business districts—and it represents the daring, playfulness, and determination to undermine self-importance that are among the most appealing characteristics of Houston.

In addition to all this, the sculpture shows that one of the ancient motivations for monumental art—self-commemoration—has not entirely disappeared. After Miró had painted the model and it was ready for viewing, Pei, Roff, Hines, Love, and their wives visited the artist at his studio in Majorca for the unveiling. The three amorphous shapes at the ends of the chair legs stuck to the head were painted red, blue, and yellow. In the enthusiasm of the moment, Ben Love said, "I want to be the red bird." He had been a St. Louis Cardinals fan as a boy. Hines wanted to be the yellow bird, and Roff became the "blue bird of happiness." And the correct name of the sculpture at the corner of Milam and Capitol is *Personage and Birds*. Plural. ♦

Father's Day

sunday • june 20th



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Dillard's

THE ROAR OF THE CROWD

Our Farrah Lady

As a female fan of Farrah Fawcett's, I found it very refreshing to read a positive article about her ("How Farrah Fawcett Changed the World," TM, April 1982) instead of all the negative print that has been circulating since her flight from *Charlie's Angels*. Obviously, Farrah was destined for popularity and stardom from the day she was born.

Farrah Fawcett not only changed television, she also changed American women's hairstyles and made going braless a little more acceptable. And in steamy South Texas, that's something to cheer about!

Angie Simon
Karnes City

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The Savoy,
you must
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and helped make the article a success.

Charles W. Nixon
Fort Worth

Court of Last Retort

Hats off and three cheers to Paul Burk for his excellent exposé of one of Texas' constant sources of judicial embarrassment, the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals ("Trial by Technicality," TM, April 1982). Some of the decisions reached by this group defy the imagination. It is refreshing to note, however, that these men are elected officials. They can be voted out as well as voted in. Clearly, a housecleaning is in order.

C. E. Williams
Pasadena

Brought from Viet Nam to San Diego by the funeral of my mother [Barbara Payton], I found myself in a room filled with flowers and a casket. Standing there, I realized how alive my mother was to me, despite her death. Looking around, I realized that her hard and all-too-giving life had left her with a lot of wreaths but no mourners willing to chance publicity for affection and remembrance.

There are always those who relish the publicity they get by hurting others. I want it known, for what it's worth, that those they hurt, even in death, are more than printed words and photographs.

My mother was indeed beautiful. She raised me and cherished me as best she could. She loved me. She loved her dreams. Because of that, because she always kept me a part of herself and her dreams, I love her. Had Gregory Curtis known her, he might not have done to her what he has. It hurts very much.

John Payton
Austin

Structurally Sound

I enjoyed the article by Nicholas Lemann on the architects of Houston ("The Architects," TM, April 1982). Having grown up in the city and spent most of my professional career there, I found it fascinating to relive the history of the city and its growth. Also, since I have been an international project director for CRS Architects for the last six years, I could relate directly to those comments regarding the Middle East. In talking with architects who have been part of the growth of the city for thirty years, I found that they did not know many of the facts presented by Mr. Lemann.

Fort Worth is now in the position that Houston was in 25 years ago, in terms of its potential growth, and the article has given us all something to think about as we look toward the future.

Rick Gardner's photographs were super

Complimentary valet parking.

Address letters to *Roar of the Crowd, Texas Monthly*, Box 1569, Austin, Texas 78767. All letters addressed to *Texas Monthly* are subject to publication. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity and length.

The freedom in our society can be protected only through the law. The criminal law, as drafted by our Legislature, is interpreted by the judiciary. The Court of Criminal Appeals protects the rights of each citizen of Texas. What Mr. Burk calls technicalities are basic elements required for the prosecutor to prove that a criminal offense has been committed.

Enforcement of the law is a police power of the state. Abuses of police power (that is, totalitarian tactics) deny fundamental rights to the citizen of the state. The Court of Criminal Appeals has a duty to interpret the law to prevent such abuses. That is precisely what the judges on that court have done and continue to do.

Mr. Burk, you are wrong. Advocating abolition of that court is an attack on nine honorable, scholarly men who preserve our fundamental right of freedom from wrongful imprisonment.

Don C. Cooksey
Texarkana

Paul Burk's article is an irresponsible piece of garbage. He concedes early on that

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the court reversed less than 10 per cent of the convictions appealed to it last year, then goes on to paint the court as lurking in wait to arbitrarily reverse the beleaguered prosecutor. The court is overly impressed with narrow technical points, but it is just as likely to apply them to deny a meritorious appeal as to overturn a conviction.

On the other hand, the court is extremely insensitive to constitutional arguments made on behalf of defendants. There wouldn't be much to the federal Bill of Rights if it were solely up to the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals to apply it.

Why didn't Mr. Burkhardt write a balanced article including a discussion of the inadequacies of the present court from a criminal defendant's point of view? I guess it makes a better story to play up to public fears about the crime problem.

*Laurence L. Priddy
Houston*

State of Perfection

Gary Cartwright should have been sitting next to me yesterday in the subway when New Yorkers were panicking because of the blizzard. Derelicts and drunks were stretched out on the seats to escape the cold, while the rest of us braved the noise, the fumes, the obscene graffiti, and the wind and the snow outside. Amid all this madness, I was able to chuckle over Mr. Cartwright's wonderful article, "Back Home" [TM, April 1982].

I have to admit that at the moment Taos sounded like a haven compared to New York City. But I understand all too well—it just isn't the Lone Star State. But then, as so many Texans will boast, we are in God's back yard, and even paradise could at best run only a close second.

*Nancy Daniels
El Paso and New York City*

So while living in New Mexico Gary Cartwright got "tired of women with hair under their arms. Tired of breast-feeding in the checkout line. . . . Tired of trust-fund hipsters who go broke and become artists."

Well, while living in Texas I have grown tired of a few things, too:

Cowboy hats and boots on people who have only been on a hobbyhorse. Pseudocowboys everywhere!

Humidity.

Mosquitoes and sundry other critters.

Antiquated blue laws that are perpetuated by a narrow-minded few.

People who think Texas is the only state in the union.

*John F. Rector
Nacogdoches*

Gary Cartwright does confirm my suspicion that some Texans are a little slow upstairs. Any New Mexican could have told him in five minutes what it apparently took him eighteen uncomfortable months to realize. Taos is, was, and always will be a sort of foreigners' compound, a magnet for remittance men, losers, and loonies.

Still, Cartwright has done New Mexico a

Saks Fifth Avenue



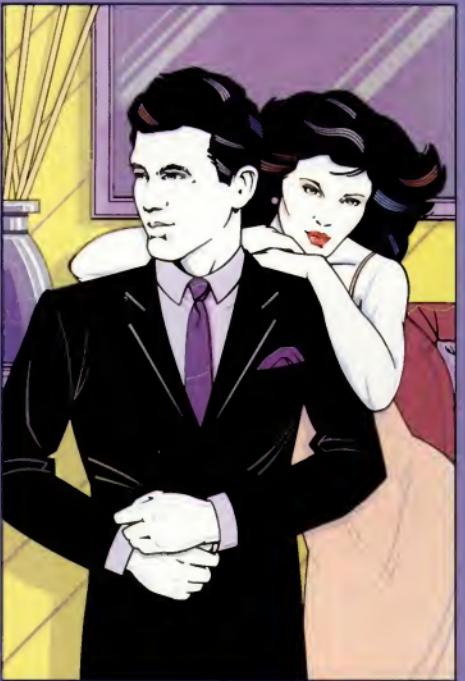
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E. M. Martin
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Urban Spoil

Barton Springs illustrates why country people don't like city people ["Bad Water," TM, April 1982]. Y'all wouldn't be city people if you weren't willing to trade whatever was originally on the land for a pavement-and-steel environment. And we wouldn't be country people if we weren't willing to trade the excitement and variety of the metropolis for the elemental beauty of the land.

Suzanne Winckler was mistaken. Texas has plenty of jewels. They just don't hold their luster too well once city people get hold of 'em, what with being set in concrete.

Lewis Allen
Sanderson

Whose Business?

Harry Hurt's article on the Giddings oil field ["Meanwhile, Back in Giddings," TM, April 1982] refers to my "bitter divorce" from my former wife, Robbie, and states that "part of the bitterness grew from [my] relationship with" my present wife, Brenda. This clearly implies that my present wife was the "other woman" in the divorce case.

The true (and undisputed) fact is that I had never met, seen, or even heard of my present wife, Brenda, when my former wife instituted her divorce proceedings against me. I also do not understand what any of this has to do with the oil business, the Giddings field, or the business section of your magazine.

Pat S. Holloway
Dallas

Just Plain Bugged

From James Wolcott's movie reviews ["Border Machismo," TM, April 1982]: "the only commendable thing about *Victor/Victoria* is that unlike *Making Love* . . . it spares us unappetizing close-ups of men kissing. This outbreak of cooties really has become a bit much."

Mr. Wolcott's outbreak of homophobia really has become a bit much.

Blase DiStefano
Houston

Way back in 1980, *Texas Monthly* not only had the courage to print Michael Ennis's well-written commentary on gay life in Texas ["What Do These Rugged Texas Hemen Have in Common?" TM, June 1980] but also proved its ability to weather the storm of homophobic fury that came as an automatic result of such publication. Now, in the movie reviews by James Wolcott, we find a seeming yearning to return to the good old days of stereotypes: of Sambo shuffling along and eating watermelon; of Pedro sleeping under a sombrero beside a cactus; of the neurotic if not out-and-out crazy

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"queer" who must be forced to commit suicide before the end of the third reel.

Wallace W. Roe
Houston

Faint Praise

Peter Applebome writes some praiseworthy comments about both Dallas newspapers [Reporter: "War of the Words," TM, April 1982] and then quickly adds, "But they're not yet among the nation's finest."

It has always seemed strange to me that some Texans never really recognized the talents of Larry L. King, Willie Morris, and Dan Jenkins until some Northeast authority ordained them. Although a native Texan, I have worked on two of the nation's acknowledged top ten newspapers (*the Philadelphia Inquirer* and the *Miami Herald*), as well as on the *Dallas Times Herald*. So I know a good thing when I read it. I sincerely believe that the *Times Herald* ranks ninth nationally and the *Morning News* is close behind. And I don't need an Eastern critic to tell me that they're both outstanding.

Will D. Jarrett

Executive Editor, Denver Post

Now that Peter Applebome's very interesting article has so ably reviewed the intense competitive battle of professionalism between the two Dallas newspapers, perhaps he would serve the people of Houston extremely well by comparing the two Houston newspapers to determine which is winning the apparent battle for the title of the worst newspaper in America.

As an elderly native Houstonian who has been a subscriber off and on for 68 years, I am somewhat bewildered by the recent rapid downward trend—low-grade newspaper, dirty ink, blotchy printing, front pages with 50 (or more) per cent devoted to senseless pictures and big, big headlines. And to make matters worse, the state, national, and international news items are getting scarcer and scarcer. Are both Houston papers making such large profits that their readers and advertisers be damned?

Rudolph A. Turrentine
Houston

The Article in Question

Texas Monthly's statement concerning Article 1269M of the state civil service law [State Secrets, TM, April 1982] is simply asinine. You stated that, but for the "deplorable" 1269M statute, incoming Houston police chief Lee Brown would be able to change the department's image as a bunch of trigger-happy, bigoted cops.

Your view is too simplistic. That department's problems started long before the advent of 1269M. I guess you people are not aware of the alternative to 1269M. It's called political patronage. Article 1269M is not, as you suggest, a license to run roughshod over the citizenry. I've seen it both ways, and believe me, a good police department's key to being strong and *Independent* is having a good civil service law on the books.

Mike Casey
Corpus Christi

Summer '82. Polo by Ralph Lauren.



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TOOTS

What to do, what to see, what to buy this month.
Edited by Patricia Sharpe



Bill Holloway

Days of Wine and Roses

Not every victory calls for an entire bottle of champagne. Sometimes you want just a glass, but you want it to be the best. During the month of June, the Terrace Lounge at Houston's new Four Seasons Hotel in the Houston Center can satisfy your little whim with a glass of Taittinger rose 1973 for a mere \$16 (if you buy the whole bottle it's \$96). Or try Dom Perignon 1973 and Louis Roederer Cristal 1976 at \$12 a glass (\$72 a bottle). All will make you feel like a prince without leaving you a pauper.

CHAMPAGNE BY THE GLASS/ Four Seasons Hotel, Houston Center, 1300 Lamar/ 650-1300/ Open 7 days 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m., with live jazz after 5/ Available June only.



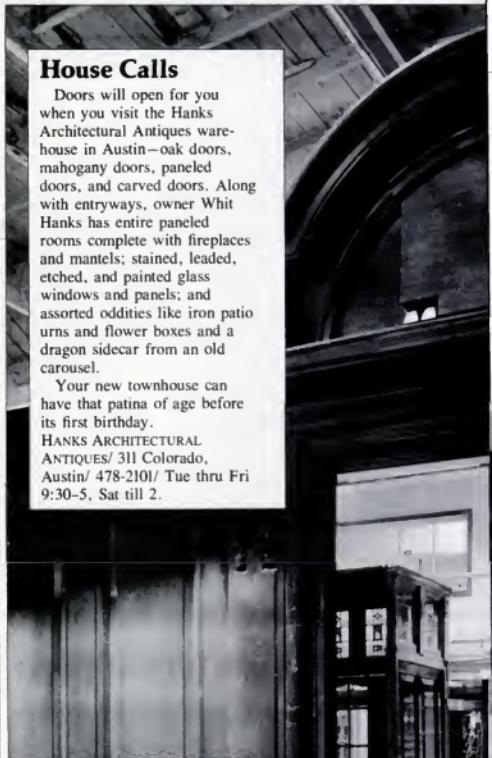
Dave Pantrey

House Calls

Doors will open for you when you visit the Hanks Architectural Antiques warehouse in Austin—oak doors, mahogany doors, paneled doors, and carved doors. Along with entryways, owner Whit Hanks has entire paneled rooms complete with fireplaces and mantels; stained, leaded, etched, and painted glass windows and panels; and assorted oddities like iron patio urns and flower boxes and a dragon sidecar from an old carousel.

Your new townhouse can have that patina of age before its first birthday.

HANKS ARCHITECTURAL
ANTIQUES/ 311 Colorado,
Austin/ 478-2101/ Tue thru Fri
9:30-5, Sat till 2.



Sentimental Journey

This jewelry really takes the prize. In fact, that's how the ancestors of these colorful metal trinkets started life—as prizes in candy packages and as markers for board games.

Cast from the original molds, Cracker Jill charms come in the form of earrings (\$6.50) and a variety of necklaces (\$15-\$60), but you can wear them on your wrists and ankles or even sew them all over a favorite hat or shirt if you're feeling really sentimental.

CRACKER JILL JEWELRY/ Inner Space, the Quadrangle, 2800 Routh, Dallas/ 747-7277/ Mon thru Thur 10-8, Fri & Sat till 8:30.

TOOTS



Matthew Soren Krikke's Photography

All Presents and Accounted For

The case for baskets is Tisket A Tasket's personalized gift basket service in Dallas. Each basket is designed around the recipient's interests, such as golf or gourmet cooking, and delivered by Little Red Riding Hood.

Standard baskets for birthdays and holidays are also available, and Tisket A Tasket will deliver anywhere in the Metroplex. **GIFT BASKETS/ Tisket A Tasket, Box 902311, Dallas 953-902311 (fancy new Zip)/ 324-0472/ \$40 & up.**



Playing Post Office

You can't mail a letter for 2 cents here anymore, but everything else in this old-timey post office is authentic. The brass lockboxes and the grilles over the windows, transported from the village of Geronimo, look just the way they did back in 1914, and postmarks are still stamped by hand.

POST OFFICE SUBSTATION/ Institute of Texan Cultures, HemisFair grounds, 801 S. Bowie at Durango, San Antonio/ 226-7651/ Tue thru Sat 10-4, usually open Sun 1-4 (unless the Gone Fishing sign is out).

Toots Contributors: Susan Block and Rebecca Murdock, Dallas; Patti Everett, Houston; Nancy Haston Foster, San Antonio

AROUND THE STATE

A selective guide to entertainment and events of more than usual interest.

Around the State is a service to our readers providing a selective guide to dining and entertainment in the urban areas of Texas. It does not reflect the opinions of the Texas Monthly staff. The magazine accepts advertising or other consideration in exchange for including any event or business enterprise. A listing cannot be purchased.

DEADLINES

Deadline for submissions to Around the State is six weeks prior to the month of publication, preferably earlier. Because of this lead time, a few changes may have occurred since the magazine went to press.

RESTAURANT REVIEW POLICY

Around the State restaurant reviews are written by resident critics in each of the cities we list. The identity of these critics is kept confidential. Restaurants will receive no written treatment. The restaurant is visited approximately every three months. Send comments and tips on restaurant and club reviews to Around the State Editor, Texas Monthly, Box 1569, Austin 78767.

Restaurants are classified according to the following price scale, which represents the cost of a typical meal for one person, exclusive of drinks, tax, and tip:

Inexpensive \$ under \$10 Moderate \$10 to \$15

Expensive \$15 to \$25 Very expensive over \$25

Establishments that serve mixed drinks are indicated by the word "Bar." Under Texas law a customer is not permitted to bring his own wine onto the premises of a restaurant that serves mixed drinks.

★ ★ ★ Three stars designate a distinguished restaurant with consistently superior food, service, and ambience—one of the best in the country.

★ ★ Two stars designate a fine restaurant with outstanding food, either for service or the menu (preferably both); its outstandings is as well—one of the best in the state.

★ One star designates a restaurant with excellent food and adequate service and atmosphere—one of the best in the city.

★ A check designates one of the local critics' favorite restaurants—a place where the food may or may not be great but where the overall effect is so pleasant that it makes them want to go back.

Legend for the credit card guide in the restaurant and club listings: AE-American Express, CB-Carte Blanche, DC-Diners Club, CM-MasterCard, V-Visa, Cr-all major credit cards, N-no credit cards.

WHEELCHAIR ACCESSIBILITY

① This building or area is accessible to persons in wheelchairs; the entrance is at least 32 inches wide and there are no more than two steps at the entry. Not all facilities (restrooms, etc.) in the building are accessible.

② This building or area or all major facilities are accessible to persons in wheelchairs.

③ Call ahead. The management will make special arrangements to admit persons in wheelchairs.

(No symbol) This place is not accessible.

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TRAVELER'S CHOICE

VICTORIA

Bach Festival, First Presbyterian Church, 2408 N. Navarre (512-786-1111). June 4-5. Performances in the church now seven years old, feature works of J.S. Bach (cantatas 19, 50, and 106, various concerti, including the Brandenburg concertos 5 and 6), Mozart (Symphony No. 39), Haydn (Mass No. 12), Beethoven (Symphony No. 81). Handel, Benjamin Britten, and Stravinsky. The church, a 19th-century acoustically resonant First Presbyterian Church, except June 2 at 7 in Victoria Mall, under the direction of David Urness. At 8, except as noted. Subscription prices: gen. adm. \$25, students \$15. At doors: gen. adm. \$27.50, students \$3. (③) Raggedy Ann's, 207 N. Navarre (512-786-2760). An offshoot of the Houston restaurant of the same name, this one, housed in a restored 150-year-old manse, is filled with stained glass and

plants and has lots of windows. Dining facilities are on the two floors, in the garden, or on the patio. The menu includes the traditional, with some special items, such as Hainin's Mud Pie, also a best-seller at the Houston Ruggles. Complete bar, with an extensive wine list of about half California wine and half foreign wines. Happy hour Mon thru Fri 4-6. Lunch Mon thru Sat 11:30-2. Dinner Mon thru Fri 5:30-10. Fri & Sat 5:30-11. Closed Sun, but open by appointment for groups of 12 or more. Moderate. Cr. (②)

AMARILLO

Send general entertainment listings to: Box 1171, Amarillo 79108

THEATER

Resident

Pioneer Amphitheatre, Palo Duro Canyon State Park, Texas Hwy 217 east from Canyon (655-2181). Mon thru Sat at 8:30. \$25. (③)

JUNE 10 THRU AUG 21: Texas — Paul Green's saga of soldiers and compatriots with music, dancing, and spectacular sound and light effects.

FOR CHILDREN

Wonderland Park, Thompson Park, US Hwy 87 & NE 24th (383-4712). There is a new space-ship ride, Columbus; old favorites are the flume and rollercoaster. Mon thru Fri 7-11. Sat & Sun 1-11. 25¢. (②)

MUSEUMS

Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum, 2401 4th Ave, Canyon (655-7191). June 19 thru Aug 15: Texas Women's Project — traveling exhibition celebrating the history of women in Texas. Mon thru Sat 9-3, Sun 2-6, but open daily till 6 & during Texas season (see Theater). Free. (②)

ART Institutions

Amarillo Art Center, 2200 Van Buren (372-8356). June 16 thru July 31: 30th shows — Of Dustbowl Descent: Works of Women: Stephanie Weber. Tue thru Fri 10-5, Sat & Sun 1-5. Wed 7-9:30. Closed Mon. Free. (②)

OUTDOORS

Cowboy Morning, Figure 3 Ranch, 26 miles east of Amarillo near Claude (1-374-5812, or 1-800-492-3338). Gargantuan breakfast, half a day of roping, riding, hiking on part of historic JA Ranch in Palo Duro Canyon. Pick up reservations and map at 1000 Polk. Each Sat at 8 thru October. \$15 per person.

ON THE TOWN

Bolengolas and River Front Cafe, 2511 Paramount (353-3185). What we see around all the people is an inexplicable combination of the former nautical decor — elegant wood and brass — overlaid with rustic wood, branding irons, and antiques. The food is good, the service is good, the atmosphere is good. The crowds are otherwise occupied in looking at each other, dancing, and dining in the adjoining restaurant. Bar 4-2. Lunch Tue thru Fri 11:30-2. Dinner Tue thru Fri 5-11. Sun 9-11. Closed Mon. Inexpensive to moderate. Cr. (②)

Lucy's, 34th & Georgia (353-1326). Lucy's special appeal is in its level of sociability, which at times approaches hysteria. Its popularity persists, and the tone now seems less frenetic — it's even possible to converse. Free happy hour but 7-7.5 weekdays. Mon thru Sat 11:30-10:30. Closed Sun. Closed Mon. Reservations suggested. No cover. MC, V. No checks.

RESTAURANTS

Hugo's, 2740 Westhaven Village 34th & Georgia (353-3532). The imaginative selection of French-style entries, usually with a few Italian dishes for good measure, is so far beyond standard fare that we sometimes neglect mentioning them. The food is good, the service is good, the atmosphere is open bottles from the wine cellar so patrons can sample wine by the glass, and it is a normal occurrence for the desserts, especially the chocolate raspberry and poppyseed torte, to be served cold. Happy hour Mon thru Fri 5-8. Sun 11:30-2. Dinner Mon thru Sat 6-10. Fri & Sat 10-10. Sun 11:30-2. Moderate to expensive. MC, V.

Nick's, 5009 Amarillo Blvd E. (376-9012). A real family treasure is Grandfather's Special — slices of crisp eggplant, heavily battered with garlic and cream cheese, broiled in melted Greek cheese, or another of the generous appetizers like sizzling rum-flamed chicken or delicate fried squid, combined with the lavishly garnished Greek salad and a morsel of baklava, constitutes the perfect meal for a warm summer evening. Shrimp, plus beer, lunch. Tues thru Fri 11-2:30. Dinner Sun thru Sun 5-11. Fri & Sat 11. Moderate. MC, V.

Peking, 2511 Paramount (353-9179). Chinese-English communication between waiter and diners continues to be a major problem, but one can understand the happy diners, the pale smile on such dishes as Dimsum Meets Shrimp, a fried combination of shrimp, chicken, piano; Charles Castlemore, Isidor Sadash, and Donald

and vegetables. People avoiding salt will be especially pleased: there's no soy sauce. Bar. Mon thru Thurs 11-10, Fri & Sat 11-11. Sun 11:30-10. Inexpensive to moderate. MC, V. (②)

Restaurante Los Insurgentes, 3521 W. 15th (353-5361). Chilaquiles, often a soggy casserole dish, is something else at Celia's: crisp tortilla slices sautéed with onion, chile, and tomato, then lightly scrambled with eggs, cheese. A wonderful meal. The service is a bit slow, never prompt, but sometimes slopes to near-catatonic. Bar. Mon thru Sat 11-2 & 5-9. Closed Sun. Inexpensive to moderate. MC, V. (②)

Rhet's, 2805 W. 15th (353-6666). The house specialty, steak, is far and away the best choice here; even the smaller lunch menu cuts them and prepare it precisely to order. If you can afford a little extra for dessert, try the chocolate mousse and a proper cheesecake with strawberries but no crusty crust. Happy hour Mon thru Sat 4:30-7. Lunch Sun thru Fri 11:30-2. Dinner Mon thru Fri 4:30-10. Fri & Sat 11:30. Moderate. Cr. (②)

This Month

Look for: Chili Parlor & Sandwich Shop, 2415 S. Grand (372-8685). The assortments-decor includes such nostalgic items as cabinets salvaged from the old Amarillo High School that burned; the fare includes hearty sandwich specialties and pastries; gelato on the side; and pristine freshness. But chili is the star: deep, rich, and smoky. Something to be afraid of but the most cowardly or the most foolhardy. Beer. Wed & Thur 11-3, Fri & Sat 11-10. Closed Sun thru Tue. Inexpensive. N. Checks accepted.

AUSTIN

Send general entertainment listings to: Jerry Harris 2842 San Gabriel, Austin 78705
Send club listings to: Box 4783, Austin 78763

THEATER

Touring

Comer Hall, UT Performing Arts Center, 23rd & East Cam (347-1444). At 8. \$6-512. (②)

JUNE 9: Mummerschau — innovative mask and mime troupe. (②)

Resident

B. Iden Payne Theatre, University of Texas, 23rd & San Jacinto (471-1444). Summer repertory theater, three plays alternating, nightly Wed Wed Sat. Call for schedule. At 8. Gen adm \$5, students & senior citizens \$4. (②)

Edgar Lee Masters' dramatization of small-town life — Something's Afoot — musical satire of Agatha Christie's Ten Little Indians.

Turnotypes — nostalgic — musical.

Capital City Playhouse, 214 W. 4th (472-1855). Wed thru Sat at 8. Gen adm \$5, students & senior citizens 50¢ discount.

JUNE 2 THRU 26: Kennedy's Children. Esther's Pool, 515 E. 6th (474-9332). Thur at 9. Fri at 9 & 11; Sat at 11 & 12. Sun at 11. \$3. (②)

THRU JUNE: Esther's Pool — vaudeville, satire, and classical parades.

Fifth Street Playhouse, 120 W. 5th (472-9733). Wed thru Sat at 8. Wed thru Fri 54, \$4. Sun 55. (②)

JUNE 18 THRU JULY 19: Lucy — Murray Schugel's spoof of a woman's life.

Mark Medoff Northern Theatre, St. Edward's University, 3001 S. Congress (444-3098). Thur at 8. Sun at 5 & Sat 2 & 8. Gen adm \$6.50, students \$4, senior citizens \$3.25. (②)

JUNE 8 THRU JULY 20: Period of Adjustment — serious comedy by Tennessee Williams, with two marches in curtain.

JUNE 10 THRU JULY 11: Fiddler on the Roof — Jean Kerr's witty comedy of marital and domestic problems.

Zachary Scott Theatre Center, S. Lamar & W. Riverside (472-0541). Wed thru Sat at 8. Sun at 2.15. Wed & Thur \$5. Fri & Sat \$6.50. Sun \$4.50. \$1 discount weekdays for senior citizens. Call 472-0541 for discount. \$15 for curtain. (②)

THRU JUNE 10: I Love My Wife — slightly bawdy musical of a would-be man à quatre.

JUNE 18 THRU JULY 11: Tribute — Bernard Slade's dramatic comedy about an irrepressible charmer.

MUSIC

Classical

Classical Sunset Series, Symphony Square Amphitheater, 11th & Red River (472-5020). Concerts each Sun thru Aug. Performances available at 8:30. \$30.

JUNE 4: sampling of Austin's best classical musicians.

JUNE 13: Gabriel Brass Quintet.

JUNE 20: Pentimento, woodwind quintet.

JUNE 27: The New York City Chamber Ensemble.

JUNE 4 THRU JULY 11: Music Festival at Round Top, Festival Hill, Texas Hwy 27 near La Grange (713-259-3129). Weekend concerts featuring Texas Festival Chamber Orchestra, guest artists, and students. Performances by San Antonio Symphony; Jamie Dick, Jeanne Baxtresser, and the Houston Symphony; and the Pacifica and Pacifica Zander piano; Charles Castlemore, Isidor Sadash, and Donald

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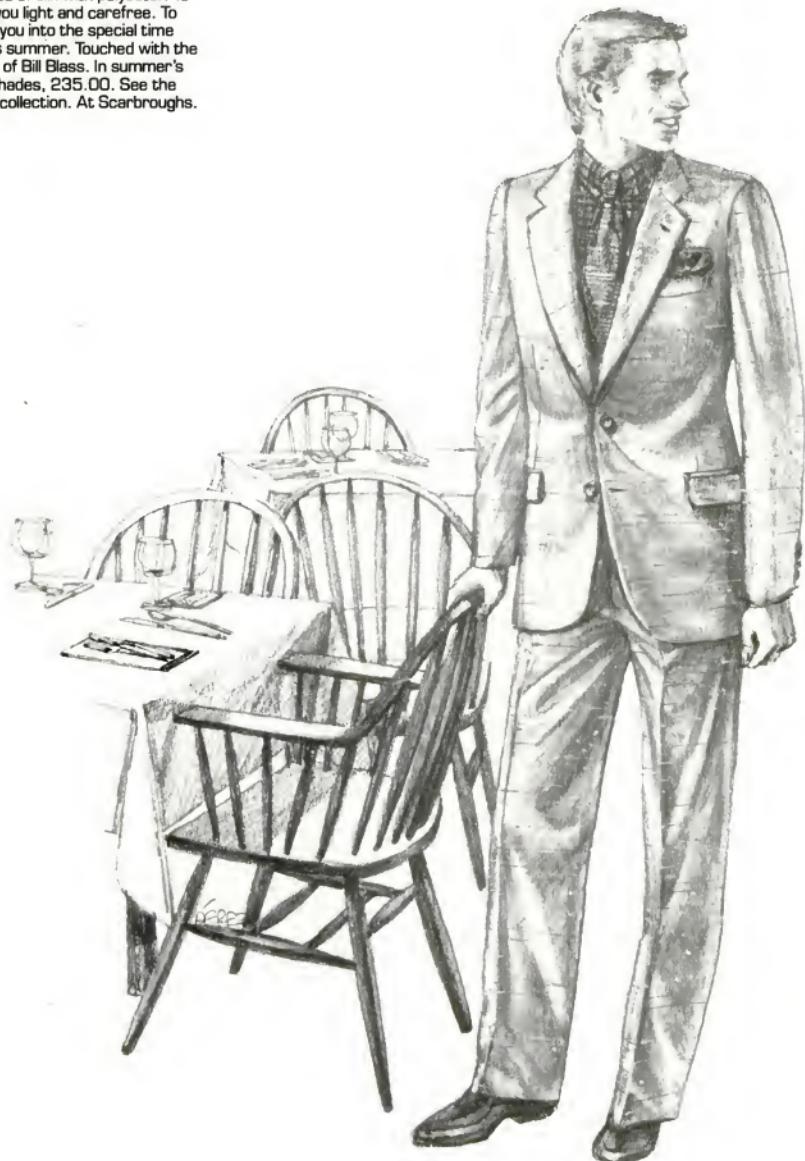
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Pop, Rock, Jazz, Etc.

MAY 27 THRU JUNE 31 & JUNE 4 THRU 6: Kerrville Folk Festival, Quiet Valley Ranch, Texas Hwy 16, nine miles south of Kerrville (1-800-3800). Rod Kennedy hosts annual outdoor folk fest including nine major concerts and 22 daytime events by over 60 performers. Concerts each night at 8:30. Daytime events include blues, rock, country, jazz, Cajun, and bluegrass. Daytime attractions (beginning at 11) include jam sessions, competitions, new folk concert, folk-music celebrations, and the Great Texas Hamfest. Free Camping available on grounds with three-day (or more) tickets. Food concessions. Advance tickets for all eight days: \$50; for first five days: \$25; for any three days: \$19; for one day: \$6. except Sat \$9; children under 12 free with advance tickets. For parking, tickets \$1 higher at gate. Call 744-2111. Box Office: Box 1466, Kerrville 78028 for advance tickets and details. (2)

JUNE 3: Jerry Lee Lewis and the Fabulous Thunderbirds, Manor Downs, 1600 Hwy 2000. Manor (772-4042). At 8. \$10. (2)

JUNE 7: Dave Edmunds, Austin Opry House, 200 Academy (443-7077). At 8. In advance \$7.50, at door \$8. (2)

JUNE 10: The City City Coliseum, 1000 Riverside Dr (444-4201). At 8. \$10. (2)

JUNE 13: Kenny Rogers with Larry Gatlin and The Gatlin Brothers Band, UT Erwin Center, 1701 Red River (477-6060). At 8. \$10-\$15. (2)

JUNE 25: John Denver, UT Erwin Center, 1701 Red River (477-6060). At 8. Call for prices. (2)

Catch a Rising Star, Symphony Square Amphitheater, 11th & Red River (477-6060). Austin's best bands (C&W, rock, jazz, and Sat thru Aug. Refreshments available. At 9. \$3.50.

JUNE 5: Bobby Bridger, Lost Gonza Band. (2)

JUNE 12: The Paul's Band. (2)

JUNE 19: Michael Baller. (2)

Fridays Series, Symphony Square Amphitheater, 11th & Red River (477-6090). At 8:30. \$2.50-\$5. (2)

JUNE 4: Riders in the Sky. (2)

JUNE 11: Austin Community College Big Band. (2)

JUNE 18: The Friends of Traditional Music, C.P.R. (2)

JUNE 25: The Concert All-Star Orchestra and Carmen Bradford. (2)

Summer Park Series, various locations (472-4522). Outdoor concert sponsored by Austin Parks and Recreation Department. Free. (2)

Auditorium Shores, Town Lake, 5th & W. Riverside. At 7:

JUNE 2: Austin All-Stars; The K-Tels. (2)

JUNE 9: Van White; Nasty Habits. (2)

JUNE 27: K-3; KHF1 and K-98 concert. (2)

JUNE 30: Concept Orchestra. (2)

Metz Recreation Center, 2407 Canterbury. At 6:30. (2)

JUNE 1: The People. (2)

JUNE 23: Apache. (2)

Pan American Recreation Center, 2100 East 3rd. At 7:

JUNE 15: The Betos; Jim Farlin. (2)

Rosewood Community Center, 2300 Rosewood. At 8:

JUNE 19: Jupiter Band. (2)

South Austin Recreation Center, 1100 Cumberland. At 7:

JUNE 9: Lee Roy Parnell Band. (2)

Waterfront Park, 10th & Trinity. At 1:

JUNE 6: Phoenix Ensemble. (2)

JUNE 13: Classical Brass. (2)

JUNE 20: Gabrieli Brass Quintet. (2)

Woodlawn School, 9th & Guadalupe. At noon:

JUNE 2: Iron Bones. (2)

JUNE 11: C.P.R. (2)

JUNE 16: Concepts, featuring Bob Meyer. (2)

JUNE 23: The Dry Swing Orchestra. (2)

JUNE 30: The Beatles. (2)

Zilker Park Hillside Theatre, 2200 Barton Springs. At 8:

JUNE 20: Austin Wind Ensemble. (2)

JUNE 27 at 3:15: Thomas and His Danglin' Wranglers. (2)

The Onion Doctors. (2)

JUNE 27: Austin Community Orchestra. (2)

DANCE

Park Dance Series, Zilker Park Hillside Theatre, 2200 Barton Springs Rd (477-5824). At 8:30. Free. (2)

JUNE 4 & 5: Austin Ballet Theatre. (2)

JUNE 11 & 12: Austin Civic Ballet. (2)

JUNE 18 & 19: Austin Dance Umbrella. (2)

SPORTS

Boxing

Holmes vs. Cooney, closed-circuit television, UT Erwin Center, 1701 Red River (477-6060). Televised WBC heavyweight championship. June 11 at 8. Call for prices. (2)

Rodeo

Hill Country Major League Rodeo, Lakeway Equestrian Center, 2400 FM Rd 6205, off Texas Hwy 171 (263-5012). Open professional competition. June 26 at 8. Gen adm \$5, children \$1. (2)



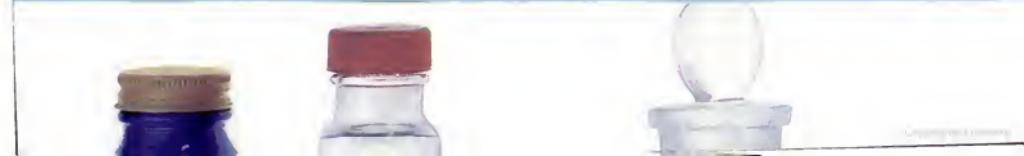
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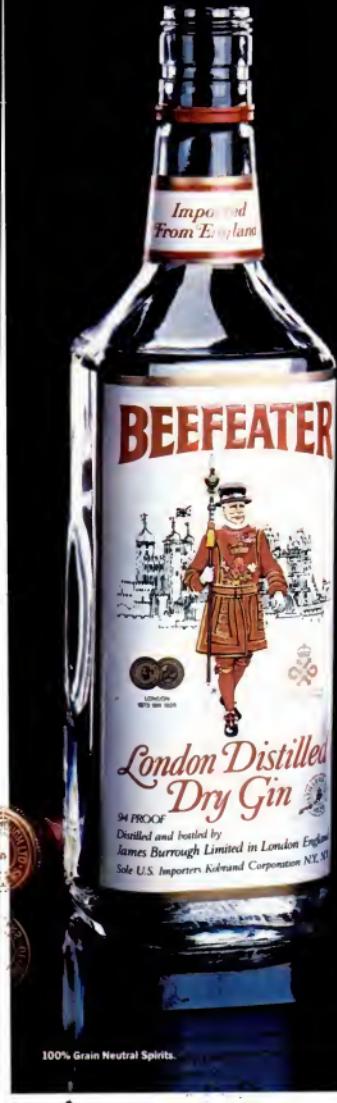
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AUSTIN

Windsurfing

Myers Ram District 4 Championships, Lake Travis (314-421-6414). June 12 & 13: Windsurfing and boating district competition with winners going to American Championships in San Diego in Aug. Also sailboard simulators available for the novice to try the sport. Call for times and prices.

EVENTS

Texas State Arts and Crafts Fair, Shreiner College, Texas Hwy 27 (Main St.), Kerrville (1-906-5711). Food and drinks, live entertainment and concerts, arts and crafts, plus activities for children. Free parking and shuttle buses. May 29 & 30 and June 5 & 6, 10-7. Gen. adus \$4; children 6 thru 12, \$2; 5 and under, free. Advance four-day tickets for adults \$10, children \$5. Write Box 1527, Kerrville 78028 for tickets and information. ☎

REVELATION

Art Classes, Laguna Gloria Art Museum, 3809 W. 35th (458-8191). Registration May 29, 11-6, for two five-week adult art sessions (May 31 thru July 4 and July 12 thru Aug 15). Classes include design and drawing, painting (oil, acrylic, watercolor), ceramics, printmaking (lithography and special-interest classes (hand book binding, woodblock printmaking, weaving, and calligraphy). Also, a special series of weekend workshops for working people. Fees vary. Call for brochure. (See Children.)

Fine Crafts Classes, Dribergery Art Center, 1110 Barton Springs Rd (477-6511, ext 2582). Registration June 7 thru 18 for eight-week classes beginning June 21 in pottery, weaving, silk screen, or watercolor. \$60. ☎

Star Gazing, UT Painter Hall, 24th & Inner Campus Dr (471-4662). Telescope powerful enough to view stars two million light years. Public every Sat 8-11; UT students every Mon 9-11:30. Free.

Summer Activities and Alternatives, YWCA, 405 W. 18th (478-9873). Classes beginning in June include physical fitness (from danceercise to tai-chi-chuan), dance for preschoolers through adults, swimming for infants through adults, guitar, sailing, tennis, photography, and other. Two six-week sessions. Fees vary. Call for brochure. ☎

Texas Union Informal Classes, UT Texas Union, 24th & Guadalupe (471-5651). Over 75 classes including dance, language, massage, cooking, arts and crafts, self-reliance, skills, crafts, and more. Registration begins in mid-May. Classes begin June 3 in the lobby for classes throughout the summer. Fees vary. Call for brochure. ☎

UT Summer Sports School, (See for Children.)

FOR CHILDREN

Children's Day Art Park at Symphony Square, Amphitheater, 11th & Red River (476-6064). Meet mimes and magicians, see and hear instruments from the orchestra, enjoy musical performances, and watch local craftspeople in action. Every Wednesday, Aug. 9-13, 10-11:30. Children \$5, adults from \$5, children accompanied by adults \$1.

Day Camp, Pioneer Farm, 11418 Sprinkle Cut-off Rd (472-4523). Explore life styles of Texas pioneers and American Indians. Four-day programs from 9-3 with two overnights for ages 5 thru 13. Full day campers from 9-3 with one overnight for ages 9 thru 13 (\$55). Transportation option of bus or car to and from Natural Science Center at 7:30 & 5, \$20 per week. Sessions begin June 7, 14, 21 & 26. Call for brochure. ☎

Longhorn Music Camp, UT campus locations (477-4004). Music study and performance, master classes, and daily supervised recreation for students grade 6 and above. Band, orchestra, jazz and wind ensembles, and chorus. June 20 thru 26, \$80. Campus housing and meals available. Registration deadline June 1. Call for brochure.

Summer Art Classes, Laguna Gloria Art Museum School, 3809 W. 35th (458-8191). Registration for summer classes in various sessions including basics of art, art history, design, art and environment, and camera-less animation (for ages 4 thru 12). Classes Mon-Fri 9-11:30. Most classes Mon thru Fri 8:30-noon. New series begins in July. Fees vary. Call for brochure and details.

Summer Nature/Outdoor Programs, Natural Science Center, 401 Deep Eddy (472-4523). Register for day camps throughout the summer. NSC and Pioneer Farm 11418 Sprinkle Cut-off Rd. Call for brochure and details. Free-\$10 depending on class. ☎

Summer Theater Pizzazz, UT Drama Bldg, 23rd & San Jacinto (471-5793). Series of four-week classes in June. Creative drama, for grades 2 thru 5; improvisation, for grades 5 thru 8; scene study, for grades 6 thru 8. ☎

UT Summer Sports School, UT campus locations (477-1913). Classes include tennis (ages 6 thru 13), racquetball or handball (ages 10 thru 16), apparatus gymnastics (ages 7 thru 13). Aquatic courses offered in areas of swimming (adult, school-age, pre-school, older), water polo, springboard diving, and water survival. \$35 per course, per instant swimming \$17.50. Water Safety Instruction \$50. Morning Sports Camp for ages 7 thru 9 offers swimming and diving, gymnastics, archery, team and individual sports, conditioning activities, and field trips. Weekdays 7:45-12:15. \$105 for three-week session. Call for brochure.

MUSEUMS

French Legation, 802 San Marcos (472-8180). Built in 1841 of handhewn lumber from Bastrop, with doors, windows, and hardware from France. This former residence of the French ambassador to the Republic of Texas is now a museum furnished with 19th-century antiques. The only authentic



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WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW

A woman's most intriguing aspect—her eyes—is also her most betraying! Because the skin around the eye area is the most delicate of the entire face, it has a low resistance to fatigue, stress and external aggressions. As a result, circles, bags, and shadows may appear. Next stop: signs of premature aging such as wrinkles, puffiness and crow's feet.

WHAT YOU SHOULD AVOID

1) Oils or heavy creams should never be applied. The skin in this area is mucous-tissue and actually "puffs-up" when products with high oil content are used. 2) Do not apply eye make-up directly onto the skin without a protective barrier. 3) Do not tug, rub or pull area during make-up application and removal.

WHAT YOU SHOULD DO

To diminish the effects of time, weather, pollution and fatigue, CLARINS suggests: 1) Use only non-greasy products near the eyes to prevent swelling and protect this delicate skin from make-up. 2) Minimize the appearance of lines by applying a light balm. 3) Reduce the risk of irritation by gently removing make-up.

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AUSTIN

French family kitchen in the US is here. Tue thru Sun 1-5. Gen adm \$1; students & tours 50¢; children 25¢.

George Washington Carver Museum, 1165 Angelina (472-8544). Thur June 5. Texas folk artist Alma Gunter, Tue & Wed 10-6, Thur noon-8, Fri & Sat noon-5. Free. (2)

Lyndon B. Johnson Library and Museum, 2313 Red River (472-7375). Repository of Johnson's papers and documents, with permanent exhibits and political memorabilia of the Johnson era, including a replica of the Oval Office. Daily: a 55-minute documentary, *The Journey of Lyndon B. Johnson*; 10:30, a 30-minute film *Lyndon Lived: A Portrait of Lyndon B. Johnson*, at 1:30 & 3:30. Over 50,000 items. Tours for groups of 12 or more by appointment. Free. (2)

O. Henry Museum, 409 E. 5th (472-1903). Victorian cottage that was the home of the short-story writer in the 1900s contains his furnishings and memorabilia. Thur Sun 11-4:30, Sun 2-4:30. Free.

Texas Memorial Museum, 2401 S. Trinity (471-1604). Exhibits on Texas history, geology, and anthropology. Thur July 18: *Up Ships! Great American Airships*—photographic exhibit documenting construction of the four great dirigibles flown by US Navy from 1923 to 1935. 500 pieces included. Gift shop. Mon thru Fri 9-5, Sat & Sun 1-5. Free. (2) Call ahead.

ART

Institutions

Douglas Art Center, 1110 Barton Springs Rd (477-5824). June 12 thru July 10: *Radiation Risk Art*. Austin area artists respond to the Civil Defense Emergency Evacuation Instructions in the Austin telephone directory. Tue thru Fri 11-5, Sat & Sun 1-4. Free. (2)

Harry Ransom Center, University of Texas, 21st & Speedway (471-7324). Permanent collection of model plaster casts representing ancient Greek and Roman pottery, 20th-century American paintings, contemporary Latin American art, paintings and bronze sculptures depicting the American West, ancient Greek and Italian vases and pottery. Thur Sun 1-5. Mon 10-5. Closed June 11-12. The Harry Ransom Center's Gutenberg Bible, one of five complete copies in the US of the first printed book (1455), and various special exhibitions. Mon thru Sat 9-5, Sun 1-5. Free. (2)

Houston Museum of Natural Science, 51 Bldg. 23rd & San Jacinto (717-7324). Closed for renovation.

Laguna Gloria Art Museum, 3809 W. 35th (458-6191). Located in an Italianate villa on 29 acres on the shore of Lake Austin, the museum offers films, lectures, concerts, and a surrounding art school (see *Arts* section). *Revolutions and War* through July 27. *Collection: Ten Years of Photography*—black and white photographs by Laura Gilpin, Berenice Abbott, Ruth Bernard, Louise Dahl-Wolfe, and others. Tue thru Sat 10-5 (except Thur 9), Sun 1-5. Guided gallery tours by appointment. Free.

Galleries

Gallery 104, 104 Congress (474-6044). Photography only. Continuing exhibit is wide range of subject and format by professional and amateur photographers, matting and framing available and also consultation on proper display and storage of fine photographs. Mon thru Fri 9-5, Sat 11-3 & by appointment.

Galleria 100, 100 Congress, 3rd fl. 4th in Pecan Square (472-7428). Thur June 20: exhibit selected from private collection of rare film graphics, including posters, lobby cards, and original stone lithographs. Tue thru Sat 10-6. Sun 10-2.

Kerby Lane Galleries, 3706 Kerby Ln (454-7054). June 9 thru 30: paintings by Michael Frary. Tue thru Sat 10-5:30. Trots, 609 Trinity (478-3321). New showroom with focus on surreal works by Harry Callahan, Charles and Unique collection of working museum reproductions of antique firearms, household boxes with appropriately scaled bullets, cleaning instruments, and tools, all created by Trots. Tue thru Sat noon-7. (2)

Young Gallery Art Showings, 3010 W. Anderson Ln (452-0001). Select collection of signed, limited-edition graphics and fine art prints. Custom framing available. Mon thru Fri 10-7, Sat 10-6. (2)

Fine Crafts

Acacia Tree Imports, 521 E. 6th (478-3630). New showroom of African artifacts (many are one-of-a-kind) including Zulu baskets, Masai jewelry, tribal masks, batiks, drums, and laterals (wooden carvings). Mon thru Sat 10-10 (sometimes open later on weekends).

Caravanserai, 38th & Speedway (451-9145). Direct importers of fine handmade wool and silk carpets from Kashmir, Afghanistan, Nepal, and Pakistan. Specializing in textiles from Afghanistan, including rare and flat pile weavings, and Uzbek embroidery. Jewelry, costumes, jewelry, and fashions from Indonesia, Afghanistan, northern India, and Nepal. Tue thru Sat 10-6 & by appointment. (2)

Santa Fe East, Driskill Hotel, E. 6th & Brazos (476-0244). Southwest pottery, jewelry, graphics, and creations of well-known Pueblo craftsmen. Tue thru Fri 10-12, Sat 10-5. (2)

OUTDOORS

Mayfield Park, 3801 W. 35th (477-6511). An exceptional setting inside and out of 350 acres (3500 acres) across the grounds and root in trees at the somewhat formal landscaped entrance. Two marked trails penetrate the densely vegetated 22 acres alone on the slopes of the meandering creek and the 3500 acres fill with a variety of trails for hiking paths for less traffic and great bird watching. Picnickers welcome, but no tables or facilities available. Mon thru Fri 8-5, Sat 9-5. Sun 1-5.

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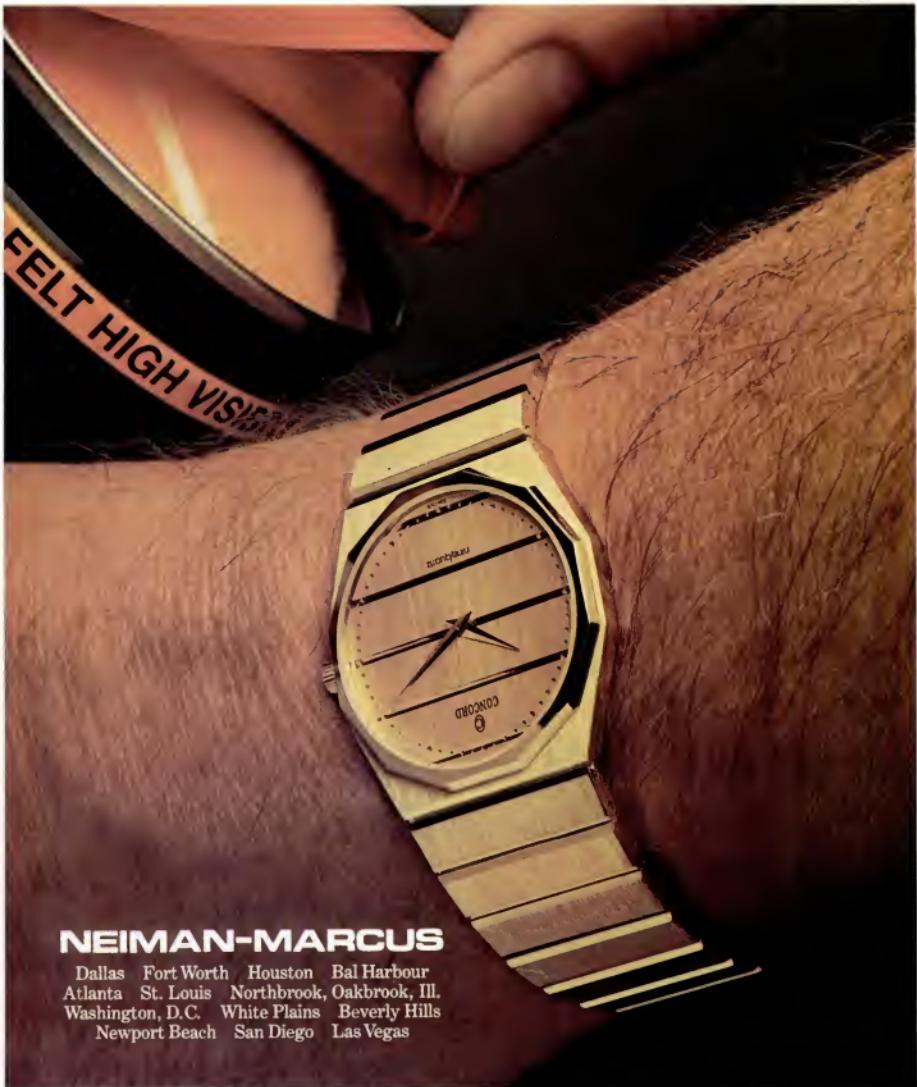
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AUSTIN

menu has retained old favorites such as crêpes Borentine and the chicken liver pâté. New selections include (both excellent) a trout mousse (large filets of Swiss trout with ham and spinach in puff pastry with herbed tomaté sauce) and an old standard—eggs Benedict (the eggs were freshly poached, not reheatened, with a tart hollandaise). Cheesy grits and beans, light beer, and a cheeseburger and Coke will company your choice. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Sat 11:30-2:30 (inexpensive to moderate). Dinner 7 nights 5:30-10 (moderate to expensive). Sun brunch 11-2 (inexpensive). AE, MC, V, ®.

Gianni's, 504 E. 30th (477-7497). A complete turnaround: the new chef and new menu (devoted to a lighter nouvelle cuisine approach) have worked wonders here, as our entire last meal proved. Appetizer: smoked Idaho brook trout—tasty and artfully arranged with lettuce, black olives, and tomato. Main course: light, delicate, and delicious—no appearance of the vegetables. Pasta primavera: a spinach pasta with green peas and slivers of zucchini, yellow squash, and red peppers in a light pecorino cheese sauce. The high point of the meal was a scallopine with mushrooms, shallots, garlic, rosemary, and thyme—a winner—delightful. Crisp snow peas and carrots came with the entree. Bar. Mon thru Sat 6-11. Sun 6-10. Moderate to expensive. AE, MC, V, ®.

Green Parrot, 811 W. Live Oak (441-0747). Watching the parrot on the lawn and drinking our mai tai punch in the open-patio surroundings gave rather a Bridgestone Revisted feeling. Assorted fresh fruit in a melon basket, a chunky chicken salad, and asparagus in aspic were the outstanding items off the menu. An entire table only for ten asparagus, ratatouille, and other zucchini was a worthy attention (both entrees, bland chicken Wellington and a medium-rare beef roast, were ordinary). Trying to please everyone is one of the reasons a restaurant's business is not conducted in a hush-hush dining. However, the number of diners that Sunday morn attest to the cachet of the place. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Sat 11:30-2 (moderate). Dinner Mon thru Sat 6-10 (very expensive). Sun buffet 11-2 (\$14.50 pr. person). AE, MC, V, ®.

The Hotel, 613 W. 6th (472-0222). Though high prices seem to be the norm at most restaurants these days, good lunch or dinner at the Hoffmann remains affordable to practically everyone. T-bones and sirloins are supplied and sided with home fries and a lettuce salad, and olive salad all served on plates. A no-fuss, grants Texas Cafe Beer. Tue thru Sat 11:30-1:45 & 4:30-8:30. Closed Sun & Mon. Inexpensive to moderate. N. No checks.

Hain, 500 E. Balcones Woods, 11150 Research Blvd (345-8666). Considering the vast menu selection, coming out to eat here is a good idea on a date or for a special occasion. Success was an excellent oyster soup with ginger, sliced bamboo, snow peas, and mushrooms and a cold appetizer of smoked fish (dense and chewy) with sliced scallops. Our Oriental entree of squid in a delicate batter with beans, sprouts, bamboo, and scallions was interesting, but only the smaller tentacles of the squid were tender. Our selection of almond chicken (no discernible almonds) with carrots, bamboo, water chestnuts, peas, and mushrooms served with a light, creamy sauce and a discouraging off-flavor. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2, Sat & Sun 11-3 (brunch, dim sum, and regular menu). Dinner Mon thru Thur 5-10, Fri thru Sun 10-10. Inexpensive to moderate. MC, V, ®.

* The Inn at Brushy Creek, Round Rock, west side of IH 35 at Taylor exit (255-2555). Life is short; treat yourselves. At your wine shop and pick up a bottle of champagne and one of good French Bordeaux, then drive to this picturesque stone castle. After you've drunk to the castle, take the chaise, to celebrate in love, and beauty (or maybe just the weekend or your tax return). The Bordeaux will perfectly suit an entrée of tournois—high-quality thick filets done to order, accompanied with mashed potatoes, a herb book, beans, attractively arranged and sided with a green salad—a grand rendition. A Portuguese soup and green salad precede all entrées—the garlic dressing remains our favorite though the herbed mayonnaise and vinaigrette are both excellent. Fish, too, is a specialty here, and the menu is equally dry-precise: free corbata. Dinner Thur thru Sat 6-10. Reservations required. Moderate to expensive. AE, DC, MC, V, ®. Call ahead.

* Jeffrey's, 1209 West Lynn (477-5584). Jeffrey's has maintained its standing as one of Austin's most successful restaurants. Even a detail of our last meal was skillfully attended to and the end result was excellence, from the shrimp and artichoke bisque and oyster cocktail, to an entrée of delicately fried quail on a bed of authentic Carnaroli rice. If you're in the mood for a seafood meal, order the scallops—exquisitely fresh filet had a piquant dijonnaise that put the pallid so-called hollandaise sauces at other restaurants to shame. Wine & beer. Mon thru Thur 5:30-10, Fri & Sat 5:30-11. Sun 11-3. No reservations; open in the sun area. Moderate to expensive. MC, V, ®.

The Quorum, moving by May 24 to United Bank Tower, 15th & Guadalupe; call to check (472-6779). At press time the Red River location of the Quorum had closed for remodeling and the new premises will be to the United Bank Tower. No imminent date is complete. Expect a gorgeous view and a white-tablecloth operation.

San Miguel, 2330 W. North Loop (459-4121). Darling, if your heart needs work and you can't make it to Mérida for Sunday brunch, San Miguel offers other measures up north: a Sunday brunch. Look, trout (with some nice (even spotted a parrot) and usually tasty, mostly interior Mexican food. After a Mimosa (to ensure our intake of vitamin C) we sampled huevos revueltos (scrambled eggs with ham, tomatoes, and green peppers) con nopales (cactus meat) and a special dish of the day, an asada (San Miguel (with a cheezy onion ring). Both come with black beans garnished with sour cream. Great coffee. Bar. Dinner Sun thru Thur 5:30-10, Fri & Sat 11. Sun brunch 11:30-2. Moderate. DC, MC, V, ®.



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or Sea Rim State Park (1-971-2559). All areas free except Sea Rim State Park which calls for a \$5.00 fee.

Please follow lake Texas Hwy 87 to Texas Hwy 82 and go over the Gilgate Bridge, Port Arthur (985-5515). You say you want some peace and quiet and the deserted downtown of Port Arthur isn't enough? Cross the narrow moat on the Gilgate Bridge to 135-acre mud flat park on Lake Sabine and overdrive the 10 miles to the right at the end of the bridge and drive past the golf course with no holes, the horse-less riding stables, the trailer park with no hook-ups, the hotel, and restaurant. The island's development ebbs and flows with the fortunes of Port Arthur, now down on the river, but still a great spot for walks, picnics, and bird- or boat-watching. If the dozen or so people you encounter still make you feel crowded, go left at the bridge and head for High Beach, Louisiana, on a road that is used less than 1000 times a year. Here Hwy 87 winds along the Gulf as the Gulf laps the roadway, which has been scrubbed clean by hurricanes. All marsh and shore and very quiet. Open 24 hours except during storm season. Free. Open 24 hours except during storm season. Free.

ON THE TOWN

Rumm's, Parkdale Mall, Beaumont (984-4009). The Jimmie Siemon's New Orleans big band returns for weekly engagements at the farthest up-town bar-restaurant in the city. Aside from the Tuesday night live music, Rumm's has the largest bar in the county, a comfortable, dressy atmosphere, and an adequate menu. Moderate. Excellent place to break up a long trip to the area's most enormous mall. Mon thru Sat 11:30-2, Sun brunch 11:30-2 p.m. No cover. Cr. (B)

Sparkle Paradise, 108 Texas, Orange (735-9028). A vast place joined to four or five former truck-repair garages, the SP features plenty of room, rowdy live band, and C&W band. The early girl bar service is mechanical (look for this bayou). Designer jeans are formal wear here. Local bands featured Wed thru Sun. Beer. Happy hour 5-7. Open Wed thru Sun 5-midnight. Closed Mon & Tue. Cover after 7. N. (B)

RESTAURANTS

All That Jazz, 707 N. 5th, Beaumont (833-8484). Dining at this intimate Old Town mansion is like eating at your grandmother's. The veal, shrimp, and light beef dishes and quiches are imaginative and succulent, but the puff pastries conceal an unmentionable open-pie secret. Moderate. A portion of the shell, and the sandwiches should have come with a written apology. This is a wonderful place for eavesdropping since there are about 20 tables in the three rooms—if you want a little privacy, ask for the library. Efficient service. Bar. Tue & Wed 11-2, Thu thru Sat 11-2 & 6-10. Closed Sun & Mon. Reservations required for dinner. Moderate to expensive. AE, MC, V.

Andy's, 4415 Calder, Beaumont (898-2328). In a location befitting the most ambitious meal in the Golden Triangle, Andy's offers a variety of views of the surrounding area. The scenes come in a light lemony batter while the tender broiled seafood on arachoke and mushroom beds have a complementary rich sauce. The Prince Maurat sole and the stuffed mushrooms, both with wild mushrooms, are also excellent light meals, while seafood is ordered with lobster and oyster appetizers, satisfied the hungry in our party. The late-night and lunch menu features a large and palatable chicken-fried rice. Natives should ask to be seated in the mirror room where you can see yourself adorned with Christmas tree lights. Bar. Open 7 days 11:30-2. Reservations required for dinner. Moderate. Cr. (B)

El Taco Drive-In, 1801 College, Beaumont (835-9466). All right, you've enjoyed El Taco No 2 on the polite side of town, but this No 3 is the real deal. Nestled in the heart of authentic chili bubbling like a lava bed, relishes that have to be hog-tied, and Carta Blancas you open with your teeth. Here it is, Papacita's, hunkered among used car lots and railroad tracks, but a wonderful surprise: inside are seven tables, a floor so high you have to climb up, a guitar that makes your last tastebuds bilingual, and a delicately finished flauta stuffed with good chicken and topped with cream cheese and guacamole. El Taco serves the mildest Mexican food you will ever taste. It's named after little plastic bottles on the few tables inside. Standards like enchiladas are done to order, and the place would be worth finding for its chicharrones alone. Beer. Mon thru Sat 11-10. Closed Sun. Inexpensive. N. (B)

Huanc's Garden, 3845 College, Beaumont (832-0322). Competing with other Chinese establishments, Huanc's spiciness, Chinese style and efficiency overcome the drawbacks of its location at a busy intersection and its inherited, somewhat built-in, traditional decor such as eight red lanterns and an Oriental double door, among other specialties of yu shing beef and hot bean cake make one forget the traffic. Featured beef dishes might be named Tex-Szech barbecue, with your choice of chunky or shredded prime meat that is fried and then tossed in a sauce. The prawn in ginger sauce with bamboo shoots heated our tongue, but no one shed a tear over the spice, the price, or the courteous, formal service. Bar. Open 7 days. Lunch 11-2-30, dinner 5-10. Inexpensive. Moderate. Cr. (B)

Latin's, 1725 N. 16th, Orange (864-2222). Finally, a Cajun restaurant worthy of the name, with spicy crawfish and gumbo that are surprisingly filling and even a little exciting. The Cajun platter with four Styrofoam containers of swamp delights satisfies menu-shoppers, the catfish are light and tasty, and the floor is crowded with a crowd. On Saturdays Cajun music from the tiny radios fills the air. Beer & wine. Tue thru Sun 11-10. Closed Mon. Moderate. Cr. (B)

Patriot's Other Place, 2050 IH 10 between College & Washington (842-6151). The place is there to serve you, to serve you someone else, a dish on hectic weekend, but Patriot's rewards you with excellent people-watching, since it is the favorite restaurant of many Beaumonters. Standard



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Hello?

How's the Great American Novel going?

So far it reads more like the turgid insights of a lonely Albanian date-plucker.

Did I hear the word "lonely"?
There's a fog rolling in.

You're in Pawtuxet, dear. It holds the world record for fog.

The "t" in my typewriter is sticking. I have seventeen cans of lentil soup. And my Paco Rabanne cologne, which I use to lure shy maidens out of the woods, is gone, all gone.

You're going to have to do better than that.

All right, I'm lonely. I miss you. I miss your cute little broken nose. I miss the sight of you in bed in the morning, all pink and pearly and surly.

And you want me to catch the train up.

Hurry! This thing they call love is about to burst the bounds of decency. And, darling...

Yes?

Bring a bottle of Paco Rabanne, would you? The maidens are getting restless.

Swine!



Paco Rabanne
A cologne for men
What is remembered is up to you

Available at Foley's

BEAUMONT/PORT ARTHUR

Italian dishes done adequately and in generous portions, and a largesse of salads draw the customers in, and so does the legendary all-you-can-eat \$5 buffet during the week. Try the manicotti with ricotta cheese if you have less than a Golden Triangle appetite, and try to get a reservation. Just try. Bar. Buffet lunch Mon thru Sat 11:30-2. Dinner Mon thru Sat 5-11. Sun 5-10. Inexpensive to moderate. Cr.

CORPUS CHRISTI

Send general entertainment listings to:

Janel Low, Box 3552
Corpus Christi 78404

THEATER

Encore Theatre Corporation, Ritz Theater, 715 N. Chaparral (887-6556). Fri & Sat at 8:30. Sun at 3:30. \$3-\$5.

JUNE 25 THRU 27: Dames at Sea.

MUSIC Pop, Rock, Jazz, Etc.

JUNE 20: Jerry Jeff Walker, Yellow Rose Convention Center, 2001 Saratoga (854-6141). C&W show and dance. Show at 10, doors open earlier. Call for prices.

SPORTS Sailing

MORF Races, near the T-Heads along the bayfront. The Mid-Ocean Racing Fleet takes to the waves, sailing from inside the harbor to Corpus Christi Bay, and back. Each Wed at 5. Free.

Salwater Fishing

Captain Clark, Peoples St. T-Head (854-4369). Daily four-hour fishing trips. Adults \$15.00. 7:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. (adults \$9; children under 11, \$4.50) and 8 p.m. (adults \$10; children under 11, \$5). Tackle \$3, bait furnished.

EVENTS

Harbor Tours and Bay Cruises, Gull Clipper, Peoples St. T-Head (862-9465 or 888-4070). One-hour tour of harbor and port. Tue thru Sun at 10:30. 1 & 3. (Adults \$3; children under 12, \$2; children under 2, free.) One-and-a-half-hour moonlight bay cruise Tue thru Sun at 8. (Adults \$4; children under 12, \$2; children under 2, free.) Refreshments available on board.

World Bromeliad Conference and Show, Bayfront Plaza Aud, 1901 N. Shoreline (853-8543). Exhibition and ribbon competition among growers of these popular tropical American plants. June 11 thru 13, Fri 1-6, Sat 9-6. Sun 9-4. \$2.

MUSEUMS

Antique and Classic Automobile Museum, 1223 N. Water (857-6371). American history captured in approximately 85 antique and classic cars. Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Adults \$3.50; senior citizens \$3; under 12, \$2.

Corpus Christi Museum, 1900 N. Chaparral (883-8262). A general museum with national award-winning exhibits on man, marine and earth sciences, and natural history. Thru June 25. Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Adults \$3; senior citizens \$2; children under 12, \$2; children under 2, free. Refreshments available on board.

Art Museum of South Texas, 1902 N. Shoreline (854-3844). Thru June 25 in all galleries: juried competition of two- and three-dimensional works. Tue thru Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Free.

Japanese Art Museum, 426 S. Staples (853-303). Permanent collection emphasizes the cultural arts and history of Japan. Thru June 18 in Philosophy Art Gallery: Folk Arts from Japan, Folk Mexican Folkles, utilitarian items, paper, and tools. Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 10-4, Sun 2-5. Adults \$1; students \$1; children under 12, 25¢.

Joseph A. Cain Memorial Art Gallery, second floor, History Bldg, Del Mar College, Baldwin entrance off Ayers (881-6216). June 14 thru 30: mixed-media works by John Q. Cowier. Mon thru Thur 8-9, Fri 8-1. Free.

Galleries

Market Place Gallery, 4250 S. Alameda (991-5865). Showplace for original works of contemporary South Texas potters, sculptors, and printmakers. Mon thru Sat 10-5.

OUTDOORS

Mustang Island State Park, 14 miles south of Port Aransas along Park Rd 53 (1-749-5246). Sparkling sand, open beach camping and picnicking, boat fishing, swimming, shell collecting, and rockhounding. Open 7 days a week. \$2 per car. Camping \$3. Open 7 days 8-10 for day use; at all times for camping.

Padre Island National Seashore and Malaparte Beach, Park Rd 22 south on Padre Island (933-6173 or 933-8066). Surf



De Beers

*This anniversary,
show your wife she's still your lover.*



The ring shown [enlarged for detail] is available for about \$2,900.
Prices are subject to change. Your jeweler can show you a selection
of Diamond Anniversary Rings starting at about \$400.

THE DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY RING.
A band of diamonds that says you'd marry her all over again.



CORPUS CHRISTI

fishing, swimming, shell collecting, birding, nature trails, limited campsites, bathhouses, and gift shop/ice-cream bar. Call the ranger station (933-8175) for an update of weather conditions and fishing, safety, tide, and beachcombing information. The tourist bureau's toll-free number (1-800-242-2423) also has the latest weather updates. Group leader contests walks each Sat at 10. Ranger station and ranger office at park open 360 days a year 8-5. Visitors' center at Malapetra Beach open 7 days 9-4:30 for directions and tourist information. Free. (5)

San Saba Island. Take the Jetty Boat from Woody's Boat Basin (1-749-2525) near the ferry landing in Port Aransas north across the channel to this unspoiled island. Beaches lend themselves to shell collecting, swimming, fishing, or a picnic. Jetty Boat runs 7 days a week at 6:30 a.m., then the hour 7-11 a.m.; also at 1, 3, 5, and 7 p.m. Adults \$6, children under 11, \$3. Group pass for 10 or more, \$48. (5)

ON THE TOWN

Bandit's. 4254 S. Padre Island Dr. (851-6316). Well, if you're not a slacker (and who's a Top 40 kind of guy, give Bandit's a try. A classic C&W, a little rock, n' roll, and a pinch of disco seem to offend no one and please many. Recent months have shown an improvement in the quality of live entertainment. Come for the show, stay for the food—outstanding. The band might have trouble finding his way around here. June 17: The Fabulous GTOs. Mon thru Sat 7-2. Closed Sun. Cover, AE, MC, V.

Cooper's Alley. 15 Gaslight Sq. 3rd & Buford (888-4141) and 400 Alster. Open 11-10.30. The place to go for a beer, let's you sit down, grab a seat, drink some whiskey, and talk about life. "Hi, what's your story?" "Excuse me, is that designer cologne?" "Quick, what's my name? What's my phone number?" Of course, it's easy—what's your name? "Ooh, you look like you need a drink." "Excuse me, I was just noticing your tan." "Hey, buddy, is this a come-on?" Bar. Corpus location: Lunch 7 days 11:30-2:30. Dinner Sun thru Thur 5:30-10:30. Fri, Sat 5-11. Port Aransas location: open 7 days 11-10:30. Cover, AE. (5)

Neely's. 1402 Rodd Field Rd (992-6000). Are you the kind of guy who likes an idea of fun is a weekend in Robstown? Have we got a special spot for you! Local all-round entertainer and regular guy Sam Neely, having played just about every club in town, has now got his own—it's not a few bars, a disco, or a honky-tonk, it's fast food and fun. Just what you've been had in mind. Someone must have forgotten the old show biz axiom: "You gotta have a gimmick." What a relief. Mixture of Top 40 and C&W music. Mon thru Sat 3-2. Sun 6-2. Cover \$3 weekends. AE, MC, V.

RESTAURANTS

Black Diamond Oyster Bar. 5712 Golliher (992-2382). One of the oldest oyster bars in town, it's been around since 1925 or so. Virtually everything on the menu is fried seafood, hardly innovative but certainly reliable. The Diamond's hallmark is huge portions, oysters on the half shell, and a very casual atmosphere (the plain walls are covered with throw pillows and bean bags). All items, plus reasonable prices, keep the crowds coming in. Beer. Mon thru Sat 11-11. Closed Sun. Inexpensive. (5)

Captain Bonner's. docked at the Peoples St T-Head, off Shoreline Dr (882-8341). The tender tourist-trap: cute sea-faring atmosphere and a menu of pre-cooked seafood. The best part of the meal is the catch-of-the-day menu, where an occasional fresh fish can be found. Local aficionados go elsewhere to find serious seafood. Still, the floating eatery has long waiting lines of visitors eager to have their palates insulted. Open 11-10. Sun 11-10. Moderate. AE, MC, V. (5)

Leibson's. 351 W. Weber (883-9881). This pleasantly decorated south side restaurant has teetered on being one of our personal favorites since its opening a couple of years ago. While most of the dishes on the menu seem unfamiliar at first, few are very memorable. Peking duck is a good example of a dish that's red hot. And the eggplant is made a little go a long way is crab legs in white wine sauce—appealing with the addition of colorful slivers of carrots and celery. We fervently wish, however, the kitchen would never again attempt to make a meal of a simple baked potato. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2. Dinner Sun thru Thur 5-10, Fri & Sat till 11. Moderate. (5)

Mao Tai. 4601 S. Padre Island Dr (852-7624). Mandarin cuisine is China where haute cuisine is France. Both are considered to be the elite of eating. The food is all Mandarin cooking, and reflects the best of the regions of China evidenced here by the large and interesting menu. That regal dish, Peking duck, is available, along with some Hunan representatives like chicken and shrimp in hot sauce and Szechuan specialties like the famous Kung Pao chicken. Americanized Cantonese food is on the menu, though there are a number of mild dishes. Excellent technical execution. Bar. Mon thru Thur 11-10, Fri 11-11, Sat noon-11, Sun noon-10. Moderate. AE, MC, V. (5)

Memo's. Counter Club, shopping center, 5884 Everhart (992-4562). There are no great, classic Mexican restaurants in Corpus Christi, but Memo's lead the pack of the ones available. Everything on the menu is easily recognizable to native texans, from standard combinations of enchiladas, tamale pie, and beans to more exotic specialties like chiles rellenos, estofadados, and flautas. Everything is competitively prepared and fresh. Large variety of imported Mexican beers. Mon thru Thur 11-10, Fri & Sat till 11. Closed Sun. Inexpensive. Cr. (5) (New location at Saratoga Banks shopping center, 4825 Saratoga.)

The Rarity. Town and Country shopping center, 425 S. Alameda (992-9252 or 992-9253). All things are represented. From the most basic to Dallas, and you could have an average dining experience. But in Corpus Christi, the continental cuisine, expensive tableware, intentionally stuffy

DALLAS

service, and soft piano music add up to a special evening. And to prove it, the restaurant now has more patrons than ever. The dishes won't send you, but they are respectable. Weisheit schnitzel was tender and lovely to eat but had a rather unworthy bechamel-type sauce (suffering from an overabundance of flour) that would have been a genuine masterpiece. Peppercorn. Perhaps the most enjoyable meal in the city is the seductive bananas Foster, a treat to watch prepared tableside. Dinner Mon thru Sat 6-11, kitchen close at 10; Closed Sun. AE, DC, MC, V. (5)

Schneckenlehr. Fulton Beach Rd & Broadway, Fulton, approximately 30 miles northeast of Corpus Christi (1-729-3332). This little restaurant remains at the top of the dining hall by staying one step ahead of the competition. Incredibly, the menu is a mix of German and Southern Carolina quail with a sheaf and Maraschino sausages make the dining experience here not only physically pleasurable but emotionally satisfying as well. The *pâté* was good, heavily seasoned with pepper and garlic, and the quail was a real treat. The best part of the meal is the opportunity to eat Old-Fashioned lamb chops with syrupy mint sauce; also, live Maine lobster. Bar till midnight. Dinner Sun thru Thur 6-10:30, Fri & Sat till 11. Brunch Sat & Sun 11:30-2. Reservations necessary. Expensive. (5)

The Torch. 4425 S. Alameda (992-7491). The waiting area is prominently decorated with owner Harry Porter's numerous awards: Restaurateur of the Year and more. And we like his serious, no-gimmicks approach to dining. Though not specifically German, steaks are well prepared, and the cuts at chase steakhouses. Less reliable are the seafood selections, like crabmeat risotto. Not only did we have to extract carilage from every bite, but the entire dish was less than the sum of its parts. Green and red pepper, with wine, beans, and croutons, were the best part of the meal. The fish was cooked together. Superb service, though, and overall an above-average restaurant. Bar. Mon thru Sat 5-11. Closed Sun. Upper moderate. Cr. (5)

White Marine. Cotter Ferry landing, Port Aransas (949-4500). Paradoxically, really fresh seafood is hard to find on the coast. Most is shipped in. The White Marine operates its own trawler, the Bear R., which lands the restaurant well supplied with fish and shellfish that the kitchen prepares in a variety of straightforward ways, usually fried or broiled. The best part of the day on our visit was a light meal of fish sticks that were perfectly fried. Hushpuppies, diverse salad bar and some good buys on the wine list: we found a lovely French Chablis for under \$10. Bar. Open 7 days 5-10. Upper moderate. MC, V. (5)

The Yardarm. 4300 Ocean Dr (861-1200). Like an old friend returned, the Yardarm is open after a 10-year absence. The largely seafood menu has been rearranged and it seems pared down a bit; however, a greater number of specials is also being offered. Feeling adventurous, and desiring to test the skill of the chef with a few new dishes, we ordered fried green tomatoes. The dish was most definitely fried green. Its refreshing light-tasted flesh, browned in butter, was an interesting contrast to the more familiar, though somewhat oily, flesh of saltwater trout. Menu prices have risen significantly, but the food's quality and intensity, remains a problem. Bar. Wed thru Sat 5:30-10, Sun 5-10. Closed Mon & Tue. Moderate. AE, MC, V.

This month
Small, new, or offbeat places to try

Elmo's Roadhouse Inn. 11223 Up River Rd (241-0621). This theme restaurant focuses on the heyday of the old-time gas station, with antique pumps and hundreds of oil company, beer, and soda pop signs. The kitchen turns out bust-busting portions of meat, potatoes, and vegetables, with no cooking problems, like a medium steak correctly cooked on the inside but burned black on the outside (which gave a bitter taste to the meat) and potato boats that were greasy and had an off-taste. Bar. Open 11-10. Sun 11-10. Moderate. AE, MC, V. (5)

The Yacht Club. Shopping center, 5884 Everhart (992-4562). There are no great, classic Mexican restaurants in Corpus Christi, but Memo's lead the pack of the ones available. Everything on the menu is easily recognizable to native texans, from standard combinations of enchiladas, tamale pie, and beans to more exotic specialties like chiles rellenos, estofadados, and flautas. Everything is competitively prepared and fresh. Large variety of imported Mexican beers. Mon thru Thur 11-10, Fri & Sat till 11. Closed Sun. Inexpensive. Cr. (5) (New location at Saratoga Banks shopping center, 4825 Saratoga.)

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DALLAS

Send general entertainment listings to: Ellen Gunter Box 50666, Dallas 75250

Send club reviews to: Around the State 3429 Princeton, Dallas 75205

THEATER

Resident

Addison Summer Theatre. 14000 Dallas Pkwy (823-3670). Tue thru Sun 8-9:30. Gen adm \$12, students & senior citizens \$10. Call for opening date. (5) Undetermined. OPENS JUNE 8: Starting Here. Starting Now.

Dallas Repertory Theatre. 1030 NorthPark Center behind Joske's (369-9666). Thur, Fri & Sat 8:15. Sun 2-3. Gen adm \$12 & \$7.50, students & senior citizens \$5.50 & \$3. (5) OPENS JUNE 24: Fiddler on the Roof.

Dallas Theater Co. 3436 Turtle Creek Blvd (926-8857). Thur thru Sun at 8, Fri at 8:30, Sat at 5 & 8:30. \$7.25-\$12. Reservations required. (5)

THRU JUNE 26. Black Coffee—Agatha Christie mystery. (5)

FAIR PARK MUSIC HALL. 1st & Parry (691-7200). Dallas Summer Musicals productions. Thur thru Fri at 8:15, Sat at 2:30 & 8:15. Sun at 2:30. \$5-\$22. (5)

JUNE 1 THRU 13. The Unsinkable Molly Brown. (5)

JUNE 17 THRU 27. Annie—with National Touring Company. (5)

JUNE 29 & 30. Hello, Dolly!—Carol Channing stars. (5)



This magnificent diamond anniversary ring, matching pendant and earrings are available at these fine jewelry stores.

TEXAS

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Glidewater HIGHTOWER CREDIT JEWELERS

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DALLAS

Greenville Avenue Theatre, 2914 Greenville (823-3670, but 369-3345 for Stage 1 productions. Wed thru Sat at 8:15. Call for Sunday times. Gen adm \$10, students & senior citizens \$5. 

THRU JULY 13: *Promenade*—a Manhattan Casting House production of the off-Broadway musical.

New Arts Theatre, 702 Ross at Market (761-9041). Tue thru Thu at 8 p.m.; Fri & Sat at 8:30. Tue at 2:30; Sat at 12:15; soap opera. Gen adm \$10, with lunch \$5. 

OPENS JUNE 10: New Play Festival—three previously unproduced short and full-length plays in repertory with their one-act. Call for prices and information. Theatre Three, 2011 Main & S. Akard. Tue at 8 p.m.; Sat at 2:30. Call for student & senior citizen prices. 

OPENS JUNE 1: *One*—a mythical Southwestern boom town (two new episodes weekly).

Theatre Three, Quadrangle, 2800 Routh (748-5191). Tue thru Thur at 8 p.m.; Fri & Sat at 8:30. Sun at 2:30 & 7:30. \$7.50. Call for student & senior citizen prices. 

OPENS JUNE 1: *One*—a Play by Simon Gray's. 

Dinner Theater

Greene Dinner Playhouse, 12205 Coll (330-0153). Tue thru Sun before 7, curtain at 8:15; Fri & Sat late show 10:45. Call for Sun matinee times. \$10.50-\$18.95 depending on night. 

THRU JUNE 13: *Last of the Red Hat Lovers*—comedy starring Pat Paulette, Cybill Shepherd, and Dodie Greenway.

JUNE 18: *THRU 27: Marty Robbins*.

OPENS JUNE 29: *A Shot in the Dark*—comedy starring Sonny Bono and Julie Newmar.

MUSIC Classical

JUNE 3 THRU 13: *Opera*, SMU Bob Hope Theatre, Bishop & Binkley (492-2830). Othello; La Perichole. At 8:15, except Sun at 2:30. \$10. 

JUNE 9, 11, 14, 18 & 22: *SMU Summer Conservatory Festival Concert*, SMU Caruth Aud. Bishop & Binkley (661-0650). Works by Bach and Russian composers. At 8:15. Series \$15, single ticket \$8. 

JUNE 9, 11, 14, 18 & 22: *Community Church Choir and Orchestra*, 8305 Kenwood Ave (263-0789 or 481-3450). Bach: Cantatas 78 and 180; Brandenburg Concerto No. 1. Paul Riedel, conductor. At 8:15. \$5. 

Pop, Rock, Jazz, Etc.

JUNE 5: *Bluegrass Festival*, Fair Park Band Shell, 1st & Parry (824-0981). Bluegrass bands County Gazette and Salt Lick

will perform. Mike Brill and Robert Bowell, mandolin and guitar; Evan Price, fiddle. At 4. \$5. 

FILM

JUNE 23 & 24: *Bill Evans Dance Company*, SMU Bob Hope Theatre, Bishop & Binkley (692-3146). At 8:15. \$3.50. 

Call ahead.

FILM

Dallas Public Library Series, Main Library Aud, 1515 Young (749-4478). Profiles of famous writers, part of the Meet the Author series. Bring a sack lunch. June 2: *Eudora Welty*. Author of *One Writer's Life*. June 16: *Tony Morrison*. June 23: *Wright Morris*. June 30: *Martel Rakeyser*. At 12:10. Free. 

SPORTS Baseball

Texas Rangers, Arlington Stadium, 12025 Copland Rd, Arlington (273-2100). June 4 thru 6: Chicago. June 7 thru 9: Seattle. June 11 thru 13: Minnesota. June 24 thru 27: St. Louis. June 29 thru July 1: California. Mon thru Sat at 7:35, Sun at 5:35, except June 27 at 3:30. Reserved seats \$5-\$12. \$7.50: gen adm \$3; under 14, \$1.50. 

Rodeo

Mesquite Rodeo, LBJ & Military Hwy (285-8777). Events include bull riding, barrel racing, calf roping, bareback and saddle bronc riding, and clown bulldogging acts. Each Fri & Sat at 8:30. Reserved seats \$6. gen adm \$4.50; under 13, \$2.50. Call for group rates. 

Rugby

Western United States Sales Cup, vs the English National Team, 1st & Mark's School, 10000 Preston Rd (661-0128). Competition marks the first time in the history of the sport that England has played on US turf. June 9 at 6:15. \$5. 

EVENTS

Orchid Show, DeGolyer Estate, 8525 Garland Rd (350-4985). More than 30 juried exhibits of orchid floral and cut-flower arrangements, corsages, and orchid memorabilia from across the Southwest will be on display. Experts on culture and hybridizing will be available to answer questions. June 19, 9-6; June 20, 9-4. Free. 

Texas Gumbo-O-Ween Festival, 1st & Akard (211-5311 or FM 14 Rd 1565, west of Dallas) will follow the signs (222-2207 or 563-0100). Fun and games (and much feasting) with an ancient flavor, in

cluding music, magic, drama, and feats of skill and strength. Also craft sales and a wide range of Mediterranean cuisine. Wednesday thru Saturday 12:30-2:30. Gen adm \$5.50; children \$1.50; \$2; under 5, free. 

West End Festival, vicinity of Ross and Market (821-3290). June 11: music festival and street dance. June 12: street fair featuring arts and crafts booths and a children's carnival. Live entertainment and concessions both days. Fri 4-10. Sat 10-6. Free. 

REVELATION

Exploring the Planets, Fretz Park Library, 6990 Bell Line (233-8262). Chris Fretz will present a computer animation simulation of the various planets. Monday thru Friday at 3. Free. 

Grand Prairie, off Hwy 30 (263-2223). Drive the 250 acres of winding roads and see rhinos, giraffes, zebras, elk, American bison, and more. Roll down the windows and feed the animals (pick up food buckets when you buy your ticket), or ride a camel. Open daily 10-5. \$5. 

Want to ride a real animal, climb aboard one of the mechanical bulls (there are separate versions for adults and children), or just sit back on the train ride and pretend you're on a safari. Separate petting area for young children. Mon thru Fri 10-5; Sat & Sun 10-6. Gen adm \$7.95; under 3, free. Admission includes all rides. 

Free. 

FOR CHILDREN

Penny Whistle Park, 10771 E. Northshore Hwy (348-6470 or 434-8297). Aired at the 2- through 8-year-old set, this enclosed park features boat, helicopter, and ladybug rides and a merry-go-round. Air conditioned. Concessions. Tue thru Thur 1-7; Fri 1-9; Sat 10-6. Sun 6-8. 

Admission \$5. 

Science Place, Hwy 183 at Esters Rd, Irving (461-0485). Computer games, hands-on science experiments, and a restaurant where kids can actually see food transformed into art and all part of this new park's learn-through-playing theme. The playgrounds are the same as the ones at the familiar stage school used for Sesame Street. Aimed at 3- through 13-year-olds, emphasis is on activities that kids and parents can do together. Scheduled to open in mid-June. Open days 9-6; Sun 10-5. \$4.50; under 3, free. Call for group rates. Parking \$1 per vehicle. 

Free. 

Sea Flags Over Texas, Dallas-Ft. Worth Turnpike, Arlington (461-1200). (See Ft. Worth: For Children.)

Summer Adventures, Dallas Museum of Natural History, Fair Park, 1st & Parry, and Dallas Aquarium, Fair Park, 1st & Martin Luther King, Jr. Blvd (428-3587). Feed fish; freshwater fish Mon. Wed & Fri 10-12, saltwater fish Sat. Sun 10-12; tropical fish Mon-Fri 10-12. 

Summer Camps, 1st & Martin Luther King, Jr. Blvd (428-3587). For Preschoolers, and Babies (ages 3½ thru 4); workshops on Dinosaurs and Fossils, Scaley Critters, Nature Detectives, Collecting Insects, and Fish Story (ages 5 thru 11); film series on the Loch Ness Monster, and the Loch Ness Monster; Lost Empire, and Atlantis (ages 12 thru 17); field study projects with museum curators (over 18). Thru June & July. Call for times, locations, and complete schedule. \$6-\$12, film series free. 

Aquarium, 1st & Martin Luther King, Jr. Blvd (428-3587). Feed fish; freshwater fish Mon. Wed & Fri 10-12, saltwater fish Sat. Sun 10-12; tropical fish Mon-Fri 10-12. 

Summer Camps, 1st & Martin Luther King, Jr. Blvd (428-3587). For Preschoolers, and Babies (ages 3½ thru 4); workshops on Dinosaurs and Fossils, Scaley Critters, Nature Detectives, Collecting Insects, and Fish Story (ages 5 thru 11); film series on the Loch Ness Monster, and the Loch Ness Monster; Lost Empire, and Atlantis (ages 12 thru 17); field study projects with museum curators (over 18). Thru June & July. Call for times, locations, and complete schedule. \$6-\$12, film series free. 

MUSEUMS

Dallas Aquarium, Fair Park, 1st & Martin Luther King, Jr. Blvd (428-3587). Feed fish; freshwater fish Mon. Wed & Fri 10-12, saltwater fish Sat. Sun 10-12; tropical fish Mon-Fri 10-12. 

Summer Camps, 1st & Martin Luther King, Jr. Blvd (428-3587). For Preschoolers, and Babies (ages 3½ thru 4); workshops on Dinosaurs and Fossils, Scaley Critters, Nature Detectives, Collecting Insects, and Fish Story (ages 5 thru 11); film series on the Loch Ness Monster, and the Loch Ness Monster; Lost Empire, and Atlantis (ages 12 thru 17); field study projects with museum curators (over 18). Thru June & July. Call for times, locations, and complete schedule. \$6-\$12, film series free. 

Old City Park, 1717 Gano (421-5141). In the shadow of downtown's skyline, this collection of restored 19th-century structures, including a reconstructed fort, presents the history and history of a bygone era. The Brent Farmhouse features ethnic foods of Texas settlers. Serving hours Tue thru Fri 11:15-1:15; Sat & Sun 12:15 & 4-1:15. Reservations suggested. 

Summer Camps, 1st & Martin Luther King, Jr. Blvd (428-3587). Feed fish; freshwater fish Mon. Wed & Fri 10-12, saltwater fish Sat. Sun 10-12; tropical fish Mon-Fri 10-12. 

Science Place, 1st & Martin Luther King, Jr. Blvd (428-3587). Numerous health exhibits teach about the body's organ systems and how they work. The newly completed exhibit on marijuana features a computer self-education quiz for adults and youngsters, plus a video segment with Dallas Cowboys players. The Space Station is a 100-foot-tall model that is also a planetarium. Call for show times and for information on summer programs for children. Museum open Tue thru Sun and Sun 1-4-30. Sat 9-4-30. Sun 10-6. 

Summer Camps, 1st & Martin Luther King, Jr. Blvd (428-3587). Feed fish; freshwater fish Mon. Wed & Fri 10-12, saltwater fish Sat. Sun 10-12; tropical fish Mon-Fri 10-12. 

Teen Museum, 1701 Market (748-1122). In the recently revised West End Historical District, this enlarged and refurbished museum is a mecca for buffs of antique radios and phonographs. Don't miss the reconstructed 1938 radio station. Kids can speak into the microphone and hear themselves on live radio or spin records like real disc jockeys. 

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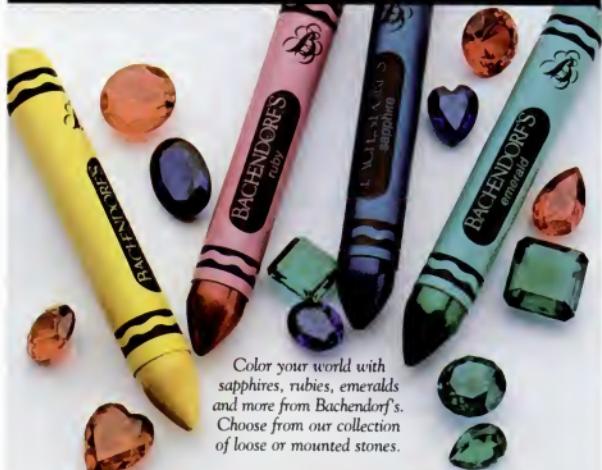


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DALLAS

jockeys. Most displays are for touching and using. New acquisitions include more than 10,000 rare records and one of racing's oldest KSL's old stockman's vest, played by Lee Majors. Wed 10-10 Sat 10-11 Sat & Sun 11-3. Recommended necessary for tour groups. Gen adm \$2. Children \$1. ©

Texas Hall of State, Fair Park, Nimitz & Grand (421-5136). Thru June 13: in the East Gallery: *Visions of a Fair Park*—original conceptual drawings of Fair Park done during the 1980s. *1980s*—Open Mon-Fri Sat 9-5, Sun 1-5. 25¢-50¢. Everybody free Mon noon-5. ©

ART Institutions

Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Fair Park, 2nd Ave between Grand & Martin Luther King, Jr., Blvd (421-4887). June 3 at 7:30 in the Audit: *Leger Today*—lecture by Robert Rosenblum. Thru July 4: a retrospective of French modernist Fernand Leger. More than half of the 70 paintings in the exhibit have never been shown in the U.S. Opening reception, June 11. *Concentrations VI*—Al Seuss paintings, color film photographs of 3-D objects. Call for information on summer classes for children (ext 11). Tue thru Sat 10-5. Sun 1-5. Free. ©

Galleries

Adams-Middleton, 3000 Maple (748-3882). Thru June 12: original acrylic canvases, panels, and watercolors by Vely Vigil. Opening June 14: abstract expressionist oil on linen and collage by Marcia Meyers; large abstract paintings by Jo Anne London and Mary Jane Schmidt and realistic sculptures by Carol Jean Fenner. Tue thru Fri 10-6. Sat 11-5. Afternoons by appointment. ©

Anderson Galleries, 2800 Royal (748-2521). Thru July 3: large Ciba chrome landscapes, photographs by Robert Glenn Ketchum. Men thru Sat 10-5:30. ©

Clifford Gallery, 6610 Snider Plaza (363-8223). Thru June 12: recent paintings by Zanne Hoberg. Opening June 12: group show by gallery regulars. Tue thru Sat 10-5:30. ©

David L. Gibson, 2723 Routh (744-3474). Specializes in original etchings, 18th and 19th century prints, including etchings, engravings, lithos, and woodcuts. Recent acquisitions are contemporary prints and Texas maps, and some small British-Indian paintings, representative East Indian works depicting native life. Tue thru Sat 10-6. ©

Dolan Art, 2706 Camp (744-3340). Thru June 12: ceramics and sculptures regulars. Dan Ritter, James Sura, Vernon Fisher, Al Seuss, and Roger Winter. Tue thru Sat 11-5. ©

Florence Art Gallery, 2500 Cedar Springs (748-6463). New arrivals include 19th-century European oils by Augé and Simbari. Mon thru Fri 10-4 & by appointment. ©

Mattingly Baker Gallery, 3000 McKinney (526-0031). Thru June 3: tapestries by artist Jane Baker and painted and painted-on constructions by Steven McKeown. Opening June 5: sculpture by Jesus Bautista Morales and prints by Brad Davis, Robert Kushner, Kim MacConnell, Ned Smyth, Sam Cady, and Mary Hellman. June 5-7: preview. Gallery hours Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 10-6. ©

Nimbus Gallery, 1135 Dragon St (742-1381). Opening June 5: color drawings and lithographs by Manuel de Arca and large coil-built ceramics by Mona Rowley. Men thru Sat 10-5. ©

Shango Galleries, 2609 Fairmount (744-4891). Ongoing exhibits include African, pre-Columbian, South Pacific, and American Indian sculpture, including works in bronze, animal forms, and textiles. Tue thru Sat noon-6 & by appointment. ©

Stewart Gallery, 12160 Coit Rd (661-0213). Gallery encompassing works from modern Dutch expressionist Ari Van Selli new realist Richard Lame and pencil painter Nathan Jorgenson to traditionalists like Marmie Riley and abstract expressionist landscapes by Pat Shannon Till. Tue thru Sat 10-5 & by appointment. ©

The Vineyard Gallery, 2706 Fairmount (748-8169). Thru June: paintings and limited edition prints by Bart Forbes, Mark English, Robert Heindel, and sculpture by Bill Carr. Tue thru Sat 10-5. ©

Fine Crafts

Frontroom Gallery, Craft Compound, 6617 Snider Plaza (744-3719). June 12: show of galleries and studios, including etchings by Larry Johnson, ceramics by Pat Le Grand, raku by Bruce Mayo, and fiber pieces by Diana Taylor. Ongoing exhibit includes dolls by Margaret Ryan and a selection of folk clothing, driftwood mobiles, cut glass, candles, and pillows. Mon thru Sat 10-5. ©

OUTDOORS

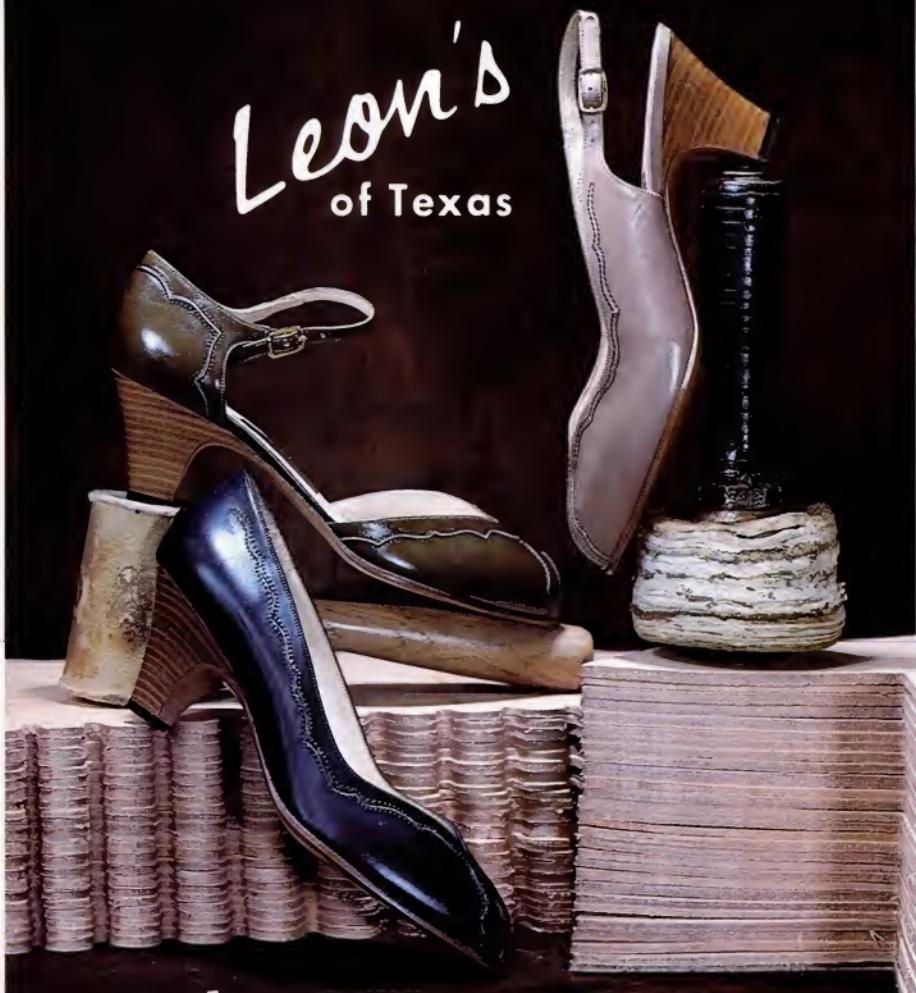
Bachman Lake, 3500 Northwest Hwy (670-4100). Parcourse has signs for various fitness levels with instructions for areas at various fitness levels. The 3.2-mile running and walking path circling the lake is marked at 1/4-mile intervals. Rent a canoe or pedal boat for \$5 per hour, skates \$2 per hour. The Recreation Center for the Handicapped, 2750 Bachman Lake (350-1000), wide range of activities, cooking classes, dance, and performing arts classes for the disabled. Lake area open 7 days a week. Call for recreation center schedule. Lake grounds © Recreation Center ©

POINTS OF INTEREST

Dallas Zoo, Marsalis Park, 621 E. Clarendon (946-5155). A klipspringer (a small African antelope), some American flamingoes, a kookaburra (a large Australian kingbird), and two emus. The zoo is the only one in the country with the zebra's ever-growing population. The free train for 50¢. Zoo open 9-5, grounds till dark. Gen adm \$1.50, children 6-11, \$1; and under, 25¢. Parking \$1. ©

Dr. Gohly Estate, 8525 Garland Rd (324-1401). A park of formal gardens and woodlands around a 1939 Spanish Co-

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colonial-style mansion. Two rooms of the original furniture remain. Tour groups may study history, architecture, 16th- and 17th-century artifacts. Open 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Tues.-Sun. Creek Chorale Show Stopper, June 13-15. Dallas Chamber Orchestra, Spring Quartet, June 27. Class of 80: Barber Quartet, June 27. El Centro Community Band. Concerts at 6: bring a blanket and picnic basket. House open Tues. 1-4. Wed-Fri 10-4. Reservations necessary. House open 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. ® Grounds, call ahead for house. (See also Events.)

Fair Park. 1st & Parry (563-9931). The 17.3-acre park features one of the best collections of art deco architecture in the nation. There are also museums and an aquarium (see Museums). The Dallas Museum of Fine Arts (see Art). The Music Hall (see Music), and exhibition building. The Women's Building regularly offers free antique shows and flea markets. The garden center holds flower shows and sales and offers plant classes and workshops for the do-it-yourselfer. The park is open 7 a.m.-midnight. Admission 25¢-50¢; rides 25¢ each. Grounds open 7 days 24 hours, but this area is unsafe after dusk. Free. ®

Farmers Market, on St. Louis between Pearl and Central Expressway (747-2802). Purchase fresh fruit and vegetables as well as hanging plants here, but arrive early to get the best selection. Shop around before you buy—the prices can vary significantly from stall to stall. If all that browsing stirs up your appetite, head over to the Farmers Grill, 807 Park (741-4444), which is open to the public. Boys 10-14 (about \$4), enough food for two farmhands. Market open 7 days 5 a.m.-5:30 p.m. Free. Grill open Mon thru Fri 11-6. Sat 6-2 p.m. MC, V. ® Grill.

ON THE TOWN

Agora Ballroom, 6532 E. Northwest Hwy (496-3720). In this world of car washes transmogrified into European discothèques, it's nice to find a nightclub constructed as a nightspot. The atmosphere is dark, with dim, violet lights, and sound in town. If it gets too frantic, you can retreat temporarily to the separate bar or arcade. It's all very casual and relaxed, and there is a large dance floor for the young, chaste, and buxom. Open 10 p.m.-midnight. Cover \$3 and local tax. Sun-Wed & Thur 8-2. Fri & Sat 8-2. Closed Mon and Tue except for special concerts. Show times and cover vary. Women get in free before 10 on Fri & Sat, men free before 9 on Fri, AE, MC, V. ®

Arthur's, Campion Center, 8350 N. Central Expressway (Northwest Hwy) (931-8833). Franchise. Little old for Dallas. Your designer clothes are not made of denim and bird feathers. You've graduated from a mortgaged GM hardtop to a leased northern European luxury car. You might be dining for \$40 dinner at the adjacent restaurant. Your kind of people are probably the Atlanta, listening to obtrusive jazz, sipping each other up, and buying or selling oil and real estate. Mon thru Fri 11:30-2, Sat & Sun 6-2. Live music. Mon thru Fri 5:30-8:30 and every day 9-1. No cover. Cr. ®

Belle Starr, 7724 N. Central Expressway (750-4787). Belle Starr may be the only C&W nightclub in existence housed in a fake Tudor building. It's an unpretentious place, and pleasant enough for couples and groups who enjoy C&W dancing to live bands. The menu is a platter of wacky, weird diversions. Diversions include a plant-screen TV for sports events and an extensive souvenir shop featuring such curiosities as tarantula paperweights and bunny for bathbands. Unaccompanied children are not permitted in the main areas. Live entertainment nights. A new menu will feature rotisserie bands with more of a show format. Happy hour Tue thru Sat 7-9. Open Mon thru Sat 7-2, Sun 4-2. Cover varies. Cr. ®

Cafe Dallas, 5500 Greenville (987-0066). There is a strictly dressed dress code at this upscale disco-restaurant. Dallas' most popular place. Some 400 people are present, the servers at the door exercise considerable latitude in making up rules as they go along. "The more you have failed to give the correct answer to our Rorschach test," once approved, "the more you are welcome." And the more mobs of people, there now realized that they are in fact beautiful, all dancing, drinking, playing board games, and playing bored games. Salads, soups, burgers, and sandwiches available. Open 10 p.m.-midnight. Cover \$10. Mon thru Fri 3-2, Sat & Sun 7-2. No cover except \$2 for men & Sat. AE, MC, V. ®

Cardinal Puffy, 4615 Greenville (369-1969). Every cliché has to start somewhere. Bentwood, blocker block, ferns, and fireplace are the staples, but not all women are created here. The menu is down-and-dirty. Ranch-style chili is served with olives. The nachos and burgers are great, and the outdoor garden is well—Babylonian. New "21 or older" policy in effect after 8 p.m. Open 7 days 11:30-2. Live music 8:30-12:30. No cover. AE, MC, V. ®

Casa Lorraine, 1000 Lorraine, 8250 N. Central Expressway (691-4700). Ingenious decorators have succeeded in bringing a breathtaking panorama of night-time Dallas into the interior of this penthouse club. Bands perform from a central stage surrounded by comfortable sofa, and small lamps on easels. The most dramatic bandstand in the city, the bandstand, the long face downtown Dallas only a few feet from the glass. There are towns in addition to hotel guests, particularly on Sunday night. Tommy Lipp's dancing group, the most popular, is the most popular. Hours of operation weekdays 5-7. Open Mon thru Fri 4-10-2, Sat 5-2, Sun 5-midnight. No cover. AE, DC, MC, V.

Crocodile, Loew's Anatole Hotel, 2201 Stemmons Fwy (748-1208). (krok-uh-dile) noun. (1) a scaly, dark, slow-moving creature that preys on other animals. (2) a state of cordiality; found in the least attractive corners of otherwise handsome geographical surroundings frequented by tourists and conventioneers: (2) the night spot at Loew's Anatole Hotel, which is the most popular disco downtown. Men and certain waitresses in penguin costumes. Happy hour weekdays 4-8. Open Mon thru Fri 4-2, Sat and Sun

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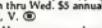
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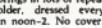
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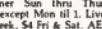
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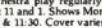
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6051 Club, 6051 Forest Ln (601-3393). Dallas jazz clubs are increasing in number, but this is still the home of the proven and proficient. The legendary Red Garland is appearing frequently, and there have been some fine, impressive talents. The audience always includes a lot of musicians, but the accomplished will fit in on such a fast track. Notice the young, well-dressed crowd. Clients are of all ages, some in jeans and others dressed for night on the town. Iconoclastically located through a wrought-iron gate next to Jennifer's Country Kitchen in a North Dallas strip shopping center. Thur thru Sat 9-2. Closed Sun thru Wed. \$5 annual membership. AE, MC, V. 

Steaks & P. 2026 Maple (741-0824). How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen the "P"! Academic comparisons between pre-fire quarters and post-fire quarters are subsiding, and everybody is getting comfortable again. The food, though simple, is still excellent, and the parking hasn't been cut by a good deal. Located in a tall, modern concrete. Everyman's neighborhood bar brings in lots of repeat clientele, mostly late 20 and older, dressed every which way. Mon thru Sat 11-2. Sun noon-2. No cover. AE, MC, V. 

Strictly Taboo, 4111 Lemo Alter (522-8101). This venerable institution dates back to the Eisenthal administration but is always in touch with the times. Original pink flamingo decor is the backdrop for some of the city's finest jazz artists. There is a variety of styles, but fusion seems to predominate. The room is always packed, and the sound system is superb. The pizza, attracts an informal crowd of all ages. Diners proceed directly to the intimate restaurant area in the rear and pay no cover charge. The weighted energy level can be frantic, but it's always a good time. Dinner Sun thru Sat 5-11. Live music 7 days. Cover \$2 during the week. \$4 Fri & Sat. AE, MC, V. 

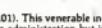
Tim Ballard's, 3524 Inwood at Lemmon (559-3050). Several generations of defunct ethnic clubs have been replaced in this well-located, well-maintained club. There is considerable variety, from hot bands (Sunday nights) to blues bands. The club is providing a showcase for some excellent talent that was previously heard from irregularly. Vocals are emphasized, and the music is generally far enough in to appeal to the more serious and discriminating. The "four happy hour" Mon thru Fri 4-8. Open Mon thru Fri 4-2, Sat 6-2, Sun 6-midnight. Cover \$2 Fri thru Sun. Cr. 

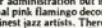
Venetian Room, Fairmont Hotel, Ross & Akard (748-5454).

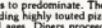
This hotel supper club decorated in Renaissance splendor caters to women. The menu is 100% seafood and visiting comedians. Lenny Dawson and his orchestra play. Showtime.

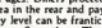
Brunch is served Sun, with seatings at 11 and 1 and 2. Shows Mon thru Thur at 8:30 & 11, Fri & Sat at 9 and 11:30. Cover varies with performer. AE, DC, MC, V. 

RESTAURANTS

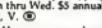
Asuka, 7136 Greenville (363-3537). An appetizer of *okonomiyaki* is just right: the crisp fried oysters are set off nicely by cold vegetables served in a creamy sauce. For those preferring soup, *osimemono* is a clear fish stock broth with an extract of dried bonito flavor. The *tempurabushi* is a two-tiered arrangement in which cubes of tender beef and vegetables are placed over hissing hot stones and served with a miso and a vegetable sauce. *Tempurabushi* combines the traditional, lightly battered, fried items with a more sophisticated arrangement. The latter are served cold, however, and we must admit that's how we left us! Also cold is the unique dessert, fried ice cream – a one-time must. Bar. Tue thru Sun 11-2 & 6-11. Closed Mon. Reservations: Sun 11-2. AE, MC, V. 

The Atrium, 1404 Main (651-9414). The lunch spot of choice for downtowners, this restaurant would be popular even if the competition were better – and, given the quality of the competition, the Atrium really shines. Beer-spiked cheese sauce is a specialty; particularly nice accompanied by a tasty *Hollandaise*. The *caesar* chicken sandwich averages sprouts on whole wheat. We applaud the variety of cheese-laden quiches. Beer and wine. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11-2:30. Closed Sat & Sun. Inexpensive. N. 

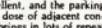
The Bronx, 3835 Cedar Springs (522-3821). Wall to the back with wood-paneled booths, macramé wall hangings, and the neighborhood clientele in the foreground, in a variation of this long-time Oak Lawn favorite. A blackboard menu offers changing selections like tender pot roast with perfectly cooked squash and a crisp tossed salad. The regular menu offers old standbys like the spicy-licious sandwich, a must-try meal treat and the *lasagna* with the mushroom pot pie has diminished since our last visit, thankfully. Bar. Mon thru Fri 11:30-12:30. Sat 11-2. Sun 11-3. 

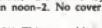
Butiggi, 2579 Walnut Hill Ln (350-2470). Finding this modest restaurant in a real estate office isn't exactly what you'd probably locate and warehouse and the fastest of fast food places. But once inside, well, we're talking prime time cooking here, a sort of wood-paneled, glass-fronted Italian heaven. The manicotti, stuffed with cheese and covered with a fresh, light tomato sauce, is a must order. We'd repeat the *lasagna* too, as in a marvelous melding of classic French and Italian, *veal fontinella* (crowned with crab and spinach, then covered with a generous dollop of hollandaise). Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-12:30. Dinner Mon thru Fri 5:30-10:30; Sat & Sun 11-2. Closed Sun. Moderate. Cr. 

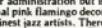
• Callau's, 2319 McKinney (823-5380). While dining out in style can often cost an arm and a leg these days, Callau's elegant presentations, imaginative cooking, and impeccable ingredients offer a lot for the money. We were

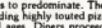
off to a good start with a delicate red snapper pâté mounted with a buttery, lemony seafood sauce, a better choice than the bland and oily *caesar* salad. For the light meal, the *salad* with shrimp was simple and well prepared. The accompanying vegetables were as pretty as they were tasty: gossmar puffed potatoes and freshly cooked carrots, broccoli, and turnips. The very different *steak* came with a *smoked* au jus and Grand Marnier *beurre de framboise* – an imposing concoction incorporating a hot soufflé wrapped in a crépe. *Jacket* Bar. Lunch Tue thru Fri 11:30-2:30. Dinner Mon thru Thur 6-10:30. Fri & Sat: seatings at 7 & 9:30. Closed Sun. Reservations necessary. Very expensive. AE, MC, V. 

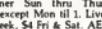
The Chimney, Willow Creek, 9239 N. Central Express at Walnut Hill (369-6446). The Old World charm reflects the past, yet the kitchen is firmly rooted in the present. First-course offerings of smoked salmon and beet *Bratwurstfleisch* are well worth the effort. The *steak* is a particularly fine creation at Dallas' best restaurants. The carefully folded pieces of moist salmon were presented with slices of toast, butter, lemon, and capers, while the air-dried, thin-sliced beet was dramatically served on a large, round plate. When we dined there, we hoped that the tomato and *zucchini* cheese sauce wouldn't obscure the flavor of the veal, but that, seemingly, is all but impossible. If this restaurant has a weakness, it is the not too hot customer service. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Sat 11-2. Dinner Mon thru Fri 5:30-10:30. Closed Sun. Reservations recommended. Expensive. Cr.

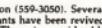
Chiquita, Congress & Oak Lawn (521-0721). Linen tablecloths, candlelight, and more paper flowers than you'll find in a Mexican mercado create an up-town atmosphere here. We keep coming back to the *Mexican* special on the menu, much like the *flor de la noche* is an interesting combination of tenderloin, hot peppers, and garlic. Too bad the cooks aren't so creative when it comes to the more mundane offerings: our meat encrusted were dry and the tacos ordinary on our visit. Bar. Mon thru Fri 11:30-12:30. Sat 11-2. Sun 11-3. Closed Sun. Inexpensive. AE, MC, V. 

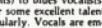
Chito's, 4447 Maple (526-9027). Family-owned and -operated Mexican restaurants, such as this one, are often a nacho above larger competitors, who don't have a personal stake in satisfying their customers. Dishes come promptly from the kitchen, leaving time to savor tortillas fresh from the oven and almost evaporate before your eyes. The *quesadilla* plate is an arrangement of tortilla turnovers filled with beef, beans, and melted cheese with a small guacamole salsa on the side. For a change of pace, the *quesadilla*, a sampling of flavorful tortillas and enchiladas, tamale, chilepe, soft taco, rice, and beans. Skip the overly thick *chile con queso*, which resembles a bad version of *crema* gravy. Wine. Beer. Sun. Mon. Tue & Wed 11-2. Fri & Sat 11-3. 

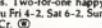
Da Piccola, 4537 Cedar (521-1391). The phrase "hole in the wall" could have been coined to describe this tiny place. Its size adds to its casual charm, though, as does the flower girl who wandered in selling roses on our most recent visit. Even though the menu is limited, the food is delicious, which could say the same about the *pollo scarpinella*, simply delicious on former visits but arriving this time overcooked with rosemary and laden with bony bits of chicken. The *lasagna* is also a winner with its fresh ricotta cheese baked in the kitchen. Wine & beer. Moderate. Cr. Bar. Lunch Mon & Wed 11-2. Dinner Mon thru Fri 11:30-12:30. Closed Tue. AE, DC, MC, V. 

Dalts, Sakowitz Village on the Parkway, 5101 Bell Line, Suite 410 (369-4200). An art and music prevails in this new old-style room like the one in Disney's *Pinocchio*. 

Funicello, the place bustles and the decibel level is high, but the menu is an uncomplicated listing of sandwiches, omelets, soft tacos, and other light foods. The tacos (served in a basket) are the best, though the *quesadilla* is extremely difficult to eat. Our mouthwatering hamburgers (also in a basket) was easier to handle, but it would have been more manageable on a plate. A more substantial offering, London broil with *Burgundy* sauce was somewhat mushy, but the *steak* with *scrambled* eggs and house fries was magnificent. Bar. Open 7 days 11-2 (food service till 1). 

Francisco's, 2017 Fairmont (749-0906). Who are all those people in the black and white glasses lining the walls? One person, Francisco, the owner, is the star of the show. He's a little, arm in arm with the famous and the vaguely familiar. This fitness touch contrasts oddly with the otherwise austere and formal feeling here. The food matches the mood: on our last lunch we were seated at a table with a *quesadilla*, a *soft* omelet, a *concento* of eggs, *eggs*, *hollandaise*, and *avocado* on an English muffin. *Fettuccine* Francisco, *spinach* pasta tossed with fresh tomato in a light, smooth cream sauce, rose above cliché status (the dish is enjoying a fad in restaurants). *Never* above cliché status, the *steak* was perfect. As the people in all those photos, we'd be perfectly happy. Bar. Lunch Tue thru Fri 11:30-2:30. Dinner Mon thru Sat 6-11. Closed Sun. Moderate to expensive. AE, MC, V. 

French Room, Adolphus Hotel, 1221 Commerce (742-8200). The grande dame of Dallas hotels is in her seventieth year. The Adolphus, named for beer baron Adolphus Busch, has been restored to its original opulence, and a magnificent restaurant with giant murals, roccoco details, and glittering crystal chandeliers. Chef. 

Francisco, the food planning and flies in regularly from his Chicago base to oversee the details. Recent specials included highly sliced boned breast of duck *en croute* with a pâté stuffing. A lamb roast was served with a *pepper* sauce. A *terrine* of lamb was *roasted* rare, as we wished, but the *garlic* was overwhelming. The vegetable *pâté* is a particularly attractive blend of colors and textures. Chef. Dinner Mon thru Sat 6-11. Closed Sun. Reservations well in advance. Very expensive. Cr. 

Highland Park Cafeteria, 4611 Cole (526-3801). A generation of children has memorized presidents' names from the pic-

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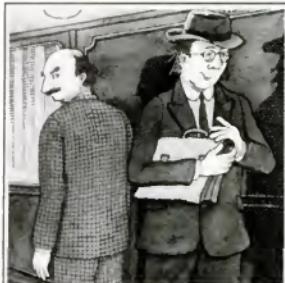
THE CASE OF THE DANCING DEER



"Mere scotch! Are you daft?" railed my rotund friend MacBerth. "I want Glenfiddich!" The steward shrugged an apology. It seemed the celebrated single malt from the valley of the deer was not on our itinerary.



"No Glenfiddich!" moaned Mac. Then a sly grin danced upon his lips. "A temporary dilemma—and purely academic!" he winked, bolting from the carriage. An hour passed without his return; I ventured off in pursuit.



In the corridor I encountered an odd chap clutching a sheepskin pouch. From the clinking sound he made as he passed, I judged his bag to be full of bottles. And, if my ears didn't deceive me, triangular bottles at that.



My suspicions aroused, I trailed the fellow into a private car, only to be startled by a troupe of sprightly stags. 'Professor Dantler's Dancing Deer,' read a dangling banner. I promptly made tracks for the door.



Suddenly, I was confronted from behind. "Sorry about the hold up," chortled my assailant. Peering down I saw, not the barrel of a gun, but the nozzle of a bottle. MacBerth had found his Glenfiddich.



"Elementary," explained Mac, as we hoisted our glasses. "Who but the wise Professor would have the single malt from the valley of the deer?" A bizarre bit of logic, but the solution was eminently palatable.



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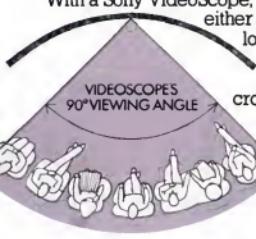


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curve to capture projected light better for a brighter reflected image. And to reject ambient room light that can reduce contrast and brightness.

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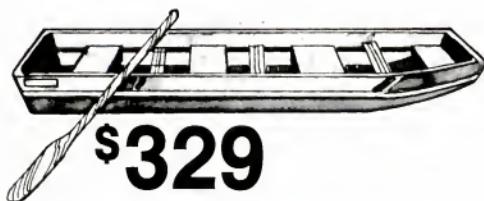
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FORT WORTH

sing along into the evening, with Miss Stevens assisting some night owls. Men thru Fri 11-2, Sat 3-2. Closed Sun. No cover. Cr. (S)

The Hop, 2905 W. Berry (923-9949). Homestyle gourmandizers may come for the fried okra, but they usually wind up staying for the uniformly good jazz, rock, blues, and country folk. June 1-30. June 1-30. Sat 3-2. Closed Sun. and continue with comparable music and acts. Men thru Sat 11-2. Sun 4-2. Cover about \$2 Fri & Sat. Cr. (S) Call ahead. J. R.'s Place, 3400 Berne Anderson Rd at Camp Bowie (735-6851). Mark LeBrun's superior house combo and vocalists Dianne Barnett help make this Fort Worth's premier jazz club. A special feature is the "jamboree," featuring guest acts with performers like Fred Crane and Trella Hart. On Mondays volunteer jammers are welcome on the bandstand. Mon thru Fri 4-2, Sat 8-2. Closed Sun except for performances. Wed 8-2. Cover \$2. MC, V.

Pepper's, 2002 W. 7th (620-7370). Pepper's is as spicy as the place's name would imply, but the music (rhythm and blues and hybrid jazz-rock) is tasty. And it's nothing if not varied, drawing from a cadre of regulars like Master Cylinder, Johnnie Red and the Rooters, Avenue C, Sean Watson and the Tenant. Open Sun thru Thur 11-11.30, Fri Sat 11-11.30. Food served until closing. No cover. CB, DC, MC, V. (S)

Rangoon Racquet Club, 4936 Camp Bowie at Colwood (737-5531). The friendly, leathered old pub, designed, decorated, and maintained much like a traditional British army officers' club, is remarkable now that the kitchen has been taken out. No more food except for token microwaved sandwiches. Beer garden in rear. Open Mon thru Sat 11-30-2. Closed Sun except for private parties. No cover. C.

Red River Saloon, 115 W. 2nd near Houston (870-2502). Is it a chili bar, a cocktail lounge, or a Neiman-Marcus speciality shop? The answer is all of the above. The namesake is an \$8700 celebrity longhorn steer who glares at patrons from his pen in special leather harness. Saloon chills, however, are served until half an hour before closing. Combos like the versatile Diddy Wah Diddy take the stage Fridays and Saturdays, while an antique piano player (with mechanical monkey) makes music during the week. Open Mon thru Thur 8-9, Fri and Sat till 11. Closed Sun. No cover. N-M credit.

Ricochet, Americana Hotel, 200 Main (870-1000). One of the better cocktail hour buffets lures the early evening crowd to this intriguing amalgam of glass, wood, and leather paneling. A bar at the back is built after the style of an elevated bandstand, where floor shows and dance sets are featured Fridays and Saturdays. Open Thur 4-midnight, Fri 4-2, Sat 4-30-2. Closed Sun. No cover. Cr.

Waterworks, Hilton Inn, IH 20 & Commerce (335-7000).

More common than fancy, this downtown bar has a quite friendly atmosphere and a hospitable and danceable night (June provided by Frank Sharr's trio). Food is served until 11 pm. in either of two adjoining restaurants. Open Mon thru Sat 10-30-2, Sun noon-2. No cover. Cr. (S) Call ahead.

White Elephant Saloon, 106 E. Exchange (624-1887). Chisholm Trail Round-up is a mid-June event in the area, and the saloon's highlight is the annual competition of Staggs's band, Texas Water, and other local favorites will join the musical battle during the round-up, with Salt Lick, Don Edwards, and Texas Trilogy among the acts that month. The bar's gaudy decor, Marine Creek, barbecue is served at noon and at night until 9, Fri and Sat until 10. Open Mon thru Sat 11-2. Closed Sun except June 13. Weekend cover averages \$2. MC, V. Directly across Exchange, the Saloon's sibling, a few hundred yards down Marine Creek, is the Lone Star Cliff Parlor, operated by the same proprietors and featuring a similar musical format. No cover.

RESTAURANTS

Angelo's, 2533 White Settlement (332-0357). In a town where barbecue is as easy to find as a fountain in Rome, fans look beyond "good" to "excellent." Angelo's has been producing excellent barbecue for many a year now. Since it's a tourist attraction of sorts, it is also a place to see and be seen. So get on those jeans and Tony Lama and line up (and there is usually a line) for some mouth-watering barbecue. No ribs until 10 pm. Beer. Mon thru Sat 11-10. Closed Sun. Inexpensive. N. (S)

The Balcony, 6100 Camp Bowie (731-3719). This luncheon haunt of Ridglea business and socialites gave us mixed feelings on a recent visit. The delectable bowl of chicken broth was a hit, as was the house-made barbecue on the red deck with chichen sauce, was a laudable effort. The bread tray, offering a dreary assortment of commercial rolls and dry muffins, was a serious flaw, and the seafood salad Acapulco with a scattering of fried shrimp and crab meat, probably equally disappointing. The service, however, was excellent. Beer. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11-30-2. Dinner Mon thru Thur 6-10, Fri and Sat 10-30. Closed Sun. Expensive. Cr. (S)

Calhoun Street Oyster Co., 210 E. 8th St (332-5932). Could the sudden emergence of real oysters being in downtown prove a threat to the long-time menu item of fried chicken and chicken-fried steaks? This fledgling addition is worth the drive downtown, especially for the fried items (shrimp, french fries - and oysters, naturally). On the downside, the oysters were overcooked and the fried chicken and hushpuppies were undercooked and loaded with onions. Service was somewhat erratic. Beer & wine. Mon thru Thur 11-10, Fri & Sat till 11. Closed Sun. Moderate. DC, MC, V. Carrige House, 5137 Camp Bowie (732-2873). The Carrige House has long been a favorite of Fort Worthers, and it's deservedly so. A piping Bloody Mary or a smooth gin fizz will get things off to a rollicking start. A brimming basketful of hot muffins will assuage your appetite until the arrival of the entrees. The egg jesse (an aggressively spiced concoction

FORT WORTH

with green onions. Ro-Tel tomatoes, and mushrooms and the sandwich was delicious. The cost of very well. The only problem in the meal was eggs florentine on burned English muffins. Bar. Mon thru Fri 11:30-2 & 6-11. Sat 11-2 & 6-11. Reservations recommended weekends. Moderate to expensive. AE, MC, V.

The Coop, 3710 Main (731-2300). This tiny spot used to be one of the most popular restaurants in town, but where have all the people gone? Recently at Sunday brunch, a cool and wonderfully fresh fruit salad preceded the entrées. It was fine except that it lacked some of the usual flair for composition. The combination of meat and potatoes was a sautéed peach with currant jelly, cottage fries with onions and cheese, and biscuits just didn't jibe. However, the chef's latest creation was much more successful: an interesting mélange of shrimp, poached eggs, and sautéed top sirloin with a light cream cheese and pimento cheese. The food is good, but dining lived up to its good reputation. Bar. Mon thru Sat 11:30-2 & 6-30-10. Sun brunch 11:30-2:30. Moderate. Cr. (R)

Crystal Cactus, Hyatt Regency Hotel, 815 Main (870-1234). The menu is changing frequently, but the reviews are successful. Of particular note was the spicy, rich shark rump and the crabmeat Lorenzo with mushrooms and a light cream sauce. The salad of shredded carrots, red cabbage, and romaine with tiny shrimp is quite large, though other portions are available. The entrées were mixed, disappointing, especially the mahi-mahi, which was rubbery in texture—obviously frozen. The chicken Wellington was well seasoned but came encased in too-sturdy puff pastry. Both of the desserts were good, though the chocolate cake was commendable. The live combo in the background lends a festive air. Jacket required lunch and dinner. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11-2. Dinner 7 days 6-11. Sun brunch 10:30-2:30. Expensive. Cr. (R)

Hedden's, 3308 Fairfield (731-6991). For authentic ethnic, Hedden's is the closest you'll find in this land of steak and potatoes. One could make a meal on the salads alone. The tabouli (chopped tomatoes, onions, and cracked wheat with lemon juice and olive oil) tastes fantastic on a bit of fresh pita bread. The soups are also excellent, particularly the aromatic shirataki, but it certainly isn't difficult to polish off the thin-sliced, steak strips with tomatoes and onions wrapped in pita. Only the darling should opt for the Leinenkugel's chicken. The desserts are excellent, served with lots of cardamom. Beer & wine. Sun & Tue thru Thur 5-10, Fri & Sat till 11. Closed Mon. Inexpensive. Cr. (R)

Le Cafe Bowie, 4930 Camp Bowie (735-1521). Small romantic touches abound in this cozy little restaurant: fresh flowers and flickering candles reflected in the mirrored walls. A recent meal began with a bowl of creamy, rich, and filling of onion soup, succeeded by spinach salad laden with mushrooms and topped with a creamy dressing. The veal Bowie with shrimp and hollandaise sauce was thoroughly agreeable, though the sauce did not seem to go with the avocados having little taste and no texture to add to the dish. Blueberry cheesecake and a fluffy apple-mocha pie provided a delightful finale. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Sat 11:30-2. Dinner Mon thru Thur 6-10, Fri & Sat till 11. Sun brunch noon-2. Reservations recommended. Moderate. Cr. (R)

U's, 200 Main (332-9900). The setting at L'osteau, with its muted pinks and greens, is thoroughly conducive to a relaxing dinner out. But some policy changes lead one to wonder if all is well behind the scenes. No longer is the little plate of appetizers included in the price of the meal included with the entrée. The only minor failure of a recent evening was the cucumber soup, which more closely resembled a bowl of sweet cream over which a cucumber had possibly been waved. The star of the outstanding evening was the filet topped with a combination of cream, tarragon, vermouth, and brandy. The filet of sole, with another creamy manta sprinkled with shrimp, was a satisfying choice too. From a dessert cart simply piled with tempting morsels, the chocolate cake was chosen. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2. Dinner Mon thru Thur 6-10, Fri & Sat till 11. Closed Sun. Reservations recommended. Moderate to expensive. AE, MC, V.

Old Swiss House, 5412 Camp Bowie (738-8091). The chef Walter Schaffner has put his spin on preparing Fort Worth diners with just what they want: steaks and potatoes with a hint of the continental. Beyond the beef entrées, you'll find a worthy selection of fish and veal creations. You can count on the fresh salmon, if available, always well prepared whether baked or broiled. All the sides are good, including chicken Kev, beans with sour butter. Vegetables get high marks for being fresh and usually nonordinary. Bar. Mon thru Thur 6-10, Fri & Sat till 10:30. Closed Sun. Reservations recommended. Moderate to expensive. AE, MC, V.

The Original Mexican Food Restaurant, 4713 Camp Bowie (737-0066). West siders have been flocking to the Original, "Fort Worth's Oldest," for many a year. Owners have come and gone and the quality has fluctuated, but currently the tacos, enchiladas, and the rice can hold their own against almost anywhere. Surrounding the restaurant is a dirt and dusty plastic plants hang from the original tin ceiling. But the tostadas are light and crisp, the huevos just hot enough, the guacamole thick and creamy—what more can you ask? Service is friendly and efficient. Bar. Mon, Wed & Thur 11-9, Fri & Sat 11:30-9:30. Closed Tue. Inexpensive. Cr. (R)

Pettas, 4255 Camp Bowie (731-8676). None of the familiar Italianas touches are found here: Niotti bottles with candles, no red and white checkered tablecloths. Pettas is the dress-down restaurant to go to with its lime and shaped glassware. The chef tends to be a bit heavy-handed with the basil, all too evident in the tomato sauce but not as apparent in the cannelloni, which was richly endowed with cheese. The fettuccine carbonara, with prosciutto, black olives, and prosciutto, was a real fantasy, thanks to a two-tier liberal dolcing of parmesan and onion. Service is friendly and efficient. *Buon appetito!* Bar. Sun thru Thur 11:30, Fri & Sat 5 till 11. Moderate. Cr. (R)

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FORT WORTH

GALVESTON

Reflections. Americans Hotel, 200 Main (870-9885 or 870-9894). The elegant temple of haute cuisine has fast become one of the more popular addresses in Fort Worth. The food is generally above reproach and the service is both efficient and cordial. The only flaw we encountered was some lobster in the lobster and crabmeat salad (servings were too large and soggy and oily). The tiny, tasty bay scallops (they were) were perfectly seared. The filet blanc sauce and the sweethearts were sauced with a lively combination of green peppercorns, cognac, and cream. Equally rewarding was the sea bass wrapped in a lettuce leaf and served with a delicious smoky barbecue sauce. The finale was an airy chocolate soufflé with freshly whipped cream. Coat and tie. Bar. Mon thru Sat 6-10. Closed Sun. Very expensive. Cr. ®

Song Hay's. 8809-A Green Oaks Rd (731-1612). The same decor and the same most Chinese establishment must have left a hand here. Colorful platters with towering red and green peacock down from the walls, and red and black are the dominant colors. The pupu platter, with its flaming grill, provided an enjoyable beginning, offering fried wonton, shrimp, chicken in foil, scallops, a skewer, and ribs. The Szechuan beef was seared but with green peppers was the only exception except for a surfeit of green peppers. Song Hay's special chicken was audibly crisp and meltingly tender; however, the insipid Chinese vegetables with too much celery and two few peas per dish did not do justice to the dish. The dumplings had been formed at the door, a good sign. Bar. Sun noon-10-30. Mon thru Thur 11-10-30, Fri and Sat 11-midnight. Moderate. Cr. ®

Swiss Pastry Shop. 3636 Vickery Blvd (732-5661). The chef here does a lot of things very well. Among the specialties are the sandwiches, which are quite high with meat and served with fresh homemade breads. These are enhanced by a generous allotment of creamy and rich potato salad unencumbered with sweet pickles, boiled eggs, or red peppers. Other stand-outs are the chocolate pastries, including cream puffs and the napoleons, and the Black Forest cake, a sublime concoction with shaved chocolate, whipped cream, and meringue. Beer. Mon thru Fri 7-6, Sat 8-3. Closed Sun. Inexpensive. N. Cr.

Tom's Select Delectables. 6450 Green Oaks Rd (731-0410). Should the impromptu dinner party arise, rush out to Tom's and choose from his assortment of cheeses, pastries, and hors d'oeuvres. Then move along to the entrées, maybe a roast loin of pork or chicken Wellington. There are also beautiful soufflés, pastries, pastries, and a variety of vegetables. Perhaps for the dessert, a crisp apple strudel or a French crêpes will assuage a pang or two in your stomach. You can browse among shelves of cooking equipment upstairs, or even pause for a light lunch. Located near Ridgmar Mall. Mon thru Fri 11-6, Sat 10-6. Closed Sun. Moderate to expensive. MC, V. ®

Sent general entertainment listings to: Morris Edelson 1812 Marshall, Houston 77008

GALVESTON

glass work, June 4 at 7; reception, Mon thru Fri 10-5:30, Sat 11-5:30, Sun 1-5. Free. ®

SPORTS Fishing

Charter Boat Information. Galveston Visitors Center, Moody Civic Center, 2106 Seawall (763-4311). Boats leave from the wharf and for day-long fishing. Prices vary according to the number of people. Prices start at \$35. Information center open 7 days 10-5. ®

ON THE TOWN

Ballroom Room. 2107 Seawall (763-8516). Behind the door-man in his bullet-proof glass cage lies the time-legend of Galveston past — Ranger Kamp, the Wurlitzer decor of the dancing, the great lights, and a Laundry Room. The band and the dancing, the singing and the spilling, the stargazing on the front-trotters and family and social club festivities. People can celebrate a anniversary and occasionally even have a good meal or a decent drink here while gazing out over the Gulf of Mexico. The band is still here, but the spot where white shoes and large corsages are not out of place. Wed thru Mon 6 p.m.-2. Closed Tue. No cover. Cr. ®

Bob's Country and Western Club. 504 Seawall (763-0793). A big, casual place drawing youngish two-steppers from Stewart Beach and the Seawall area. Live country band music by the Brothers Brothers. Tue thru Sat 8. Electronic band and a buck take up time between sets of the cotton-eyed Joe. Friendly atmosphere turns occasionally comic as the snowbirds waltz across the floor. Open 7 days 7-2. Cover \$3-\$5. AE, MC, V. ®

The Doghouse. Strand (763-4600). This bit of the historic district is being won back by the aid of quality music, usually Texas swing, played in a hole-in-the-wall honky-tonk atmosphere (don't confuse it with the nudie joints right around the corner). The audience has the same狂热 (fanatical) enthusiasm as the jazz joints, with regulars who come weekly (usually on Sunday nights) when the rest of the Strand is dead, dead. Local bands appear other nights, and knowledgeable folks ready to play music are here every evening. Mon thru Fri 8-2, Sat 8-3. Cover \$3-5. Live music \$4 and up, usually Wed thru Sun after 11. No cover. ®

Rusty's. 801 Postoffice (763-1394). Dominated by students from the Medical Center, this short-order-and-bar hangout maintains a mellow, informal atmosphere with folk music and local groups on Saturdays and name comedians on a monthly basis. Just as good, with regulars who come weekly (usually on Sunday nights) when the rest of the Strand is dead, dead. Local bands appear other nights, and knowledgeable folks ready to play music are here every evening. Mon thru Fri 8-2, Sat 8-3. Cover \$3-5. Live music \$4 and up, usually Wed thru Sun after 11. No cover. ®

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RESTAURANTS

Apache Tortilla Factory. 511 20th (765-5646). The best Mexican restaurant on the island is around the corner from the Post Office, where the tortilla machines clank merrily in the mornings. Sunday barbecues offer roll-your-own treats, with meat, beans, a hearty baked potato, and lots of fixings. Fajitas favorites under the wood-fired arched. Minimal service and space decor. Beer. Tue thru Thur 10-7, Fri 10-8, Sat 9-10. Sun 6 a.m.-2 p.m. Inexpensive. N. ®

Candy's Cafe. 2110 Mecham (765-5323). The kitchen likes Mom's, and you get good, friendly attention and lishing from the neighborhood cook. Barbecue, beans, cheese — cheese and thick — is dished up on Sunday afternoons at lunch, and heavy, meat-sauced spaghetti and veal parmesana are also offered at lunch and dinner. Excellent salads are served with a choice of a carburetor. The service is highly informal, but you can look over the cook's shoulder into a spotless galley. Beer & wine. Tue thru Sat 10-2. Closed Sun & Mon. Inexpensive. N. ®

Cafe Torrelle. 2126 Strand (763-9088). A favorite Standstop for a youngish, dressy but not stuffy crowd, down the floor and into the local arts scene. The shrimp scampi, the shrimp in a skillet with wine and garlic sauce wakes up tired taste buds, and the wine dressing on the salads (the spinach platter should be on your list for the vault of this establishment) is superb. The service is friendly, the atmosphere is fine, the staff and friendly special occasion waitress. Even without her, the service and menu standards are high — alas, the music volume occasionally is too. Jacket suggested. Bar. Mon thru Sat 11-10, Sun 11-9. Closed Sun. ®

Clary's. 8500 Trichman (760-0771). Though it appears to be a suburban steakhouse, the restaurant concentrates on fish. Droopy broiled flounder hangs over a footlong platter, but other fish dishes are moist and touched with a piquant sauce. Doughnut and crabmeat are moist and able to break out of their seashells. The shrimp cocktail are perfectly standards with makeup. The place is jammed because of cordial Clary charm, the ceremonious service of snappy waiters in bermuda shorts, the quick and efficient bar, and probably because the place is the only one in the island that is not packed. It's free of tourists. Coat and tie suggested but not mandatory. Bar. Mon thru Fri 11-30:2-30 a.m. Sat 5-30-10:00. Closed Sun. Moderate to expensive. AE, MC, V.

John's Oyster Resort. 7111 Broadway (744-1617). A bay-side ghost of Galveston past, John's retains much of its 1911 grace and largesse. The pre-1911 pre-1911 pre-1911 pre-1911 remains, the relaxed waiters satisfy your curiosity and appetite with straight up reddish (no sauce) cut into steaks, broiled, or fried, and a snapper that is broiled just until flaky. Raw oysters are a feature, though mussels may prefer the steamer. The oysters are not as good as the Rockefellers, or with cheese and spice toppings. Beer and wine. Tue thru Sun 11-9:45. Closed Sun. Moderate. Cr.

The Wientzel. 2301 Strand (765-5545; in Houston 225-6033). One of the first bastions of civilization on the isle.

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GALVESTON

this restaurant in a tastefully restored building consistently produces excellent meals. The trout comes generously dressed with mushrooms, scallops, herbs, leeks, onions, the cooking, and the chicken Marengo do with less fat and no skin, but it is difficult to criticize any main dish after consuming one of the excellent appetizers. The seafood bisque is a pleasant change from the usual soups, and the scallops and scallops match the formal elegance of the setting and service. Sunday brunch is a gourmet bargain of pastries and lighter fish and meat treats. Jacket at dinner. Bar. Happy hour Mon-Fri 3-6. Lunch Mon-Thur 11:30-2:30. Dinner Mon-Thur Sat 6-11. Sun 11-10. Sun brunch noon-3. Reservations suggested. Expensive. Cr. (2)

This Month

Small, new, or offbeat places to try

Tuffy's Seafood House, South Jetty (763-9280). On the water, and almost in the water, Tuffy's main attraction is the view, where diners are ringed with boats moving along the ship channel. The less cooked your meal is, the better: seafood generally has a sour, tart, less tasty flavor when it is overcooked. The scallops, especially, were seem heavy and doughy. You could knock down a wall of the Alamo with the fish balls, and the fried platters take strong local digestive enzymes to overcome. The best bet would be a drink and a snack before rush times, when you could ask about the pictures of Jacques Cousteau at the entry. Bar. Open 7 days 11-10. Moderate. Cr. (2)

HOUSTON

Send general

listings to:

Morris Edelson
1812 Marshall, Houston, Texas 77098
Debbie Blanton
3635 Glen Haven, Houston 77025
Melanie Young
5105 Beech, Bellair 77401
Cindy Greve
Box 42809, Dept 591, Houston 77042

THEATER

Touring

Arena Theater, 13600 Southwest Frey (777-1212). Fri at 8:30. Sat at 7 & 10:30. \$15.50 & \$17.50. (2)

JUNE 18 & 19: George Carlin.

Music Hall, 810 Bagby (974-2787). Tue thru Fri at 8, Sat at 5 & 9. Sun at 2:30 & 7:30. July 9 at 5 & 9. Call for ticket prices. (2)

JUNE 29 THRU JULY 10: Evita.

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HOUSTON

Dinner Theater

Windmill Dinner Theater, 390 Town and Country Blvd (464-7655). Tue thru Sun buffet 6-7:45, curtain 8:30; Sun matinee buffet 12-1:15, curtain 1:30. \$15-\$17.50. (2)

THRU JUNE 27: *Phantom of the Opera*—starring James Whitmore, Sr. and James Whitmore, Jr.

JUNE 15 THRU JULY 18: *Cactus Flower*—with Elke Sommer.

MUSIC Classical

JUNE 4 THRU JULY 11: Festival Institute at Round Top (see Austin).

JUNE 10 THRU 13 & 15 THRU 20: Houston Grand Opera, Jones Hall, 615 Louisiana (227-2787). Kern and Hammerman: Showboat. Starling-Davidson, conductor; John McElveen, conductor. At 8, except June 13 & 14 at 2:30. \$15-\$50. (2)

June 15: *String Quartet in the Park*, Miller Outdoor Theater, Hermann Park (222-3756). C. William Harwood and Toshiyuki Shimada, conductors. At 8:30. Free. (2)

JUNE 23: *An Evening of Great Concerti*. (2)

JUNE 25: *Great Nights in Vienna*. (2)

JUNE 26: *Divčík Night*. (2)

JUNE 30: Spanish Music by French Composers.

Pop, Rock, Jazz, Etc.

JUNE 8 THRU 13: Peter Allen, Tower Theater, 1201 Westheimer (522-2452). Tue thru Sun at 8, Fri & Sat at 10:30. \$12.50-\$17.50. (2)

JUNE 10 THRU 14: *Juneteenth Blues Festival*, various locations (526-8309). Artists appearing include Albert Collins, Taj Mahal, and the Symone. \$10-\$15. (2)

JUNE 11 THRU JULY 10: *Sound of Music*—performed in restored turn-of-the-century theater.

The Ensemble, 1010 Texas (520-0055). Fri & Sat at 8:30. Sun at 5. \$6. (2)

JUNE 18 THRU JULY: *A Trav'lin' Minstrel Show*—performed by Cissy Hollister and The Barons.

Main Street Theater, 2255 Main (524-4704). Fri & Sat at 8:30. Gen adm \$7, students and senior citizens \$5. (2)

JUNE 4 THRU JULY 10: *TinTypes*.

Stages, 709 Franklin (225-9539). Texas Playwrights Festival continues. \$6-\$7.50. Call for schedule & times.

JUNE 25: *The Gin Game*—by D.L. Coburn.

THRU JUNE 25: *Lady in the Dark*—by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart.

THRU JUNE 26: *Casserole*—by Jack Heiner.

THRU JUNE 26: *Short Orders*—short plays by 5 Houston playwrights.

THRU JUNE 26: *Windmills*—by Jude Benton.

June 26: *Windmills*—by Jude Benton. Program subject to change. Free. (2) All locations.

JUNE 10 THRU 12: *Millie*, Outdoor Theatre, Hermann Park. At 7, except June 10 at 10 a.m. also.

JUNE 15: *Edgar Allan Poe*, Symone. \$10. (2)

JUNE 15: *Edgar Allan Poe*, Bellfior off Martin Luther King. At 6.

JUNE 18: *Emancipation Park*, Downing at Elgin. Show includes play about the life and music of Lightnin' Hopkins.

At 6. (2)

JUNE 23: *John Denver, the Summit*, 10 Greenway Plaza (627-9470). At 8. \$10.50-\$15.50. (2)

DANCE

JUNE 2 THRU JULY 5: Houston Ballet, Miller Outdoor Theater, Hermann Park (222-3576). Giselle. At 8:30. Free. (2)

JUNE 13: *Delia Stewart Dance Company*, 4910 Main, entrance in the rear (522-6375). Jazz and musical theater concert. At 4. \$3. (2)

JUNE 23 THRU 27: *Joffrey Ballet*, Jones Hall, 615 Louisiana (227-2787). At 8. except Sun at 2. \$5-\$25. (2)

SPORTS

Baseball

Houston Astros, Astrodome, 9100 block of Kirby (799-9500). June 4 thru 6: Philadelphia, June 14 thru 16: Atlanta, June 18 thru 20: San Diego, June 22 thru 24: San Francisco, June 26 thru 27: Los Angeles. At 8:35 except June 26 at 8:00 and June 27 at 5:05. \$2-\$7.50. (2)

Boxing

Holmes vs Conroy, closed-circuit television, the Summit, 10 Greenway Plaza (627-9470). Heavyweight championship bout televised. June 11 at 8. \$25 & \$30. (2)

Golf

Darrell Royal Tournament, The Woodlands Inn and Country Club, exit Woodlands on I-45N (367-1100). June 17 thru 20. Call for schedule and prices.

Rodeo

Round-up Rodeo, Coliseum, Simonson, FM Rd 1093, out Westheimer past Fulmar (346-1534). Rodeo, barbecue, and dinner. Thru June: every Sat 6-2. Gen adm \$6, children \$3. (2)

Rugby

Houston Bears, Memorial Park, Picnic Ln (784-4090 or 995-0079). For women interested in learning or just to watch. Each Thur at 8. Free. (2)

EVENTS

Computer Conference, Astrodomain, 9100 block of Kirby (1-800-6852). Over 650 exhibits of the latest developments including video game technology, Seminars in hardware and computer architecture, software, engineering, and personal computing, plus social and organization implications. June 7 thru 10. 7:30-6. Gen adm \$10 (for exhibits only), or \$25 (for exhibits and programs), or \$90 for four days. (2)

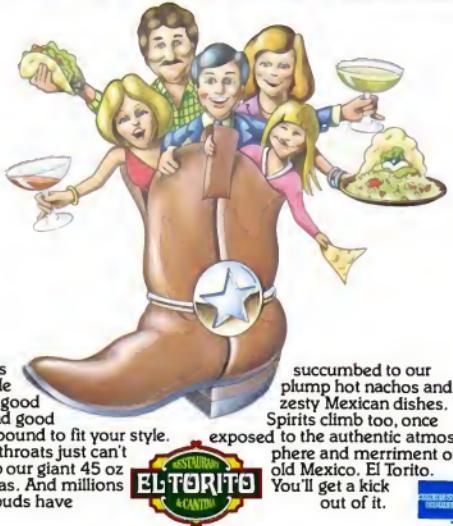
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.5 mile, turn right and follow FM Rd 1725 for 10 miles (1-592-5859). June 8: *Herbal Harvest* — methods of drying herbs for preservation, planning for freezing and preparing for culinary use (10:30-3:30). June 12: *Crafting with Herbs* — gathering, drying, and pressing techniques for garden products; also learn to make a simple wreath and other natural gifts (10:30-2:30). \$35. Reservations required. (8)

FOR CHILDREN

AstroWorld, Loop 610 between Kirby & Fannin (748-1234). 75-acre park with over 100 rides, shows, and other attractions. Tue thru Fri 11-midnight, Sat & Sun 10-midnight. \$11.95. (8)

Nature Classes, Houston Arboretum and Nature Center, 4501 Woodway Dr (681-8433). Register for summer classes: *Feet, Fin, and Feather-birds*; *Green Machine* — growing, propagating, and caring for plants; *Wetlands* — water and nature study techniques (for ages 7 thru 15). June 7 thru 11 & July 5 thru 9. Call for times and prices. (8)

Pinocchio, Alley Theatre, 615 Texas (228-4421). June 12 thru Aug 14. Sat at 10:30 & 1. June 15 thru 25: matinees Tue thru Fri at 10:30 & 1. Adults \$5; children \$2.75; groups of 15 or more \$2.25. (8)

MUSEUMS

Bayou Bend, 1 Weisett (529-8773). This Classical Revival manor house is open for tours of exterior grounds donated by one of the first cultural leaders of Houston, Miss Ima Hogg. Each room is designed to showcase furniture, paintings, and decorative arts from a particular period, ranging from 17th century French to 19th century American and 19th century English. The Ball Parlor, Elaborate and well-maintained gardens and grounds. Open house, first floor only, is the second Sunday of each month, except Mar and Aug. 1-3. For two-hour tours, reservations are required with a \$10 deposit per person. Tue thru Fri 10-2:30. Sat 10-12:45. (8)

Burke Baker Planetarium, 1 Hermann Circle Dr in Hermann Park (526-4273). June 4 thru Aug 29: *To Worlds Unknown* — an imaginary space shuttle flight follows the path of the NASA space probe to the planets and their moons. Mon thru Fri 10:30 & 3, Fri at 7, Sat & Sun 10:30 & 2, 3 & 4. Adults \$1.25, children \$0.75. Open Tue thru Sat 9-5. Sun & Mon noon-5. Fri 7:30-9 p.m. Free. (8)

Museum of Natural Science, 1 Hermann Circle Dr in Hermann Park (526-4273). A three-story wing has been added to provide more space for the permanent exhibits. Also included is the Jesse H. and Mary Gibbs Jones Gallery for large-scale traveling exhibitions. Visit the extensive petroleum science and technology exhibit and view the collection of American Indian artifacts and contemporary陶器 pottery from New Mexico. Gift shop. Open Sun & Mon noon-5, Tue thru Sat 9-5, also Fri 7:30-9 p.m. Free. (8)

ART

Institutions

Blaffer Gallery, University of Houston, entrance 5 off Cullen (749-1320). June 12 thru July 18: *New American Paperworks* — 65 works by contemporary American artists, ranging from sculpture and collage to installation pieces. Tue thru Sat 10-6, Sun 1-5. Adults \$3, children \$1. (8)

Compton-Orton Art Museum, 3216 Montrose (526-3129). June 27 in the Upper Gallery: *Robert Gordy: Paintings and Drawings 1960-1980*. The brightly colored repeating images of this New Orleans artist anticipated pattern painting. Then June 28: *Paintings and Drawings by Gary T. Portraiture* — photography. Then June 13 in Galleri III: *Some Contemporary Portraits* — paintings, sculpture, photographs, and video art. June 25: *Turner sculpture* — Some Contemporary Portraits — paintings, sculpture, photographs, and video art. June 26: *Charles Simonds: Circle and Town* — drawings and prints. June 27: *Children of the Slave Civilization* — little people. Call for schedules of films, lectures, and children's workshops. Tue thru Sat 10-5. Sun noon-6. Free. (8)

Houston Main Public Library, 500 McKinney (224-5441). June 1 thru June 25: *Victorian Architecture* — drawings and slides. Then June 26: *Victorian Architecture in the Julia Ideson Bldg.* Victorian Architecture in Houston — drawings, photographs, and slides. Mon thru Fri 9-9, Sat 9-6. Sun 2-6. Julia Ideson Bldg. Open mon 9-6. Free. (8)

Museum of Fine Arts, 1001 Bissonnet (526-1361). Then July 13 in the Wiess Gallery: *J. M. W. Turner watercolors from the British Museum* — 88 works spanning Turner's career, from his early topographical drawings to the later expressionist paintings. Then June 6 in the Blaffer Gallery: *Robert Gordy: Paintings and Drawings 1960-1980*. The brightly colored repeating images of this realistic sculptor. Then June 27 in the Upper Brown Gallery: *Miró in America* — over 60 paintings, sculpture, and ceramics. Includes works by Pollock, Kline, and other artists influenced. June 1 thru Aug 29 in the Library: *Photographs by Dennis Uilmann* — rural people during the 1920s and 1930s. June 23 thru Aug 22 in the Masters Study Gallery: *Chinese Art at Yale* — ceramics, bronzes, jades, ceramics, and bronzes dating from the 4th century BC to the early 20th century. Continuing exhibits in the Jones and Masterson galleries: over 50 paintings by Impressionists and post-Impressionists. Call for information on film series and lectures. Open Tue thru Sat 10-5. Sun 1-5. (8)

Bookstore, 1401 Sul Ross at Yupon (524-0839). Lining the walls of this small, nondescript shop are 14 large abstract paintings by the late Mark Rothko. The shop does not generally hold services, but visitors are always welcome to view the paintings and meditate. Located in the old building that once housed Newman's Broken Rothko. Open 7 days 10-6. Free. (8)

HOUSTON

Galleries

Atelier 1513, 1520 Times Blvd. Suite 202, upstairs (522-8811). First week of June: registration for etching classes. Thru June: gallery artists exhibit. Tue thru Sat 11-5. Note new address.

Benteler Galleries, 3830 University Blvd. (608-9545). Thru June 18: works by contemporary German photographer Andre Geipel. June 22 thru Aug 13: photographs by Andreas Mueller. June 22 thru Aug 13: paintings by James D. Hart. Boulevard Gallery, 1526 Heights Blvd (669-8733). June 4 thru 27: raku by Charlie Sartwell; drawings by Gail Sipitak and Ann Skupin. Tue thru Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5.

Clemson Gallery, 803 Marshall (520-5335). Thru June 7: Harry Callahan: Color. 1941-1980—photographs. Tue thru Sat 10-5.

Fine Arts Consultants of the Southwest, 1744 Norfolk (526-5428). Thru June 4: Merrill Mahafey: Landscapes from the Four Corners Region. Mon thru Fri 9-5. (2)

Harris Gallery, 1100 Bissonnet (522-9116). June 16 thru July 3: East Texas landscapes by Chris Burkholder. Tue thru Sat 10-6. (2)

James-Atkinson Gallery, 2015 W. Gray (527-8061). Thru June 18: portraits and landscapes by French Impressionist Charles Agard (1866-1950). Tue thru Fri 10-30; Sat 11-4. (2)

Kauffman Galleries, 2702 W. Alabama (528-4229). Thru June 30: Miró—lithographs and carbonium aquatints. Mon thru Fri 10-6, Sat 10-5.

Lowell Collings, 2003 Saint (623-6662). Thru Aug: Pre-Columbian, Chinese and African artifacts; recent paintings by Lowell Collings. Tue thru Sat 11-5. (2)

Mancini Gallery, 5020 Montrose, at the Plaza Hotel (522-2949). Thru June 12: Willi Maywald—portraits of artists from the 1940s and 1950s in Paris. June 17 thru July 31: Landscapes by Edith L. Eberle. Other artists include John Pash and Peter Brown. Tue thru Sat 10-5.

Millwood International Gallery, 4041 Richmond (621-3330). Thru June: Chagall—original lithographs and etchings. Mon thru Fri 10-4, Sat 10-5.

Robert Rice Gallery, 2010 S. Post Oak Rd (960-8033). Thru June 18: Impressionist Paintings by Henry Moret, Armand Guillaumin, Edouard Vuillard, Georges D'Espagnat, and others. Mon thru Sat 10-4. (2)

Robin Cronin, Inc., 2008 Peden near W. Gray and Shepherd (526-2548). Thru June 19: Photographs from the Bauhaus: Contemporary Constructivist Clay—artists include Elsa Elio, Peter Stein. Tue thru Sat 10-5. (2)

3221 Galleria, 3221 Milam (523-2679). June 3 thru Aug 5: works by young Dallas artists. Mon thru Sat 9-1 & by appointment.

Toni Jones, Inc., 1200 Bissonnet, upstairs (528-7998). Thru July 1: New York—photographs by Reinhart Wolf. Mon thru Sat 9-6.

Fine Crafts

Balne, Inc., 1310 McDulie (523-2304). Thru June 30: Navajo Blankets: 1850-1930. Tue thru Fri noon-5 & by appointment. (2)

Zarbia Ltd., 2020 Waugh Dr (523-3980). Thru June: exhibit of primitive kilim rugs. Call for times of lectures on the rugs. Mon thru Sat 10-30; Sun 10-5.

POINTS OF INTEREST

Houston Zoological Gardens, 1612 Zoo Circle, Hermann Park (527-5100). The gorilla house has a new male companion named Abel, on loan from the Cheyenne Mountain Zoo in Colorado Springs. Among the new faces at the nursery are a pair of chinchillas and a female Saddleback. The Wild-keep area has gift shop, and concession stands. The children's zoo, tropical bird house, and gorilla house are open Mon thru Sat 10-4, Sun 10-5. Other areas open 7 days 9:30-8. Free. (2) Except aqua tunnel.

Johnson Space Center, NASA Rd off IH 45 (1-483-4321). Training ground for the astronauts. Inside the main building is an exhibit of early and contemporary rocketry, and films are shown in the auditorium throughout the day. Show times and listing near the visitors' information desk. Guided tours and gift shop. Mission control center where manned space flights are monitored. Tours leave hourly starting at 9:45. Reservations made on a first-come-first-served basis at the information desk. Self-guided tours are available in the main building. Comfortable shoes are recommended. Cafeteria and gift shop. Visitor orientation center open 7 days 9-4. Free. (2)

ON THE TOWN

Anderson Fair, 2007 Grant (528-8576). Montrose-area club adhering strictly to a policy of live folk entertainment. The furnishings in these rooms are not so much antique as third-hand, and the stage is barely large enough to accommodate two people. The music is mostly folk, with a few rockabye tunes, since the music is consistently fine. June 4 & 5: Bill Haynes. June 8: Dave Van Ronk. June 11 & 12: Nanci Griffith. June 18 & 19: Eric Taylor. Tue thru Sun 8:30-2. Closed Mon. Cover. (2)

Anabelle's, Westin Galleria Hotel, 5060 W. Alabama (960-8100). At the newer end of the Galleria, this hotel is a stone's throw from the toniest designer bags and the best imported chocolates (a buck a bite). Anabelle's dishes at the hotel top notch, with a special view of the Montage. Cite it's burgeoning alternative downtown. Take in the scene but avoid the wine; instead drop down to Delmonico's at ground level; it offers a by-the-glass wine list of better variety and quality, plus a pianist who plays 8-midnight nightly. An-

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nabelle's open Mon thru Fri 4:30-2, Sat 6-2, Sun 10:30-3 (brunch) & 6-2. Delmonico's open Mon thru Sat 11-1, Sun 10-1 (brunch) and dinner served. No cover either place. Cr. © Atkins, 1000 Main. 713/526-1100. Italian restaurant. Shabu-Chabu restaurant and cinderella's the normally upscale suburban and the foreign deck hand alike shimmy with the belly dancer. She emerges after the singer and the clarinetist perform, wriggling and winding her way through the audience in a display of plastic, sequins, beads, spangles, metallics, or feta cheese and olives. Considering her bare outside terrain - yard after yard of Clinton Dr gravel backed by the foghorns of docked vessels - the trompe l'oeil cave interior is a remarkable sight. Open thru Sat 10-2, Sun 5-2. No cover. AE, DC, MC, V. ©

Birdwatchers, 907 Westheimer (527-0995). Think of the oddly angled walls and ceiling as a treehouse. Set against the rich green paint are enough prints of birds to occupy an ornithologist for a week, and stylized trees dot the walls and support beams. There's a small room for quiet reading and diversion in live pop and jazz by Windrose. Turn thru Sat at 9. Other artists entertain Sun and Mon at 9. Open Mon thru Fri 4-2, Sat & Sun 6-2. No cover. AE, DC, MC, V.

Birraporetti's, River Oaks Center, 1997 W. Gray (528-9191). There are two levels here to furnish a true nonstop round of restaurants. Recently, in the cause of rooming, noted concert advertisements for Coca-Cola, Goodrich Tires, and Clabber Girl, the double-acting baklava powder, Texaco and Sinclair medallions, and the proclamation, "Angels who pizza on wood-paneled walls a lot of other people have the same idea. Mon thru Sat 11-2, Sun 12-1 (kitchen closes at midnight). Sun thru Thur, at 1 Fri & Sat). No cover. Cr. (There are also locations on the Katy Freeway and on Crossway Boulevard in Webster.)

Cadillacs, Bar, 1802 Shepherd at IH 10 (662-2020). Funky Mexican music on the low-44 sound system lends an on-the-border authenticity to this club and restaurant; everyone except the staff is speaking English, though. Enough tequila and margaritas here to drown a camel, though. A local college institution to Pappy Headphones here, when the five o'clock whistler blows in the professional corners of downtown, watch out. Mon thru Thur 11-11, Fri 11-midnight, Sat 11-12 & Sun 5-10. No cover. AE, MC, V. ©

Churchill Bar, 1000 Main. 713/526-7331. S. Main (795-5000). Englishlike recognize the theme of this pub as soon as you study the portraits of several very stately individuals here; each is Churchill at a different age. You reach the pub by climbing a creaky staircase near the restaurant's entrance. You have to go up a few flights of stairs to get to the corners rounded to peer at all the moustaches and darkly paneled corners. The atmosphere is sedate - more suited to an after-theater discussion than to happy hour rambunctiousness. Open Mon thru Sat 5:30-10 or midnight. Closed Sun. No cover. Cr. ©

Cirrus, 6015 Westheimer (782-6310). It's bizarre, but you have to admire the pluck of taking the circus motif to the max by suspending a bicycle from the ceiling and perchin a stuffed monkey and bear on it. A boat and an antique car are suspended from the ceiling, too. You can't sit at the bar; this goes on above your head in a two-story space surrounded by a balcony. Happy hours with hors d'oeuvres Mon thru Thur 4-6, Fri 4-5:30 & Sat 4-5. Free popcorn always serves lunch and dinner available. Open Sun thru Sat 11-10, Wed 11-10:30, Thur 11-11, Fri & Sat 11-midnight. No cover. AE, MC, V. ©

Croissants, 2012 W. Gray (528-4047). If they didn't win an award for making the most of a bland J. McLaughlin-style croissant, you'd be hard-pressed to figure out what's running. Your glance naturally rises to the ceiling, where softly gathered squares of fabric replace the usual acoustical tiles. The picture windows are nice, too; you can see when it's time to get in line for the croissants. Open Thur 7-11. The menu offers several interesting sandwiches, including one with avocado, tarragon-spiked chicken, and bacon on black bread. Mon 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. Fri 11-12:30, Sat 11-12:30 & Sun 11-12:30. Sun 11-12:30, Thur 11-12, Fri 11-midnight, Sun 11-3 (brunch). No cover. AE, MC, V. ©

David's Gallery, 3521 Washington (661-7371). This Heights-area wine bar couldn't be farther from the scorching, screaming reality of everyday Houston. Once you've adjusted to the low lights and the music from a white couch, choose from the wine list and give here a try. The food is smooth, smooth segueing from one improvisational style to another. Cheeses and pastries are available (we never knew real bliss until we bit into the chocolate瑞wl). Wed & Thur 11-2:30 & 5-6, Fri 11-2:30, Sat 11-2:30, Sun 11-12:30, Thur 11-midnight, Sun 11-3 (brunch). No cover. AE, MC, V. ©

Dirty's, 1710 Durham (661-0746). Despite Houston's increasing sophistication, the greasy spoon is alive and well, as this Heights-area restaurant and bar goes to show. The best bargain on the menu is a breakfast sandwich, which may be the "Great American" sandwich for \$1.15. Dark, energetic atmosphere; the bright lights show everything, including shingles painted with company names hung on the walls. At the back is a game room; ask any of the agreeable staff for directions. Open Mon thru Fri 7 a.m. to Sat 11-1, Sun 5-midnight. No cover. AE, MC, V. ©

Escape, 6670 S. Gessner (981-9725). This new-wave club in southwest Houston will probably last a good while, because they've subdued the punk environment enough to make it acceptable to just about anyone. It's a pretty tame place, though, and the "Great American" concept is still in vogue. The music is mostly pop and jazz with a beatbox. Gerner's, the entertainment agreeable charter with ladies in the audience, and the getting-to-know-you possibilities inherent in all such populous situations. Remington's has a menu offering primarily American food such as steaks, salads and seafood cooked communally. Open Mon thru Fri 11-2, Sat & Sun 6-2. Cover \$2 Fri & Sat. Cr. ©

Rockefeller's, 3620 Washington (664-6242). Heights-area club and concert hall where the band plays the blues, the garage fronters rock, the funkies rock and the rollers. The building had August beginnings as a bank, and the club has inherited a grand two-story lobby with an overlooking mezzanine and a set of columned columns. The upper level seats have an interesting view of a federal airway, more electrons, and to the right a smoky lightshow from the room's ornately carved ceiling. June 2 & 3: The Righteous Brothers. June 4 & 5: Buck White. June 11 & 12: Leon Redbone. June 16 & 17: Dave Brubeck. June 18 & 19: Roomful

HOUSTON

the bar, filled with the faded, dusty maroons we associate with our great-grandmother's living room, right down to the hard leather seats, red-wood paneling, and dark red silk lampshades. In fact, it's living room, but the main streetlight doing next to the bar! Hours doctored served at happy hour Mon thru Fri 4-7. Open Mon thru Sat 11-12:30. Closed Sun. No cover. Cr. ©

Fitzgerald's, 2708 Westheimer (662-2020). Rising amid the trees of Westheimer, the Wrights' Fitzgerald's is generally filled upstairs with popular bands, but plenty of space is always left over for dancing (the place is about the size of an airplane hangar). Otherwise there are just rows of plain tables, including chairs and bar stools. Local groups include The Latinas, the Quakers, and the Persians. Call for bookings. Mon thru Fri 4-2, Sat & Sun 7-2. Cover \$5 for upstairs concerts; no cover downstairs. MC, V. ©

Jagger's, 360 Town & Country Village, Kimberly near W. Bell (662-4400). Restaurant and club with live music needed in the shopping district of Memorial Dr. suburbs. The patrons seem like a neighborhood crowd, a mix of dazing and married couples about 30 to 50; they enjoy the jazz but are apparently too dazed to notice it. Sun 11-12:30. Jagger's features a menu of fusion including contemporary pop, fifties and sixties tunes, and country. The club serves food continuously. Open Mon thru Fri 11-2, Sat 6-2. Closed Sun. No cover, except for occasional bookings of national acts.

Key's, 2324 Bissonnet (528-9858). For a year the brick-planter extending through this Rice University hangout has relentlessly refused to sprout anything green, the furniture's makeshift like the table that's been hacked into the outline of Texas, and the customers are a motley mix (adults alternate between the older, more serious crowd and the younger, more rowdy Kierkegaard), but that just makes it seem more like home to its loyal habitués. Mon thru Thur 11-midnight. Fri 11-1, Sat 6-1. Closed Sun. No cover. Cr. ©

La Colombe, 3410 Montrose (334-7099). Prepare yourself to afford a luxury weekend in this hotel by sampling just a little of that opulence in the tiny downstairs lounge. It's composed of two rooms, the rear one so small that the bar itself - dark and massive with marble inlays - occupies almost a third of it. A fire is burning and bodies are slumped in chairs. Monstrous in a contentious, festive feeling, and the details of the oriental carpets and abundant woodwork draw you into a different world. Mon thru Thur 11-midnight. Fri 11-1, Sat 6-1. Closed Sun. No cover. Cr. ©

Las Brisas, 614 W. Gray (528-9959). Mexican restaurant with a good menu, but it works. The top floor of this Montrose-area house is appropriately close (the better to enjoy the small jazz ensembles, my dear), but ample windows keep the space open. Some of the best local groups play here, and house band, led by guitarist Albert Ceballos, and some players such as Jimmy Ford and Tony Campise sit in occasionally. Music nightly at 9. Open Sun thru Thur 9 a.m.-11, Fri & Sat 11-2. Cover \$3 Fri & Sat. Cr. ©

Marfless, 2006 Pedern at McDuffie, across on McDuffie (528-0083). One of the few Houston clubs where nobody acts like a rock star, here you can dance or dancin except up the surrounding stairs and tables. No's sign at the front door, so it feels like you've found a hiding place; the transition from the bald parking lot into the dimly lit, carpeted room is almost imperceptible. The music, played on the acoustic system and the rows of couches and contemporary paintings heighten the peaceful feeling. Mon thru Fri 3:30-2, Sat & Sun 6-2. No cover. AE, MC, V. ©

Downstairs, there's also a 156-seat Town & Country Village, where a more formal, more sophisticated crowd is played. Mexican Joe's, 6601 Fondren (720-7207). Southwest Houston Restaurant and club with lots of wood, cowhide, and neon; and they cloning a certain other successful establishment name! San S! We don't know how much chips and salsa, chicken wings, and other eats cost, but we do know it's the Houston market, and nobody's trying to find out. The big crowd pack the place on Friday and Saturday nights. Kitchen closes Mon thru Thur at 11. Fri & Sat at midnight. Sun 11-12:30. Mon thru Sat noon-midnight. No cover. AE, MC, V. ©

Pierre's, Adam's Mark Hotel, 2000 Biarritz at Westheimer (767-7400, ext 244). So you're wondering what's going on in the western part of town? Thoughts of blocks and blocks of the same suburban house paint an incomplete picture; in this case, walking and finding out is the only way to stay in the loop. Pierre's is the chocolate brown velvet room dotted with points of color and towering ficus plants. A pianist sometimes provides music, and Mon thru Thur 11-midnight, Fri & Sat 11-2. Closed Sun. No cover. Cr. ©

Remington's, 1700 Durham (661-0725). This new-wave club in southwest Houston will probably last a good while, because they've subdued the punk environment enough to make it acceptable to just about anyone. It's a pretty tame place, though, and the "Great American" concept is still in vogue. The music is mostly pop and jazz with a beatbox. Gerner's, the entertainment agreeable charter with ladies in the audience, and the getting-to-know-you possibilities inherent in all such populous situations. Remington's has a menu offering primarily American food such as steaks, salads and seafood cooked communally. Open Mon thru Fri 11-2, Sat & Sun 6-2. Cover \$2 Fri & Sat. Cr. ©

Rennington's, 4409 Westheimer (850-0451). When singer-guitarist Scott Gerner's following got too big to fit into another Houston club, he moved his band here. And again, legions of young adults are jamming these pitch-toned rooms like they're in a basement. The music is mostly pop and jazz with a beatbox. Gerner's, the entertainment agreeable charter with ladies in the audience, and the getting-to-know-you possibilities inherent in all such populous situations. Remington's has a menu offering primarily American food such as steaks, salads and seafood cooked communally. Open Mon thru Fri 11-2, Sat & Sun 6-2. Cover \$2 Fri & Sat. Cr. ©

Rockefeller's, 3620 Washington (664-6242). Heights-area club and concert hall where the band plays the blues, the garage fronters rock, the funkies rock and the rollers. The building had August beginnings as a bank, and the club has inherited a grand two-story lobby with an overlooking mezzanine and a set of columned columns. The upper level seats have an interesting view of a federal airway, more electrons, and to the right a smoky lightshow from the room's ornately carved ceiling. June 2 & 3: The Righteous Brothers. June 4 & 5: Buck White. June 11 & 12: Leon Redbone. June 16 & 17: Dave Brubeck. June 18 & 19: Roomful

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of Blues. June 20: Tito Puente. June 23 & 24: Big Twist and the Mellow Fellows. June 25 & 26: Stephan Grappelli. June 30 thru July 4: Marilyn Maye. Call for times and prices. Open Wed thru Mon 8-2, Closed Tue. Cover \$2 and up. AE, MC, V. © Dorsey.

Bar Scupper. 6367 Richmond (784-8899). Restaurant and club whose interior contains a hint of the high-tech-fad: the air-conditioning ducts hang visibly along the supporting structures and the staircases. The bar area has small couches that flank compact tables in a sort of double living room arrangement, and a tiny, intimate breathing room remains for hiding away. Wednesday thru Saturday the Rusty Scupper features live music—usually jazz. Music starts at 9 Wed thru Fri, at 10 on Sat. Club opens Mon thru Fri 11-2, Sat 5:30-2, Sun 5-10. Cover \$2. AE, MC, V. © Dorsey.

Sala Place del Norte. 5710 Richmond (781-1605). Mexican bar and restaurant whose Galeria-area patrons give free reign to their flamboyant sides: even shy, retiring types have been observed to buy roses for all the ladies in the house.

The corridor by the bar is a sort of Mexican barbershop, and the tiny, half-enclosed smoking room remains once

everybody's strayed in from downtown each afternoon.

On weekend afternoons the tone is more relaxed, as shop-

pers wind up an afternoon with a cold beer and a bowl of hot nachos.

No cover. AE, MC, V. © Dorsey.

Vargo's. 2401 Fondren (782-3488). The lounge of this restaurant must be the most comfortable place in town to enjoy a forested setting without having to rough it. It's enclosed on two sides by trees, and pictures of the surrounding woods are on the walls, with lighted trees, a hayloft, and a gaucho at the end of a path. To arrive at this view, follow the sounds of the music, descend the staircase, pass the fireplace, and head for a window-side table. Mon thru Sat 5-2. Closed Sun & Mon. Cover \$4. AE, MC, V. © Dorsey.

Winchester Club. 5714 Montebello (667-7994). The exterior—an expanse of beige tile and fluorescent lights—is plain enough to make you expect the genuine article: a C&W bar with live music and sincere kickers. You won't be disappointed. The price of admission is a shelling of a hundred, two-stepped-upon an audience, but you get your money and everyone had the obligatory uniform, from 10-gallon hat to Tony Lamas. Tue thru Thur 8-2, Fri 4-2, Sat 8-2. Closed Sun & Mon. Cover free-\$4. MC, V. © Dorsey.

Wine Press. River Oaks. Closed 1981. Now open. Gray (538-6500). This restaurant and wine bar has thrown its menu considerably last winter, but still serves the same categories of foods—quiche and salads, pita bread sandwiches, omelets, steaks, and fish. Everything else remains the same: the wine list, the friendly service, the large, massive antique bar, and expansive wine racks extending the room's length. Restaurant open Sun thru Thur 11:30-11, Fri & Sat till midnight. Bar open till 1 or so each night. No cover. AE, MC, V. © Dorsey.

RESTAURANTS

Afghanistan Cuisine. 2727 Fondren at Westheimer (974-6977). Everyone from Belarussian to Brezhnev has visited this restaurant, and it's not surprising that the menu and menu have left behind lasting impressions on the cuisine. Some unfortunately, haven't left at all. One dish at this Afghanistan outpost, *ushshuk* (a leek- and spice-filled pasta), comes topped with a mint-and-yogurt mixture and hints of halibut. Other dishes include *lamb kabob* (big, juicy chunks of lamb cooked with olive oil, mushrooms, green pepper, parsley, and onions on fluffy brown rice spiced with cinnamon, almonds, and raisins) could be Indian or Middle Eastern. The Afghan bread, though, is another matter: more dense, more garlicky, and more-flavored pita. The only disappointment on a recent visit was *korme chalou*, four little pieces of beef in a boring gravy—a dish no country would claim. Bar. Open 7 days 6-11. Reservations recommended. Weekends. Moderate to expensive. AE, MC, V. © Dorsey.

Arno's. 4002 Montrose (538-2993). Well, now that the literal and figurative dust has settled, has the move uptown spoiled Arno's? Yes and no. Certainly the new digs have it all over the old: the looks, the atmosphere, and originality. The service grace the dining room upstairs, yet the kitchen is downstairs, and backed-up traffic on the dumb waiter means that pasta arrives gummy and overbaked. Other problems, though, rest more in the cooking than the carrying: rubbery scallops, dryish fettuccine, and overcooked, a chicken overcooked with canned artichoke hearts, olives, and onions. However, recent branded chicken livers with mushrooms approached state-of-the-art, perfectly tender, with just enough kick to keep the taste from being bland. The *chicken cordon* and light lemon mousse proved a delight. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2:30. Dinner Mon thru Thur 6-11, Fri & Sat till midnight. Closed Sun. Reservations recommended. Moderate to expensive. 15% service added. AE, MC, V. © Dorsey.

Brenner's. 10911 Katy Frey (465-2001). Pony express riders on their way to San Antonio probably stopped by Brenner's roadhouse for a good steak. Now American Express card splenders, halfway home from their jobs in downtown Houston, are the clientele. The steaks, the chops, however, remain the same: excellent prime beef. The oral menu is short—strip, ribeye, and filet. All arrive with first-rate extras: a huge salad and German-style potatoes. Adventurous types should seek out the very copy of the prime rib inside the ribeye. Please note: the price of these items of purchase (prime is not for the paramourous). Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2. Dinner Tue thru Sat 5:30-11, Sun noon-10. Closed Mon. Reservations recommended at dinner. Very expensive. AE, DC, MC, V. © Dorsey.

Bud Biddle's. 7939 Westheimer (782-0430). Picture driving out Westheimer toward the sunset in 1953. Bud's was where the country started. Now swings apartments have replaced fields and cattle, and Bud's has joined a chain (including the Stables and Bordmans); but the folks still come for steaks

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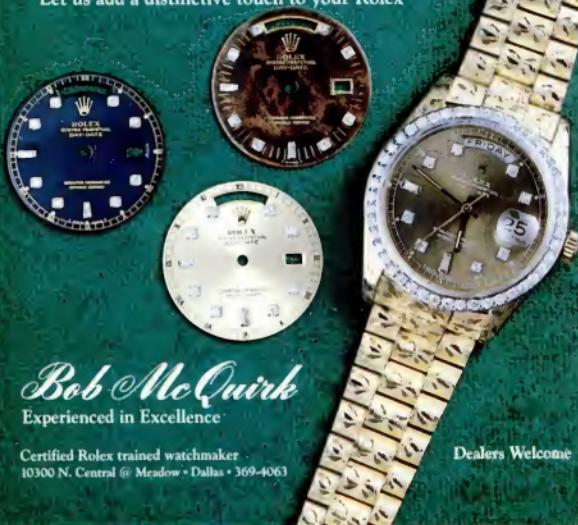
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and seafood. Start with oyster cocktail (seven or eight plump bivalves) or oyster soup. Oysters choice, full of oysters and very special, are served with a thick, meaty, well-seasoned prawn rib, are nicely balanced by buttery, fresh crabmeat topped with scallops and fresh mushrooms or scallops and shrimp in a light Chablis sauce. Skip the leaden fudge pie for one of the bright freestyles and get up to answer to the milkshake known as the fitter. Well-trained servers. Bar. Mon thru Fri 11:30-10:30. Sat 5-11. Sun 5-10. Reservations suggested. Moderate to expensive. Cr. Captain Benny's Half Shell, 7409 Main (795-0051) and 8018 Captain Fwy (635-1044). We hear that another little boat will appear on the horizon, but southern cooking is the day now. No doubt this addition to the fleet will provide denizens of Highway 95 with some of the freshest, briny oysters, moist fried shrimp and fish, and general seafood, including, eaten raw, oysters and scallops that have been Captain Jameson's specialty. Be sure. Mon thru Fri 11-11:45. Closed Sun. Inexpensive. N. No checks. Cr. Captain Fwy Only. Charley's 517, 517 Louisiana (224-4438). We feel a bit anxious when we spied chia Anna Ferguson sailing out the door as we were ordering. Sure enough, the meal was a bit off from our other recent meals. We couldn't decide if the separate soup, nor could we digest it all that evening either. The salmon with raspberry butter sauce did manage enough lemon tang to complement the tender, milky salmon. However, a warm soup followed by a hot, crisp and topped with meaty mushrooms, suffered from overcooking and the chocolate soufflé, usually airy and light, could charitably be called workmanlike. Extensive, expensive wine list, sold out of the most reasonably priced bottles listed. Coat and tie. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11-11:30. Dinner Mon thru 6-11. Fri & Sat till 11:30. Closed Sun. Reservations suggested. Expensive to very expensive. AE, MC, V. ©

Ches Eddy, fourth floor of Scurlock Tower, 6560 Fannin (790-6474). When did you last have a good time at the movies? Well, you can have it again, with this creamy, thick mashed potato and that vanilla ice cream and when on over to this posh Institute for Preventive Medicine showcase for some low-cholesterol nouvelle cuisine. Some dishes rate a clean bill of health, rich or watery soups; fresh fish cooked to order; a thin, crisp, light, airy, delicate salad; and fresh fruit. Still need in a shot in the arm were a recent terrine of chicken, tucked in its rawness, some bland sauces with the fish mousse, and a yenoghi affair that included kiwi and strawberries in a semi-sweet, semi-sour sauce. Hello, tie. The presence of a curse is good. Jacket. Coat and tie. Beer & wine. Mon thru Sat 11:30-2 & 6-10. Closed Sun. Reservations recommended. Expensive. AE, MC, V. ©

Chili's, 5930 Richmond (780-1654) and 1952 W. Gray (528-6443). A few other locations. Long lines at some hours, shorter at others, probably there's a reason for taste. The success of this crowded metronome, though, depends on good taste all around, from the bowls of honest Texas red to the thick, juicy hamburgers and crisp home-cut fries. The dishes are expertly prepared by enthusiastic servers. The nachos, a popular spring, come loaded with sour cream on one end and guacamole on the other, plus lettuce, jalapeños, and both yellow and white melted cheese. Bar. Mon thru Thu 11-11. Fri & Sat 11 a. m. (11) midnite. W. Gray Sun 11:30-11. Inexpensive. AE, MC, V. © Both locations.

Confederate House, 4007 Westheimer (622-1936). The perfect place to celebrate your 40th birthday—one look at the older River Oaks crowd and you'll feel like a spring chicken again. The atmosphere is richly Southern, with prime rib, steaks, and seafood as well as large, luscious onion rings, hot-from-the-oven rolls, fudge pie, and a world-class wine list. On our visit, the richly spiced duck pâté and the shrimp cocktail were the highlights of our small quaffables, perhaps. Southern country club decor. Coat and tie. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2:30. Dinner Mon thru Sat 6-11. Sun till 10. Reservations recommended. Moderate to expensive. AE, MC, V. ©

—D'Amico's, 2400 Westheimer (635-5531). If your Italian grandmother took up residence in a Houston strip shopping center, she would decorate this way: family photos on print wallpaper, potted plants, fringed lamps, and lace curtains. If you came to dinner, she might offer you mussels in their shells, or a creamy carbonara, or a meaty, saucy spaghetti with discernible chunks of veal in a creamy tomato-touched sauce, or grilled shrimp (spiedini di gamberi) marinated, lightly breaded, and fried in a light, crisp batter. She served an iodine shrimp on the mixed fried appetizer, her sure hand with cannoli (thin pastry stuffed with nuts and sweet ricotta cheese) and rich multilayered cassata spiked with Grappa. Mamma, make her a cannoli. The menu lists a best selection of Italian specialties in the city. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2. Dinner Mon thru Thur 11-11. Fri & Sat till 11. Sun 5-10. Reservations suggested. Expensive. AE, CB, MC, V. ©

Dave's Bazaar, Carillon West, 10001 Westheimer (793-3502). Decor is glass, chrome, and plant contemporary—the food a combination of the familiar (hamburgers nicknamed American Disaster, and Reuben sandwiches) with a sprinkle of the unusual (calamari fritti). We started with the calamari, which was perfectly prepared—tender and a whole cold arrosticino sliced by a rich lemony hollandaise. Paillard of chicken, tender and moist, came with a satisfying mustard, mushroom, and cream sauce, and carbonara with fresh herbs, prawns, and a light cheese filling. The only lone point, a salmon on crostini with undercooked dough, tasted pasty. We finished and were finished by dessert: chocolate Decadence with raspberry sauce. Extensive wine list. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Sat 11:30-11. Dinner Mon thru Sat 11:30. Closed Sun. Moderate to expensive. AE, MC, V. ©

Don's Seafood and Steaks, House, 307 North Belt E. (931-7654). Don's can stand or fall on its gumbo and oysters on the half shell. Lately, there's standing room only, with Roux-based shrimp and oyster gumbo that's one of the best

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In these parts and large creamy fresh oysters. Fish offerings have been described as "reminiscent of the flavors of the Gulf" and tasting fresh and well-cooked to a turn. Not related to Louisiana Don's on Post Oak, though both restaurants claim kinship to the legendary Louisiana Landry's. Bar. Sun thru Thur 11-10. Fri & Sat 6-11. Moderate. Cr. (R)

El Pavo Real, 1000 Main, (713) 528-2111. Through this part of Midtown, you may be your neighborhood's converted carhop operation. So it's not for the folk who frequent this restaurant. The menu comes in English. Try the tacos rojos, blancos y verdes (red, white, and green), the tacos de pollo (chicken), guacamole, beans, and rice (a sauce), or the tacos de cerdo (pork) chock full of lean charcoaled meat), or the slightly greasy but flavorful cheese enchiladas. All come with yeasty, fluffy rice (a throwaway at most spots) and refried beans. Desserts are the standard grannys, though. Beer only. Open 7 days 11-10. Inexpensive to moderate. AE, DC. (R)

Goode Company Barbecue, 5109 Kirby (522-2530). Delightfully tacky and funny; with posters and signs lining walls and ceiling, what you expect from this antiques-and-barbecue joint. You can live here! Join the crew for takeout ribs, juicy links, whole chickens, and beef or, on some weekends, sip a longneck on the covered porch and listen to Papa Selph Fiddle around. Beer & wine. Mon thru Thur 11-10, Fri 11-10. Closed Sun. Inexpensive to moderate. N. (R)

Harvey's, 2049 Richmond (520-2340). Jimmy Stewart's faithful companion is alive and visible on Richmond. The debonair overgrown bunny grooms diners discretely grilling a floor lamp and ballad. As with every meal, the antiseptics and condiments come in a mild garlic butter sauce with herbs—perfect for french bread dipping. Lovely scallops, lightly breaded and sautéed in butter with cream and dill, and good snapper (florentine with fresh spinach), bring back-and-forth diners to show off to the other patrons in the room. The entrees were accompanied by spicy rice, candied carrots, and new potatoes in cream sauce. Harvey only occasionally loses his balance, as with a recent pedestrian broiled the scallops and snapper. A la carte. Sun 10-2:30. Closed Sun brunch 11:30-2:30. Closed Mon. Reservations taken until 8:30 recommended on weekends. Moderate to expensive. 15% gratuity added. AE, DC, MC, V.

Hobbit Hole, 1715 S. Shepherd (528-3418) and 10000 Westheimer (528-3418). Apply the "apply the Hobbit Hole" criterion of legendary appetites here. Hobbit Hole strives to serve up prodigious portions of avocado, mushrooms, sprouts, greens, cheese, and the like, either between slabs of hearty fresh whole-wheat bread or loaded on plates from the salad bar. Sandwiches can be ordered, and a three-course lunch. Expect creamy shared tables, and a three-course lunch. Wait. Beer & wine. Mon thru Thur 11-10 (til 10:30 at Shepherd location). Fri & Sat 11-11. Sun noon-8 (3-8:30 at Shepherd location). Inexpensive. Cr at Westheimer. MC, V at Shepherd. (R)

The Hofbrau, 1803 Shepherd (869-2074). They say it takes all kinds. Surely the Hofbrau attracts its share. Texas excess overflow from the Cadillac Bar; urban cowboys and suburban singles; and a stray local or two. The draw? Good, the beer. The Hofbrau offers a variety of beers, including a crisp iceberg lettuce salad with olives and plenty of oil and vinegar, counter jukebox, icy longnecks, and first-rate rub-necking. Bar. Mon thru Fri 11-10. Sat 5:30-10:30. Sun 5:30-9:30. Moderate. AE, MC, V. (R)

Hunan, 1804 S. Shepherd (965-5268). Madison Avenue types tell you that eating in restaurants stimulates the appetite. If so, the red deep walls, crimson foil trim, and scarlet touches throughout this posh new Hunan may be enough to make you chew your chopsticks. Our visit began on the dimly lit (too dim for pictures) balcony, where a staff member sautéed on the moon (pork) but passed over with the prawns and scallops Huang (tender, juicy seafood with water chestnuts, ginger, and visible beans in the black bean sauce), beef Human (nearly perfectly striped meat and slightly limp rice), and a smooth bean sashimi. A la carte. Sun (our name for crisp and spicy green beans with pork). Bar. Mon thru Thur 11:30-10:30. Fri & Sat 11:30-11:30. Sun noon-10:30. Reservations suggested. Moderate to expensive. AE, DC, MC, V. (R)

Kyo, 14000 Westorial Dr (672-0096). Though the journey to this faraway shopping center may seem to equal flight time to Japan (Kyoto is remote), this is the chance to orient yourself right here in greater Houston. Dishes are artfully arranged on trays or in small bowls, crocks and bowls, heralding the Japanese adventure. From the tsukiji bar come thin slices of impeccably fresh tuna, flounder, and shrimp, sparked by fresh ginger (beware the small mound of green horseradish—our good-for-one bite will dissolve your sinus membranes). Another appetizer, gyoza (a thick, stock-wrapped in slices of beef, proved to be salty and punget. All this, taken with the modest, attractive setting of multi-print walls, ramen and wicker, and smiling kimono-clad hostesses, will make you like homegrown shabu. Beer & wine. Mon thru Sat 11-2 & 5-10:30. Closed Sun. Reservations suggested on weekends. Moderate to expensive. AE, MC, V. (R)

La Renaissance, 1000 Main, 4 Riverway, off Woodway near Loop 610 (871-1811). Diners regulars enter this gastronomie with a sense of excitement, because the menu changes daily and always carries a few surprises (like shark and squid). Nice complimenting cheese puffs might be followed by wasabi-tender scallops—sautéed and served with a tangy vinaigrette, an unusual version of coquilles St. Jacques, served with roe in a tarragon sauce. Lamb loin en croute for two, beautifully presented (with crisp asparagus tips and baby carrots artfully arranged in the best mousse-like texture), was marred only by a slight over-crust. A hot peach soufflé with Grand Marnier sauce made a nice finish before coffee and on-the-house chocolates. Jacket at lunch; coat and tie at dinner. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2.

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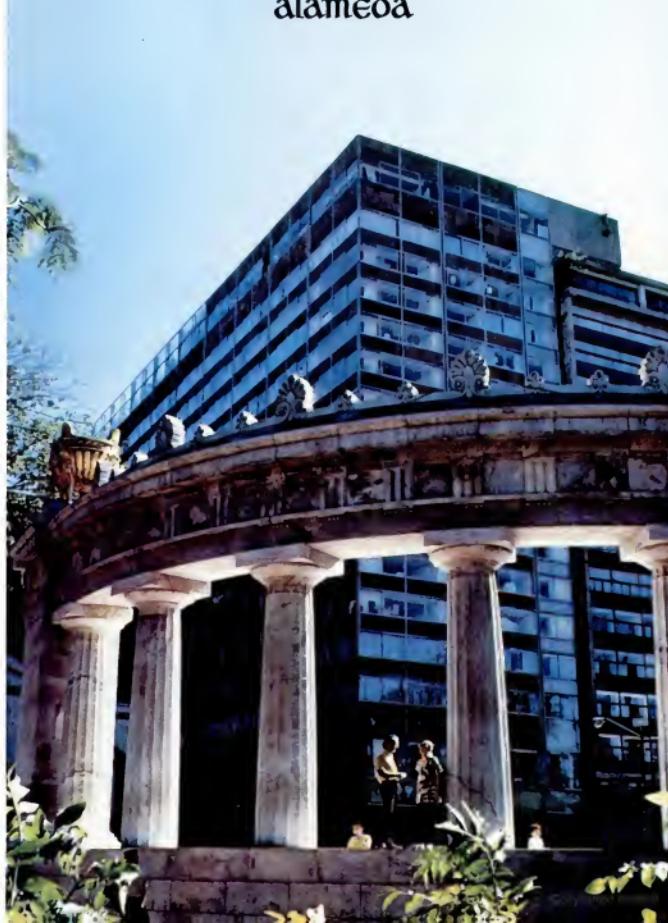
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A. E. D. C. M. V. C.
★ * Tony's. 1801 S. Post Oak (622-6778). A 17th-century Chinese restaurant dominated by a large, ornate entrance hall. Fresh flowers and crystal abounds — this is it folks. Houston's best. After you have settled into the complimentary piano and asked for a special, the day, you might try linguini with seafood, or the chicken with mushrooms. The menu is extensive (with little help of Pernod and anise seeds), or oysters with a shell-less Rockefeller. Recent fresh Dover sole, sauteed and stuffed with fresh mushrooms, is a must. The service is excellent, with a special concern for water and watercress pommes in mayonnaise (a nod to the nose). You should verify the quality of the kitchen. Souffles (ordered at the start) usually exceed, though a recent strawberry and anise meringue version topped over at presentation. The wine list is a bit limited, but the service is excellent, with overpriced wine list. Cost and tip. Bar. Luncheon Mon thru Fri 11:30-2. Dinner Mon thru Fri 5:30-11. Sat 11:10-11. Closed Sun. Reservations suggested. Very expensive. C. (C)

* Uncle Tai's Human Yuan, 2 Post Oak Central, 1980 Post Oak (600-8000). Our last visit to this Big Apple-style restaurant was a couple of years ago, and we have been meaning to return ever since. Sure, the lively Tai-Tze (Mandarin China) suds go better with the pungent, spicy food than the house Chablis. Then there was our single foray into meat, the legendary Uncle Tai's beef which, though nicely sauced with a light, slightly sweet, soy-based gravy, was a bit fatty. Luckily, there were many other choices, including the soups and vegetable dishes rated, from the egg white and crunchy vegetables, and the vegetable pie (stir-fried greens spread with plum sauce and wrapped, tao-style, in a thin pancake). The soups were excellent, particularly the egg drop, and the beansprout soup. Water chestnuts, lettuce, and carrots, and bean curd. Bar. Mon thru Thur 11-12, Fri 11-10-10:30; Sat noon-10:30; Sun noon-10. Reservations recommended. Moderate to expensive. AE, DC. (2)

Villa Borgheze, 921 Lovell (523-2846). Houston was slighted when the restaurant gods passed it out to Italian eaters. Perhaps arriving more recently than the other Italian houses, Villa Borgheze compensates with a menu that's more varied and complex, but in this town, the subtlety of the Borgheze menu is lost. Both special soups, the minestrone (a sturdy, peppery tomato broth well stocked with beans, carrots, and rice) and the pasta e fagioli (a hearty, well-cooked bean soup) are good. The menu lists a variety of meaty pasta starters, though a recent spaghetti alla carbonara came with overcooked, starchy pasta. Two grilled dishes, the chicken alla Borgheze and the paillard of veal, were simple, good entries into the meal. The menu lists a variety of the better versions of veal shanks in these parts. Bar Lunch Tue thru Fri 11:30-2. Dinner Tue thru Sun 6-11. Closed Mon. Reservations recommended. Moderate to expensive.

Billings, 2009 W. Alabama, (322-8823). The black and white striped awnings outside suggest style within. A single rose graces each impeccably table. A few colorful contemporary paintings relieve the starkness of white walls. Sleek image aside, the forte here is pasta. Try a combination of two or three: *paglia e fieno* in cream laced with four cheeses; *farfalle* with a meat sauce (a creation of the chef, Mario, in Milano, we were told); and our favorite, *farfalle* al pesto or *torfettini* stuffed with cheese and spinach and sautéed in rosemary butter. A good new *piastra del giorno*—*bocconcini misti alla confitina*—is an Italian mixed grill of meaty pieces in a sweet-tart plum sauce. Desserts are a chocolate calore or fruit tart. To wind and finish with a bang, there's a choice of three: tiramisu, *cheesecake*, or *cheesecake* au citron. 11:30-2. Dinner mons Thru Sat 6-11. Closed Sun. Reservations suggested. Expensive. Cr.

Zorba the Greek's, 202 Tuam (528-1382). If the ethnic specialties here lean toward Greek tragedy, the seafood (especially fried) will lend a happy ending. The usually fine feta cheese puffs were burned and heavy on our last visit, but the fried scallops, shrimp, and oysters redeemed the meal, and the \$7 price tag for salad, fish, and baked potato brought smiles all around (except to the faces of the invariably taciturn Mediterranean waiters). Expect a fishy decor, dead-bait noise level, and wait for a table; Beer & wine, a/c , dinner . Tues thru Sun 11-11. Closed Sun & Mon. Inexpensive to Moderate.

This Month

Fuddrucker's, 3100 Chimney Rock (780-7080). Given the shiny metal "scale" and swiveling shape, the shell of the building looks for all the world like a pregnant fish. Once you've swallowed up, join the line of designer jeans and tennis tops winding through onion-sack and flour-bag props and pause to watch huge rolls in the making and hamburger meat in the grinding. Then pick up your order and head for the condiment bar plus a counter with crocks of sauerkraut and hot dogs. All this, plus steak sandwiches, wursts, and hot dogs, plus all this, and first-class people-watching. No wonder Fuddrucker's has been around since 1948.

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HOUSTON

noon. Bar. Mon thru Sat 11-11, Sun noon-10. Inexpensive. AE, MC, V.

Maison de Ville, Four Seasons Hotel, 1300 Lamar (650-1300). The inner city rival to the restful Inn on the Park, the Four Seasons Hotel fairly bristles with ambition and pretension. Two recent appetizers—bouillabaisse (with embedded live mussels) and mussels al gratin (in a Marvel sauce) and the boneless quail with foie gras, endive, and green beans (lively and more Louisiana than French)—almost made the one-hour wait for food excusable. Entrees followed more predictably, with a choice of filet mignon (with breads in a more laden Riesling sauce (a divine melding of textures and flavors) and a less successful veal chop with wild mushrooms and truffle sauce (overcooked meat and only a hint of truffle). Long, well-selected wine list, with ample offerings under \$25. Cocktails: \$3.50. Sunday Breakfast: Mon thru Fri 6:30-10, Sat & Sun 7:30-10. Lunch: Mon thru Fri 11-3. Dinner 7 days 6-11. Sun brunch Sat & Sun only 10-3. Reservations recommended. Very expensive. Cr. ®

Mama's Cafe, 6019 Westheimer (266-8514). Take one definition of "mama's cafe" and multiply it by 1000, and you'll have this place. The walls are covered with old-fashioned booths, jukeboxes, and egg-carton signs—what will these folks from San Antonio think of next? French steaks selected from a class, arrive your way (medium or well done), a bit thin; real liver mashed potatoes come with pepper, creamy gravy; tender steak pieces coated with melted cheese are blanketed by crisp tortillas; first-rate margaritas are balanced with lime juice; and the desserts are to die for. No mama in sight, but the children who serve are friendly and helpful. Bar. Sun thru Thur 11-11, Friday, Sat & Sat till 1. Moderate to expensive. AE, MC, V. (©)

Stechum Rock, 5300 N. Braeswood at Chimney Rock (720-9443). Eine neue Autobahn has been built or maybe it's been open in town for a year. We'll never know, but with this little southwest Houston restaurant, milder Mandarin and Cantonese offerings alternate with seriously spiced Szechuan dishes. We started innocently enough with mouth-puckering steam dumplings, then moved on to the most mouth-puckering steam dumplings in town. We worked our way up to succulent yu shiang scallops and ma po bean curd, nicely flavored with minced pork and pepper. The only disappointment: while "spicy crispy fish" sounds fishy indeed, though the rich batter is good, the fish is almost rendered to the dish. Attributed to stark black and white interior sparked by you. Sat & Sun 11:30-11:30. Sun 11-10. Closed Mon. Reservations suggested on weekends. Moderate to expensive. Cr. ®

LAREDO

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SPORTS Horze Racing

LIFE Downs, Hwy 59 (723-5662). June 5. Three-year-old colts (\$20,000 estimated purse). June 6. Two-year-old futurities (\$30,000 estimated purse). At 1. Adults \$1; children, free. (©)

EVENTS
Bullights, La Fiesta bullring, approximately six miles south of the old International Bridge on Mexico Hwy (the extension of Guerrero). Nuevo Laredo (20399 or 27207). It's not like the rodeos in the States, but the bulls are bigger than calves—but this is one of those things every tourist needs to see. The new bullring is a good place to keep an eye on national favorites Eloy Cavazos and Guillermo and Manuel Capellito. Call no more than three weeks in advance for dates and times. \$8 & \$10.

MUSEUMS

Museum of the Republic of the Rio Grande, 1009 Zaragoza (727-3480). Built in 1835 as a private residence, the museum was the capitol building of the Republic of the Rio Grande in 1839 and 1840. Within sight of the beautiful St. Augustine Church and Plaza, it now holds clothes, utensils, and other artifacts from the mid-19th century. Mon thru Sat 9-4. Free. (©)

ART Fine Crafts

Marti's, 2923 Victoria at Ave. Guerrero, three blocks from the old International Bridge. Nuevo Laredo (no phone). A tourist's heaven—sturdy hand-made furniture and painted shrines on the pillars, intricate clay and giant wooden bowls and wooden objects from the interior of Mexico. Antiques, icons, and brightly painted toys can also be found here. Open 7 days 9:30-6:30. (©)

Rafael's, Reforma (Mexico Hwy 85), 3½ miles from the old International Bridge. Nuevo Laredo (no phone). A tourist's heaven—sturdy hand-made furniture and painted shrines on the pillars, intricate clay and giant wooden bowls and wooden objects from the interior of Mexico. Antiques, icons, and brightly painted toys can also be found here. Open 7 days 10-6.

OUTDOORS

Falcon State Park, US Hwy 83, 15 miles north of Roma on the Texas-Mexico border (723-5321). It may not be Lake Corpus, but this grassy oasis looks especially good in the middle of a dusty Laredo summer. A favorite of fishermen

LAREDO

and birdwatchers as well as campers, swimmers, and water-skiers. Open 7 days. \$2 per car, camping \$3-\$6.50. ® Variable.

ON THE TOWN

Cadilac Bar, Beldén & Ocampo, Nuevo Laredo (20015). Locals say the place hasn't been the same since it changed hands a few years ago. Parted from the old place, Zapata's saddle, and the food is pricey and homogeneous. Still with its white walls, polished bar, efficient air-conditioning, and solicitous waiters it is a comfort to many shoppers who have been hunting for bargains on the Avenida Guerrero two blocks east. Open 7 days 10 a.m.-11 p.m. Moderate to expensive. No cover. Cr. ®

The Round Up, Ramada Inn, IH 35N (722-8133). The business-suit set heads here when they want to take off their ties and dress on their dancing feet. Prices are a little stiff, but then so are the waiters. Laredo's cooking and service talent ends up here. More or less well-known out-of-towners headline regularly; call ahead to see who's playing (nightly except Sunday). Mon thru Sat noon-2, Sun 11 midnight. No cover. A.E. DC. MC. V. ®

Winery Bar and Grill, 208 Matamoros, Nuevo Laredo (20905). Cool, calm, and collected, the Winery is a longtime favorite of both tourists and the local elite. Stay downstairs for a quiet evening of dancing to live bands, just talking over drinks in the sofa-like seats, or climb the winding staircase to the upper level. Too many pretensions, till 2. Open 7 days 10:30-11. Moderate to expensive. Cr. ®

RESTAURANTS

✓Chez Mauricette, 1001 Park (722-9588). Business is picking up at this formerly all-family enterprise, but chef/owner Mauricette Barrera still sees to it that the generous servings of everything from omelets to *côtes d'agneau maison* are prepared with fresh ingredients. The well-balanced combination of traditional specs, soft lighting, tables with candles and white linen cloths, and good house wines make this the perfect spot for a late date. Beer & wine. Tue thru Sun 3-11:30 p.m. Closed Mon. Inexpensive to moderate. MC. V. ®

El Rincon del Viejo, 4834 Gonzalez, Nuevo Laredo (22523). The never-rubbery tortillas that are made here every day are locally renowned. There's no dessert and no menu either since the same dishes—*carne guisada*, *machacado*, *alambres*, *cantina*, *fricassee*—are every night, but there's atmosphere enough to last for a couple of hours. Low lights, and the evening breeze rustling through the trees. Bar. Sun thru Fri noon-midnight. Sat till 1. Moderate to expensive. MC. V. ®

La Patisserie, Victoria & Matamoros, just west of Martín (22220). With your back to the bar and the TV at the end of the bar flickering in the corner of your eye, feel as if you are in the dining room of a rich friend. Battalions of waiters are always at attention and the food is never ordinary, though for these prices it had better not be. Creamy and chewy pastries can be the main course, though the fresh pasta-food is a safe bet. After dinner, have a brandy downstairs in O'Henry's, a piano bar straight out of *Casablanca*. Open 7 days 11-11. Moderate to expensive. Cr. ®

La Palapa, Reforma 3301, Nuevo Laredo (40068). Under the round roof of this rustic bar and restaurant, *farfalle* (by the kilo), *chorizos*, and *cebollitas* are cooked as well as you can find in either of the sister cities. The selection is small, but you can't go wrong, though the Palapa on the US side of the border is vastly inferior. Mon thru Fri 6 p.m.-12:30. Sat & Sun 11:30 a.m.-10 p.m. Moderate. MC. ®

La Posada Motel, Hotel Restaurant, 1000 Zaragoza (722-1701). A good place for a quiet club lunch or a rendezvous with an old flame, this gracious dining room was once part of the high school before the building got converted. The menu has a variety of everything from shrimp in garlic butter to an imaginative assessment of salsa (try the beer-spiked cheese) and salads, all fresh and elegantly prepared. A Mexican buffet is served at lunch on Wednesdays. Open 7 days 8 a.m.-9:45 p.m. Moderate to expensive. Cr. ®

Mariscos Mandinga, 1307 Obregon, Nuevo Laredo (31201). From the calm, tree-lined street outside to the tree that grows through the roof, the look of this place is out of the ordinary for Nuevo Laredo. So is the quality of the seafood, which is as delicate as it is plentiful. In the evenings, it's a good idea to order some ceviche (shrimp, fish, or mixed), make yourself at home (the TV set is always on), and peruse the menu—you really can't go wrong. Open 7 days 9 a.m.-1 a.m. Moderate. Cr. ®

LUBBOCK

Send general entertainment listings to: Around the State
7010 Nashville, Lubbock 79413

THEATER

Lubbock Memorial Civic Center Theater, 1501 6th (742-1936). At 8:15, \$4-\$6. ® JUNE 11 & 19, 25 & 26: Jesus Christ Superstar.

MUSIC Classical

JUNE 11: Lubbock Symphony, Lubbock Municipal Civic Center, Lubbock Hall, 1501 6th (762-4707). Pops concert with Helen Reddy. Cabaret-style dinner at 6:30, concert at 8:30. \$5-\$11, with dinner \$17.50-\$19.50. ®

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One of River Oaks' greatest estates stretches from Inverness Drive across some 5½ acres to Buffalo Bayou. Its heart is a splendid villa, renovated in 1978. Behind its electronic gates is security, serenity and quiet. Entry through a marble-floored gallery gives access to living, family and service wings, all of which open to the bayou through glass walls. This is a home for entertaining on a large scale and for outdoor living. Yet, there is intimacy and warmth in its fine woods, superb cabinetry and hand-chiseled stone. Virtually every want has been abundantly provided for, with priorities given to quality and permanence. For example, the dining room has a temperature-controlled wine cellar. The gourmet kitchen is beautifully fitted. The master suite is stunning: A sitting room with a hidden, mini-kitchen, two travertine baths and dressing rooms, the owner's bedroom with a brass firepole for a quick drop to a private exercise room with Jacuzzi and steam. Complete bars are built into the library, the huge family-gameroom, beside one of the three swimming pools, and in the gazebo overlooking twin tennis courts with a remote TV camera. Twin dressing rooms, nearby, are fully equipped. Much of the estate's quality is hidden, such as an all-copper underground sprinkler system; efficient, four-pipe air handlers; multiple security network controlled from the master suite and a multi-mode high fidelity sound system. Price upon request.

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LUBBOCK

FOR CHILDREN

Children's Theater, Texas Tech Center Theatre (742-2621). Chékhov: *The Brute*. June 28 thru July 1. Call for times and prices. ☎

MUSEUMS

Lubbock Lake Site Project, Clovis Rd just west of North Loop 2000 (742-2621). This archaeological site which draws thousands of volunteers from throughout the world to dig artifacts and bones dating back 10,000 years. Workers painstakingly sift through the strata to provide one of the most interesting shows in town. It's easy to get lost; call ahead for directions. Each Sat thru July: 9-noon, and by appointment. Free. ☎

Texas Tech Museum, 4th & Indiana (742-2424). Collections and exhibits focus on the culture of the Southwest and the semi- and semi-arid lands of the world. June 6 thru month: Fernando Garcia Ponce—contemporary abstract paintings. Also a new exhibit from the Lubbock Art Center. Show has been rescheduled. Mon thru Sat 9-4-30, Thur 9-8. Sun 1-4-30. Free. ☎

ON THE TOWN

Cold Water Country, Loop 299 & S. University (745-5749). Cold Water is still the number one C&W place in town; perhaps because of its extra-large dance floor and its free dance lessons Thursday night. The bands are good and diverse. Also a new exhibit from the Lubbock Art Center has been rescheduled. Mon thru Sat 9-4-30, Thur 9-8. Sun 1-4-30. Free. ☎

The Sting, 5321 69th (794-4447). A quiet bar in a residential area near South Plains Mall. The Sting answers a number of needs, providing an opportunity to drink, talk, dance, listen to some music, and just relax. Live entertainment on Thur Sat nights. Open Mon thru Fri 3-2, Sat 4-2. Closed Sun. No cover. M.C. V. No checks. ☎

RESTAURANTS

50 Yard Line, Slide & 12th (793-5050). Steaks is the only thing more popular than football in this part of the state, and the 50 Yard Line is the place to go for a good meal and a decent steak indulged with passion. There are no showights, but we've had juicy and tender steaks no matter how crowded the restaurant. The blueberry muffins and cheese rolls have fans, too, but the prospect of a good cut of beef consistently wins the day. The bar is the best in town. Facilities are now available. Bar. Mon thru Thur 5-10, Fri & Sat 5-11. Closed Sun. No reservations. Moderate. Cr. ☎

Joe's Dining Room, 5028 H (744-3784). This is a typical small family-run Tex-Mex spot, complete with Formica tables. Nothing is fancy, but everything is good and the service is heat. Don't let what sets a low price and hundreds of autographed photographs of politicians (mostly posing with Joe) ranging from presidents to city councilmen cover the walls, and no one can resist gazing at these while they eat. The menu is a simple Mexican fare with some variations. BYOB. Open Mon thru Fri 11-30 (moderate); Sat 11-2. Dinner Tue thru Sat 5-9. Closed Mon. Inexpensive. AE, MC, V. ☎

La Crêpe Suzette, 2420 Broadway (762-1345). Though diners at this French continental cafe are few, the atmosphere is great, keeping come-back for the lunchtime Crêpe du Jour, accompanied by fresh French bread and a crisp green salad with vinaigrette dressing, are particularly good, but a large earthware bowl of onion soup is a worthy alternative. Terrific chocolate mousse and chocolate cake are the crêpe delicacies. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2 (inexpensive). Dinner Mon thru Sat 6-30 (moderate to expensive). Closed Sun. Reservations suggested. AE, MC, V. No checks. ☎

La Salle, 4235 50th (795-6796). After several months in operation a major and welcome change is a little less meat in the lunch. Lunch and dinner menus still have a wide selection of the same offerings, some of which come from southern Italy. And not often represented in West Texas restaurants, the pasta and pizza menu (topped with a thin layer of salami) has an exceptionally light blend and just the right amount of moisture to bring out the blend of flavors. Another entrée, crème de vireuda (a cream of leafy green vegetables), is a different and equally good vegetable dish. But the pride of the restaurant here is the silky amaretto cheesecake topped with nuts—it begs to be enjoyed while listening to the recorded operatic arias. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11-30 (moderate). Dinner Mon thru Sat 5-10 (moderate). Closed Sun. AE, MC, V. No checks. ☎

RoadHouse, 2641. 5 miles west of IH 27 north of city (763-6001). The seasons change, the ducks in the pond come and go, the water level rises and falls, but the barbecue remains the same: large meaty ribs, tenderized beef brisket, and pulled pork. These are the stars, but the sides are the combination of scenery and good food are the ingredients of a pleasant evening. Now that summer is here, the homemade ice cream (flavors vary daily) is particularly alluring. Mon thru Fri 11-30 (moderate). Closed Sun. AE, MC, V. No checks. ☎

Tara, 6th & Slide (797-6328). The Sunday buffet, so popular that there have sometimes been lines for the parking places, is one of the better values in town. Salad selections are varied and some are made with pasta. The soups are well-made, like a marinated beef salad and one with thinly sliced cucumbers in mustard and vinegar. Entrees change each Sunday, but always include prime rib, and two other selections. A buffet is also available weekdays at lunch and dinner. Reservations are required. Mon thru Fri 11-30, regular menu. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11-3 (inexpensive to moderate). Dinner Mon thru Fri 5:30-10, Fri & Sat 5-11 (moderate to expensive). Sun buffet 11-3 (adults \$6.95; children under 11, \$3.50). AE, DC, MC, V. ☎

RIO GRANDE VALLEY

Valley. Included are prehistoric Indian artifacts, religious and military history, and the Spanish Colonial hand-hewn farms and ranch implements of the pioneers and memorabilia from the early boom years. Tue thru Fri 9-5, Sun 1-5. Adult \$1 donation suggested. ☎

ART Institutions

McAllen International Museum, Nolana & Bicentennial Blvd (562-1564). Thru July 8. Neon Art—sculpture and mixed-media reliefs with neon by Don Foster. Opening June 1: Primitive Art Techniques. Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. ☎

Yacht Art Foundation, 516 Doherty, Mission (585-1761). Ongoing exhibit of German Expressionist lithographs and etchings by Karl Schmidt-Rottluff, Max Pechstein, Erich Heckel, and Ernst Kirchner. Mon thru Fri 9-5. Free. ☎

POINTS OF INTEREST

Gladys Porter Zoo, Ringgold & 6th, Brownsville (546-2177). Thirty-one acres of tropical terrain where exotic and endangered animals are housed in natural habitats. The zoo's successful breeding program has made a significant contribution toward reversing the diminishing numbers of rare species by using controlled environments. Not to be missed is the children's zoo nursery. Open 7 days 10 til one hour before dark. Gen adm \$3, students \$2, children \$1. ☎

ON THE TOWN

Cowboys, 1014 Central Blvd, Brownsville (546-5843). A country-and-western bar with the neon beer signs and the country prints are displayed on the walls and cedar walls. Recorded tunes are broadcast through the impressive speakers, while a zealous DJ makes you feel as though the sound is live and the time is now. Well-versed westerners will be a treat to the non-westerners. Songs locked into belt loops— are so plainly devoted to the country cause that watching them is as pleasurable as participating. Live entertainment Thur at 9. Open Wed thru Sat 8-2. Closed Sun and Mon 11-2. ☎

Dutch Bros. 1000 N. 1st, at the bridge, Rio Hondo (39300). A sometimes slovenly townhouse tavern whose bartenders boast a beverage repertoire as amazing as it is lengthy. Dutch postcards, wooden shoes, and windmills create an interesting and amusing motif, but there is little danger of losing your way in the labyrinth of tables. The menu is equally fine with tequila, Cointreau, and juice of the small Mexican limon. A trio with guitars might saunter in for a song or an enterprising young boy may offer a shoe shine—no, not a real one. Sun thru Thur 11-2, Fri & Sat 11-2. ☎

Quorum Club, 1116 Pecan, McAllen (587-9904). Massive bookshelves are brimming with legal texts, making for an overall theme that is judicial beyond a reasonable doubt.

The sartorial code for bartenders dictates abbreviated judges' robes, and the waitstaff are dressed as lawyers. ☎

A dance floor, DJ, and music from 50s and 60s may seem out of order, but the real judge—a talkative, lively, and often considerable crowd—denies the motion. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11-2. Brunch Sun 11-2.0. Bar open 7 days 11-2. No cover. ☎

Resaca Club, Fort Brown Motor Hotel, 1900 E. Elizabeth, Brownsville (546-2100). Although the food served here is respectable, our latest visit indicated it was incompatible with the Las Vegas-style entertainment provided most evenings. One of the few bright spots was the oysters en brochette was a thorough disappointment: the oysters were served with large chunks of bacon fat, and the ribeye steak was far from the best. The food had been prepared in a short time and next time will choose either one form of entertainment or the other. Dancing nightly and a show floor show Sun at 10 & midnight. A local dance band plays Sun at 8:30. Open 7 days 11-2. No cover. ☎

Tropicana, 21444 Hwy 83, the International Bridge, Reynosa (21444). The grand but pretentious and the trained but cheerless servers suggest this darkish lounge has seen livelier times. Still a welcome retreat from the din and dust of the town, this is a spot where it is easy to spend an un-harried hour over a margarita or banana daiquiri, both house favorites. Open 7 days 9-1. No cover. Cr. ☎

RESTAURANTS

Don Panchos, 1029 N. Nebraska, San Juan (781-3601). If the menu looks familiar, you likely been to Dennis' El Turista. Both cafes are comparable and the owners are kin, although Don Panchos is the livelier and larger of the two. Order in advance the special dinner, which includes a selection of Mexican specialties, including a light, slightly fried stuffed avocado. The bottom platter serves four people and is piled high with long slices of fried squash, enmoladas (small beef-filled fried empanadas), nachos, guacamole, and jalapeños. This picnic is thick and spicy with beans, cilantro, and serrano peppers. This version is also available for timid diners. Mariachis provide music. Fri & Sat 6-30-9. Beer & wine. Tue thru Sun 11-10. Inexpensive. N. ☎

Executive Steak House, 150 N. 23rd, McAllen (686-5541). Considered one of the top popular restaurants in the city, this steak house whose weaknesses are as predictable as strong points. The soup du jour always seems thin, but the salad bar is usually inviting. Cuts of beef, smallish considering the weight provided on the menu, are lean and perfectly cooked. The while the menu of prime rib, filet mignon, and medium rare orders often arrive lukewarm (but flavor and tenderness compensate enough to make this a favorite). Another consistent winner is the fried shrimp, which are large and lightly breaded. The decor is unimaginative, but the waitresses help.

MIDLAND/ODESSA

Send general entertainment listings to: Around the State, 2007 W. Louisiana, Midland 79701

THEATER Resident

Perman Playhouse Theatre, 310 W. 42nd, Odessa (362-2329). Fri and Sat at 8. Reservations recommended. \$4-\$6. ☎

JULY 4 THRU 12. California Suite

There 4 Midland, 2000 W. Wadley, Midland (682-4111). Thur at 7:30, Fri & Sat at 8-10. Sun at 2-30. Reservations recommended. \$3.50 & \$4.50. ☎

JUNE 11 THRU 26: *Whose Life Is It, Anyway?*

MUSEUMS

Perman Basin Petroleum Museum, 1500 IH 20, Midland (863-4403). Don't miss the dazzling simulation of an oil well blowout. The museum is a great place to learn about the graphic depictions of the history of West Texas and the oil business, with hands-on exhibits designed for all ages. Mon thru Sat 9-5, Sun 2-5. Gen adm \$1.50, children 75¢. ☎

ON THE TOWN

The Stardust, 803 S. Midkiff, Midland (697-0645). Pepper Martin and the Fox Band performs each night except Tue. Their music is practically guaranteed to make a C&W fan want to dance. The Fox Band is a great band and a great club with tight security—no firearms or firearms allowed. Tues thru Sun 7:30-12. Closed Mon. Cover \$2-\$10. ☎

Winchester Lounge, Holiday Inn, 3001 Hwy 80 E, Odessa (333-3931). The band, made up of local sportsmen for the most part, is a great way to wind down after a hard day's work. The band is the best in town. Shows are held on Thur Sat nights. Open Mon thru Fri 3-2, Sat 4-2. Closed Sun. No cover. M.C. V. No checks. ☎

RESTAURANTS

Bellini & Thompson, 4234 N. Dixie, Odessa (360-4981). Despite an unprepossessing site—it's hidden behind a laundromat—this small restaurant is both romantic and elegant and the excellent food is well worth the search for a table. The menu is a la carte, with a few set meals. Lunch Mon thru Sat 11-1. Dinner Tue thru Thur 6-8, Fri & Sat 8-10. Closed Mon. Reservations required for dinner. Expensive. N. ☎

Cook's Pantry, 2001 N. Big Spring, Midland (363-1463). Nothing is fancy, but everything is good and the service is heat. Don't let what sets a low price and hundreds of autographed photographs of politicians (mostly posing with Cook) ranging from presidents to city councilmen cover the walls, and no one can resist gazing at these while they eat. The menu is a simple Mexican fare with some variations. BYOB. Open Mon thru Fri 11-30 (moderate); Sat 11-2. Dinner Tue thru Sat 5-9. Closed Mon. Inexpensive. N. ☎

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SPORTS

Surfing

National AAU Invitational Championship, South Padre Island, just north of the jetties (943-9020 except Tue). Boys, girls, juniors, and masters men and women, knee board, and long board divisions. June 4 thru 13. weather and wave height permitting. Call to confirm. Heats start at 8 and continue all day. Free. ☎

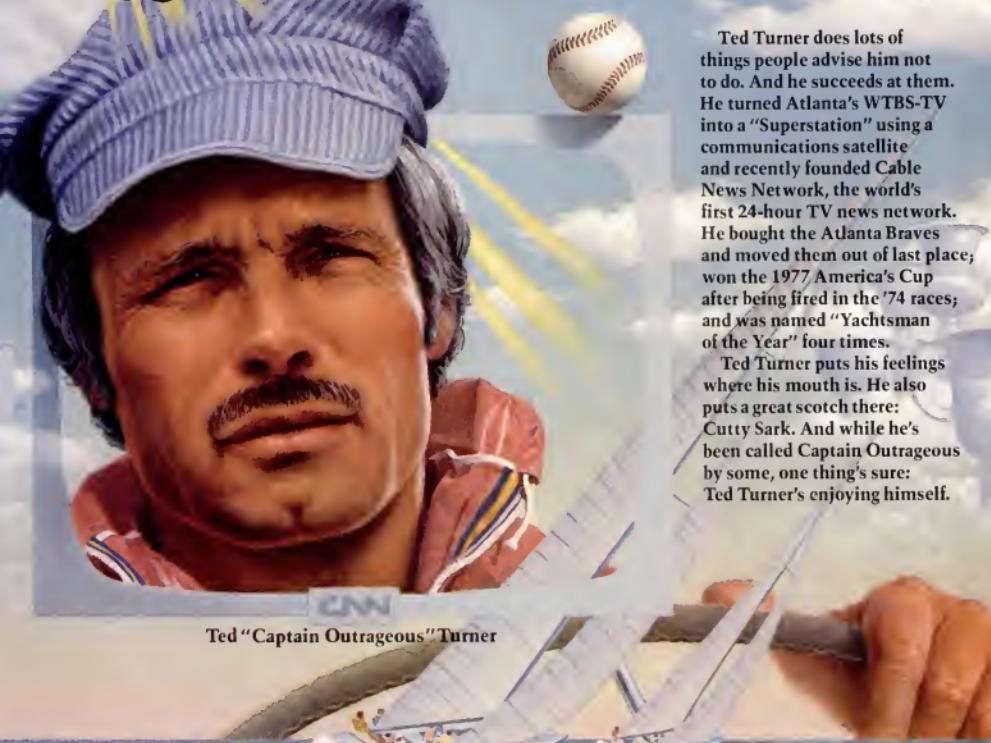
REVELATION

Summer Theater Workshop, Kochi Art Institute, 516 Doherty, Mission (585-1761). For young adults. Intensive instruction in acting, staging, set construction, costume, and makeup. Classes culminate in student participation and performance in a production. July 5 thru Aug 1. Mon thru Fri 9-5. Tuition (before June 18) \$65, afterwards \$80. ☎

MUSEUMS

Hidalgo County Historical Museum, 121 E. McIntyre, Edinburg (383-6911). The building originally served as the first county jail (complete with hanging tower and trapdoor) and is now a home for extensive exhibits on the history of the

HERE'S TO GUT FEELINGS AND THOSE WHO STILL FOLLOW THEM.



Ted "Captain Outrageous" Turner

Ted Turner does lots of things people advise him not to do. And he succeeds at them. He turned Atlanta's WTBS-TV into a "Superstation" using a communications satellite and recently founded Cable News Network, the world's first 24-hour TV news network. He bought the Atlanta Braves and moved them out of last place; won the 1977 America's Cup after being fired in the '74 races; and was named "Yachtsman of the Year" four times.

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SAN ANTONIO

SAN ANTONIO

Natural history museum with exhibits of Texas wildlife. Curiosities include a collection of deer antlers, chairs made of horns, and rustic-style rat traps. Open 10-5. Mon thru Sat 10-3.5. Gen adm \$1.25, children \$0.50. (2)

Institute of Texan Cultures, southeast corner, HemisFair Plaza, Durango & IH 37 (226-7651). Museum displays contributions of ethnic groups to Texas heritage. Thurs 27; sculpture artist exhibition. Sat 10-5. Mon thru Fri 10-5; evenings by Periforio Salinas. Continuing multimedia films *Faces and Places of Texas: Picturesque Years* (about San Antonio in the twenties and thirties). Open Tue thru Sun 9-5. Free. (2)

San Antonio College Planetarium, 1300 San Pedro (733-2020). Each Sun 10-30 & 8. For ages 6 and older. Adm \$1.50, children \$0.50. (2)

Witts - Museum, 3001 Broadway (226-5544). Local and natural history museum. Open Storage: visitors can see permanent collection holdings researched and catalogued by curators. June 2 thru 6 from 10:30-3:30; hourly demonstrations of early hunting techniques from throwing hatchets and bows; June 6 & 20 at 10:30-3:30; antique rifles. Wed thru Sun 10-6. Gen adm \$2; under 12, \$1. Except Sat 10-noon, everybody free. (2)

ART Institutions

McNay Art Institute, 6000 N. New Braunfels (834-5368). Permanent collection includes post-Impressionist French and contemporary American paintings and sculpture. Openings June 8; new wing for European and American print collection. Installation and lectures by artist, Georges Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Matisse, and Picasso. Guided gallery tours by appointment. Tue thru Sat 9-5. Sun 2-5. Free.

San Antonio Art Institute, 6000 N. New Braunfels (824-0531). June thru Aug: faculty exhibit. Artists include Danielle Chedbourne, Reginald Rous, Carl Breitkreby, Ron Wyffels, and Louis Turner. Mon thru Fri 9-4, Sat 11 noon. Free. (2)

San Antonio Museum of Art, 200 W. Jones (226-5544). Thurs June 27; Depression-era prints, drawings, and paintings. New exhibition: *Galveston: Between the Wars*. Wed 10-5; games. Films: June 1-2 at 2 on WFAA arties. June 12 & 13: experimental short films of the Depression. June 6 at 2: lecture on American art of the thirties. June 20 thru Sept 12: major exhibition of pre-Columbian art of Costa Rica. Open Wed thru Sun 10-5. Gen adm \$2; under 12, \$1 except Sat 10-noon, everybody free. (2)

Galleries

Charlton Art Gallery, 308 N. Presa (223-2181). Group show

by gallery artists Brad Brune, Dan Allison, Gilberto Tarin, and Karen Vargas. Mon thru Sat 10-5. (2)

Nease - Gallery, NW Millett and West Ave (344-4483). New gallery with original limited-edition art. June exhibit: prints by Richard Ash, Melinda Berman, Kenneth Hale, Arnold Goldberg, Kevin Marshall, and Peter Nickel. Mon thru Sat 10-5.30. (2)

Object Gallery, 4010 Broadway (826-8996). June 4 thru July 14 works on paper by Kazuya Sakai. Mon thru Sat 10-4. Side entrance. (2)

OUTDOORS

Botanical Center, Funston Pl. & N. New Braunfels (821-5115). Over 30 acres with herb, azalea, rose, aquatic, and native Texas gardens and a garden for the blind. Wed thru Sun 9-6. Mon thru Fri adm \$1; children under 14, 50¢; children under 3, free. (2)

Brackenridge Park, entrances at Mulberry & N. St. Mary's, Tidwell & Broadway, and 950 E. Hillside (828-8111). Over 400 acres with something for everyone: zoo, driving range, golf course, bridle path, miniature railway, sky ride, paddle boats, and picnic areas. Stone bridges arch over aqueducts, and the Sunken Gardens. Very crowded on weekends. Park open 7 days 24 hours. Sunken Gardens open dawn-11 p.m. Free. (2)

San Antonio River Recreation Trail, beginning in Roosevelt Park, Roosevelt & Lone Star (299-8480). Eight-mile trail along the river and park with Spanish missions for hiking or bike riding. Open 7 days 24 hours. (2)

W.W. McAllister Park, 13103 Jones-McAllister (209-3121). Large park with four and one-half miles of hiking trail. Overnight camping areas must be reserved. Open 7 days a week. Sun 10-10 p.m. Adm & camping free. (2)

POINTS OF INTEREST

The Alamo, Alamo Plaza (222-1693). First priority in the Alamo City. Theater multimedia films to get you in the mood before you step across the street at Reunion to the Alamo. Mon thru Fri 10-5; Sat 10-6; Sun 1-5. (2) Children under 4, free; and The Heart of Texas (adults \$3.25; senior citizens, military & teenagers under 19, \$2.75; children under 13, \$1.50). Mon thru Sat 9-5:30, Sun 10-5:30. Free. (2)

Market Square, W. Commerce & Santa Rosa (299-8600). Mexican-style market, gift shop, and craft shops, galleries, and restaurants. Drive in and buy souvenirs in the adjacent Farmer's Market. Tue & Thur at noon: mariachis and folk dancing. Wed at 7:30: big band sounds. Free. Open daily 10-6. (2)

Riverview, Paseo del Rio, downtown (237-4251). Three miles of paved walkways twist and turn below street level along the San Antonio River with gardens, shops, cafes, and nightclubs lining each side. Open 7 days, 24 hours. Free. (2) Va ramp on W. Crockett across from La Mansion del Rio Hotel, restaurant, or elevator at Hilton Palace del Rio Hotel. (2)

San Antonio Missions. In the 1700s, the Franciscan order founded the missions to shelter, teach, and Christianize the Indians. The missions maintain a sense of the pioneering Spanish spirit and original wilderness atmosphere. Adm to three missions \$1.50; children under 12, 50¢; and for all missions \$2, available at any of the missions. (2)

Mission Concepción, 807 Mission Rd (532-3158). The solid stone building with its four-foot-thick walls is the oldest unrestored church structure in the United States. Open 7 days 9:30-5:30. (2)

Mission Espiritu Santo de Zúñiga, 1000 Mission Espiritu Santo Rd (627-2064). Surviving the stone chapel, cloisters, convent, and foundations of other dwellings. The nearby acequia, built in 1720, is the oldest usable irrigation system in the country. Open 7 days 9:30-5:30. (2)

Mission San José, 603 N. San José (225-2771). Restored by the NPA, the building and beautiful grounds of the Queen of the Missions provide the best understanding of the size and plan of a mission enclosure. Rosa's Window is an exceptional example of early art and architecture. Open 7 days 9:30-6. Adults \$1.50; children 52¢. (2)

Mission San Juan Capistrano, Graf Rd (532-3154). The compound contains a number of reconstructed buildings as well as ruins. The stone chapel has a two-tiered roof, a feature unique to its unusual size and shape. Open 7 days 9:30-5:30. (2)

San Antonio Zoo, 3902 N. St. Mary's (732-7183). A former limestone quarry with luxuriant vegetation. Birds fly around your head in the aviary while other animals are separated from you only by a moat. Each day in June special events to celebrate the 10th anniversary of the Zoo. Mon thru Fri schedule. Call about the birthday party package for children. Open 7 days 9:30-6:30. Gen adm \$2, senior citizens \$1.50, children 75¢. (2)

Spanish Governor's Palace, 105 Military Plaza (224-0601). Colonial seat of Spanish government. The restored adobe building is a two-story structure with broad beams, and brick ovens. Mon thru Sat 9-5, Sun 10-5. Adults 50¢; children under 14, 25¢; children under 7, free. (2)

ON THE TOWN

Alexander's, 3422 N. St. Mary's (732-2310). Its size combined with its tiny minimalist interior makes Alexander's look empty with 50 customers in attendance. Even though it contains two TVs, eight pool tables, half a dozen game machines, a large jukebox, and a great jukebox, you almost get a table going here. This is an advantage on weekends, when live music is featured, since the crowds that make claustrophobic nighttimes out of other bars in the neighborhood never seem to complete fill Alexander's. A variety of food is available, and while Sushi is still the best bet. By the way, there's a dress code. Food served 11-10. Live music Fri thru Sun 9-1. Open Mon thru Fri 11-2, Sat & Sun 4-2. Cover \$1 Fri thru Mon, M.C. V. (2)

Bavarian Court, 1000 Main (732-1146) and 416 N. St. Mary's, Alamo (222-2222). The substantial dishes and eminence of the old saying about German food: "It doesn't matter how much you eat; three days later you're hungry again." On Friday nights, the zither music of Hans Mangold is as delicate as the food is hearty. Bobbie Mangold's capital Big Al's Open Mon thru Sat 11-10. Closed Sun. No cover. Cr.

The Beauregard, 320 Beauregard (223-1368). The logo here is a palm tree, and stenciled flamingoes two-step across the walls. Expect lots of activity as the outdoor patio opens to accommodate fair-weather friends. Local and regional favorite. Tues thru Thurs 11-10; Fri 11-11; Sat 11-12. Some of the Alamo City's best jazzers entertain inside and/or outside on weekend nights. During the daytime, the bar and restaurant are often packed with a variety of humans and ranging from a variety of musical acts. King William and a vociferous member of the local softball (or is that oddball?) team. Mon thru Thur 11-midnight. Fri & Sat 11-2, Sun 4-midnight. Cover, if any, is \$1.50-weekdays. N. (2)

Big Al's Hill Country, 15646 Market Hill (699-3069). A club for steel rockers who are burned out on paying big cover charges for places where a plastic cup of beer costs a buck or more and they have to sit on the stairs to watch some long-hair in a jumbotron shoot himself (and the audience). Sat & Sun 11-1. Big Al's is located on the corner of Main and Hill, just west of the Sundance Black Rock, the Max, and other popular local bars. Austin groups are occasionally featured, and Wednesday is jam night with the San Antonio All-Stars. Big Al's is located off of Main Street, open 11-1. Live music Fri & Sat 11-12 & 5-10 p.m. & Sat 11-midnight. Open Thur-Sun Sat 5-2. Closed Sun & Mon. Cover varies. M.C. V. (2)

Boehrer's Garden, 328 E. Josephine (227-1187). Carry Nation, Prohibition, and Jimmy Carter notwithstanding, the American tradition of inebriation continues unabated. At Boehrer's, you can buy a \$100 bottle of Pappy Van Winkle, this tradition has been staunchly upheld since 1886. You can drink 50-cent beers here till the salish on the wall cones itself, while living a bit of San Antonio history at the same



Sanctuary

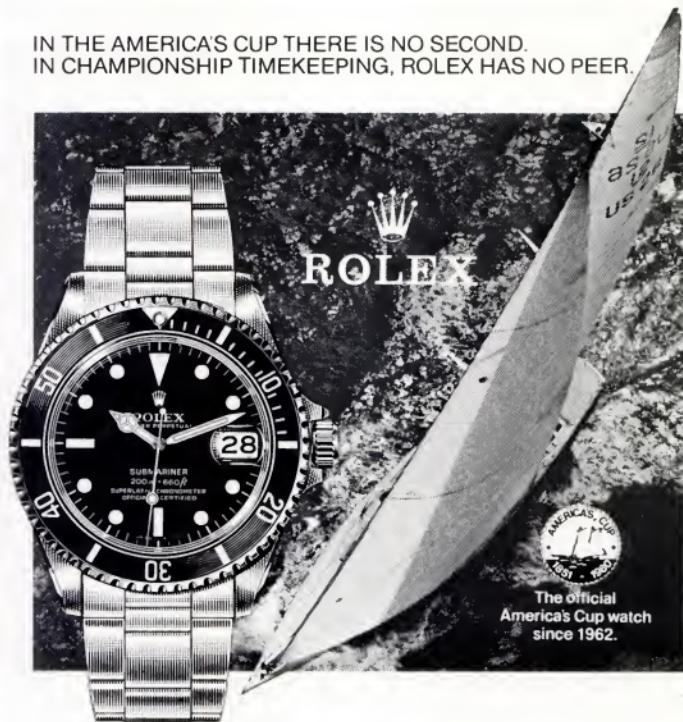
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SAN ANTONIO

time. A back room is reserved for private parties. Lunch is served daily 11-3 except Sun. Open Mon thru Sat 11-2, Sun noon-2. No cover. N. 

Bonham Exchange, 411 Bonham near the Alamo (212-3811). Although the tasteful, variegated decor at this gay bar is a refurbished downtown complex is enough to recommend it to any member of the bar-hopping elite. The Bonham is striving to be more than just another pretty façade. Social activities presently being initiated include everything from live entertainment to a weekly "Miss Bonham" beauty contest. Open 7 days noon-2 (after hours on weekends). Cover \$1 Sun thru Thur, \$3 Fri & Sat. Special memberships are available. N. 

The Bonham Landing, 1164 E. Commerce (224-9332). This new club is located in a recently restored Saint Paul's Square adjacent to the Southern Pacific station and just a short distance from downtown San Antonio. Attractive and swanky-looking, the Bottom Line features live music, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday by Harold Bennett Plus 3 with Trudi Lynn and the band. Open 7 days noon-2 (after hours on weekends). Cover \$1 Sun thru Thur, \$3 Fri & Sat. Special memberships are available. N. 

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Durty Nellie's, 552 Riverwalk (223-7266). Jazz headquarters on the Riverwalk also (223-2481). Hey, you with the white soul? Wanna have a good time? It's all here on the Riverwalk. Sure, the beaters have, but the pragmatists are free. Anyway, whatever you wanted the last time you drank too much? You didn't? Never mind. You remember the words to "Harvest Moon" don'tcha? Sure! Guy down the block's gonna be there. You know, you can bring your balloon! Say, where'd you get that hat? Music starts nightly at 8. Open 7 days noon-1. No cover. Cr. 

El Rincon, La Mansión del Norte Hotel, 37 NE Loop 410 at McCullough (341-3353). A good spot for winding down after a free-spirited night on the town. Attractions include a restaurant, theater, and nightclub scene. In a city where nearly everybody likes to make noise, El Rincon is mercifully unkud. Jazz, ballads, and bossa nova are rendered by a group called Small World, who make more music than any other people we've ever seen. Music Tue thru Sun 9-1, with jam sessions Sun evenings. Open 7 days 10-2. No cover. Cr. 

The Esquire, 155 E. Commerce (222-2521). The street-level formality of an old-time bar prevails here. Ladies are escorted when they enter. Local and out-of-towners are escorted when they leave. Mimosas come and go with pleasure. A well-kept place with cheap drinks, substantial food, and a view of the river. Bar open 7 days 7 a.m.-2 a.m. Close 24 hours. No cover. N. 

The Farmer's Daughter, 54 N. W. White (333-7391). If the term "old-fashioned" turns you off, don't go here. (And watch out on your way home, greenhorn, or a giant ar-

madillo might drink up all your beer.) However, if you've managed to get over that phobia and can stand the thought of three generations in one room all having a good time, then come on over. Open 7 days 11-1. Fri & Sat 5-1. Sun 2-midnight. Closed Mon & Tue. Free dance. Wed night and Sun 2-8. Coverage over other times. N. 

Jimmy's Mexican Restaurant and Party Room, 4400 Kittman (826-7485). Here, in its hometown, conundrum music is as much a staple as the fluid salsa. Some songs were written here and some here. Unfortunately, Flaco is often out of town these days, but his father takes the stage at Jimmy's every Saturday night. It's a friendly, accessible score, and Santiago Sr.'s funny, energetic manner definitely cuts through the noise. Cover \$1. Sun 2-8. Entertainment Sat 9:30-11:30. Open Sun thru Thur 9 a.m.-10 p.m. Fri & Sat 2-2. Cover \$2 for entertainment. Cr. 

The Landing, 532 Riverwalk (223-7266). Jazz headquarters on the Riverwalk. Jim Cullum's Happy Jazz Band delivers Dixieland and classic jazz to the delight of what is often quite a large crowd. The spring-summer season here will include live music. Monday, Tuesday, 8-1. Fri & Sat 9-2. To further entice the home the HIB often calls in distinguished guest musicians. Club open Mon thru Sat 8:30-11. Or 2. Outpost open Tue thru Thur 11-10:30. Fri & Sat 11-midnight. Sun noon-midnight or so. Cover \$2 inside. Cr. 

Lulu's, Houston 1420 Main (223-24114). Just when it seems that this little beer and burger bar could get any stranger, they covered the whole thing with aluminum and painted it bright orange. So there it sits, like an abandoned bus full of colored lights. Lots of people try to get their bags in here, but they've got to go elsewhere. Drop in for lunch or after work nowadays. It's the only bar we've ever seen that's closed on weekends. Mon thru Fri 11-midnight. No cover. N. 

Marriott Hotel, 711 E. Riverwalk (224-4555). Two clubs occupy the spacious ground floor of this new downtown hotel. The first, with an entrance on the Riverwalk, is a disco and a light show. If you prefer dancing to a bit less frantic, the Cabritto Room offers dinner and dancing to the Latin-country-rock-pop-jazz-pollka fusion of the Los Keys (60s). Food, dancing, and beer, baby, and pizza jazz have congregated for years at this musician-owned-and-operated bar on the northwest side to hear the resident Flying Dutchman Trio (with frequent contributions by local jammers and occasional appearances by traveling jazz greats). New offerings include a weekday lunch menu and happy hour piano bar.

Number Ten Club, 9720 Dixie Hwy, near IH 10 & Warshurst (696-1100). Fairly new, baby, and pizza jazz have congregated for years at this musician-owned-and-operated bar on the northwest side to hear the resident Flying Dutchman Trio (with frequent contributions by local jammers and occasional appearances by traveling jazz greats). New offerings include a weekday lunch menu and happy hour piano bar.

Rock Saloon, 3625 West Ave (341-4144). Built up on your right, the Rock Saloon is a great place to go for a cheapie concert. The rock music here is served hot and loud. Not too bad looking as rock clubs go, but get there early if you want to find a place to sit. Nationally known groups from the US, UK, and the islands are featured on a regular basis. Open Tue thru Thur 5-11, Fri 5-12, Sat 11-12, Sun 11-12. Cover \$1. 

Texas Dance Hall, 26995 US Hwy 281 (497-8647). It looks like a brand new airplane hanger from the outside, and we feared another country-and-western Disney-land was coming to San Antonio. But the dances are open to the whole family, and the premium country and western bands are sure to be present. The month's lineup will include top local and national country acts (call for schedule). Head north from SA on US Hwy 281 and look for the hall on your left not far past Loop 1604. If you can't see it from the road, better pull over and look for the sign. Open 7 days 8 a.m.-11 p.m. Cover \$1. Open Thur Sat 8-1. Cover varies. N. 

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Open Mon thru Fri 11-30-2. Closed Sun. Live music weekdays 4-7 (no cover). Wed, Fri & Sat 9-1 (cover \$2 per person. \$3 per couple). No music Mon. Cr. 

Pappy's Party Room, 1501 S. Alamo (212-3811). The latest in the "the-place-but-not-called Skipperly's. In addition to the better-known local bands, the bill is filled here by Texas rockers (Sahm, Meyers, Ely) and members of the neighborhood musical underground. Ever funkier than thou, Pappy's is now a BYOB joint, serving only beer and soda. The place is a bit dark, but the band is lit up and the john is no-man's-land, but what the hell? It's a rock 'n' roll bar, not a tennis club. Open Fri & Sat if a band is booked; available for private parties. Cover varies. N. 

Pioneer House, 808 Callejas (341-9159). Bluegrass music is their specialty, but they're not the only ones who really loves it, but he probably wants it around his place all the time. In San Antonio, the home of bluegrass is a small lounge adjoining a large north side restaurant. The resident band, Tennessee Valley Authority, has held forth in style for over five years with a mix of bluegrass, country, and some blues and special guest appearances by nationally known bluegrass artists. Live Music Thur thru Sat 7:30-11:30. Lounge open 7 days noon-2. No cover. Cr. 

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RESTAURANTS

Al-Art Lebanese Food & Steaks, 5137 Fredericksburg at Calhoun (344-2022). This is a good place to go with three or four friends, each ordering a different entree. The pungent flavors of Lebanese food can cloy if you're faced with an entire dinner portion of, say, stuffed grape leaves or beef curry (order it with rice). The middle appetizers (such as stuffed eggplant, chickpea salad, chick pea with olive oil and spices), a creamy eggplant and yogurt dip, and tabouli salad with whole-grain wheat, mint, and parsley. We had a very pleasant meal here red wine, and dinner, \$69.75. The atmosphere is clean and bright, and the split-level paneling, almost austere. Beer & wine. Sun thru Thur 11-10. Fri & Sat 11-1. Lower moderate. Cr. 

Anaqua Room, Plaza National Hotel, 55 S. Alamo (229-1000). The city's most beautiful dining room has suffered from a recent change in ownership. The original chairs have been replaced with oversized, high-backed velvet chairs in the "Mediterranean" style. And the food now suggests that the kitchen is only following recipes, instead of seeking the culinary high road. Kidneys, kidneys have improved, sautéed in butter and onions, and onions poached in lettuce had a noticeably bitter or off taste. Desserts remain excellent—the pear soufflé surpasses the Grand Marnier meringue. While not as refined as it once was, it is still the sort of restaurant that thoroughly pampered. (That is not tap water that goes in your glass, thank you, it is Evian.) Across the patio, the Restoration Bar & Grill serves light lunches and, in the evening, provides a quiet, intimate, and romantic setting. (Currently open Mon thru Thur 11-11; Fri & Sat 11-midnight; check for seasonal changes.) Anaqua Room: Mon thru Sat 6:30 a.m.-11, 11:30-2 & 6-11; Sun 6-11, 11-2 (buffet) & 6-11. Music in the room from 8:30 to midnight. Expensive to very expensive. Cr. 

Arthur's, 4001 Broadway (826-3200). This handsome restaurant bills itself as "an American restaurant" and the cuisine, while definitely haute, is just as definitely not French. Freshness of ingredients and ingenuity in preparation and presentation are the order of the day. We had a refreshing asparagus soup and an appetizer of chilled shrimp and leeks vinaigrette. Salads, overwhelmed in dressing as on previous visits, were a minor disappointment. Carpetbagger steak was a excellent meat, butterflied and embracing three fresh oysters. The dessert is called the "tropical" and the decor vaguely Southeast Asian. The service, while not always attentive to details, is shall we say, impressive. There is a strict no-smoking policy. We had a very nice dinner here. Cr. 

Cappy's, 5011 Broadway (828-9669). This is a chummy place, with decor of pure urban-rustic and a fairly high noise level, especially at night. We had decent though not outstanding, meat-the-roast. The filet mignon, cheese steak, a redfish fillet rolled in finely chopped almonds, a perfect warm spinach and bacon salad. But what's this on the lunch menu? Fried Camelbert? Lightly breaded, then quickly deep-fried, it is served with currant jelly. Our happy solution: split an

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order as a dessert or savory. How nice to know that there's adventure just around the corner in Alamo Heights! Happy hour daily 3-5. Bar. Mon thru Fri 11:30-11, Sat & Sun 10-3 (New Orleans brunch) & 5-11. Moderate. AE, MC, V.

* **Chi Arildi**, 7701 Broadway (824-6567). Owner-chef Guillermo Arildi takes a personal interest in every aspect of the restaurant's operation, according to a few customers who have crossed paths with him. Our own experiences have been close to perfection. Where else could we cheerfully consume a cream of turnip (turnip!) soup that turns to a bit of broth when you add a few drops of oil to the water? "Nothing to excess seems to be the motto." That means, among other things, that some people may find the portions understated. We find that we arrive at dessert (the chef's special French cake, for instance) filled with anticipation, not full. French cooking, delectable desserts, a bit of a fine Parisian cafe. Bar. Tue thru Sat 11:30-2 & 7-10 (one seating at dinner). Closed Sun & Mon. Reservations a must. Lunch moderate, dinner expensive. AE, MC, V. (②)

Copper Kitchen, Southwest Craft Center, 300 Augusta (222-1848). If you're visiting San Antonio for the first time this cheery little place is part of the restored Ursuline Convent close to downtown. Freshness and color are important ingredients in the simple menu, which features homemade soups and sandwiches and at least one hot entree. The hand-blended soups and dressings are outstanding. Service is a la carte-style; find a seat at one of the polished wooden tables. Visit the gallery after lunch. Mon thru Fri 11:30-2. Closed Sat & Sun. Inexpensive. N.

Cucendo, Hyatt Regency Hotel, 123 Losoya on the river (222-1233). The Hyatt is a place where many who know the answer but has not yet heard all the questions, this handsome new dining room seems destined for greater ease and assurance than it now exhibits. The service, though attentive and responsive, lacks polish. So the chef should make most of the food. French omelette cookies, to firm yet tender perfection, served with an orange-scented sauce, mussel soup presented in a dish covered with brioche, a fish mousse of exemplary lightness and delicacy—are all to the credit of the kitchen. The fish, however, is another story. The flavoring of the salmon en croûte overwhelm the fish and allowed a thoroughly ordinary turtle soup to take its place among wortier soups. Time should bring the problem level down. Bar. Open 7 days a week. Very expensive. (②)

* **Casa del Cambridge Plaza**, 5600 Broadway (821-8454). Admittedly, the popularity of the place, coupled with sudden expansion, made us a bit nervous. How nice, then, to return and find the food as excellent as ever. Without the slightest fainture, there passed before us a savory cheese tart, rich and creamy; a delicate, crisp, a la carte omelette; a crisp salad not chilled to death, and lightly dressed; then a superbly fresh reddish in black butter sauce enhanced with capers and accompanied by perfectly cooked vegetables in a basic, thin, shiny sauce; a superbly prepared bowl of hollandaise. Beef Wellington was less successful; the meat tender than tasty and the crust a trifle soggy. (So are the croissants at lunch—an anomaly in a place noted for its pastries.) Bar. Tue thru Sat 11:30-2 & dinner 5:30-11. Continental breakfast. Sun only. Closed Sun brunch 11:30-4. Closed Mon. Moderate. AE, MC, V. (②)

El Jarro, 13421 San Pedro (494-5084) and 6552 Bandera (684-6719). This is the city's most successful combination of folksy charm and good Tex-Mex food. The kitchen pays attention to detail, as well as taste, and the food is firm and crisp but not messy, are topped with very fresh guacamole and a garnish of spirited and colorful *pico de gallo*. Tortillas and complimentary *quesadillas* (cheese turnovers) are prepared in a little kitchen that occupies the rear of the room. Only the *fajitas* were disappointing. The meat of the beef (skirt steak) drier than usual and the marinade a bit too evident. Dance band (San Pedro only) Fri & Sat from 8. Bar. Mon thru Sat 11-2:30 & dinner Mon thru Thur 5-9, Fri & Sat 5-11. Closed Sun. San Pedro brunch Sun thru Thur 5:30-10, Fri till 11, Sat 11-11, Sun 11:30-30. Inexpensive to moderate. Cr. (②)

Golden Buddha, 445 McCarty off San Pedro north of Loop 410 (349-1984). The ownership has just changed, but not the character of the food. The atmosphere is still that Thai food and rather mundane Cantonese selections. Thai dancing, more authentic than accomplished, enlivens Saturday night. Beef with mint and hot pepper, a simple but vigorous salad, if the peppers are at their peak, did not guarantee to renew our interest. Thai beef and Noddles with beans and vegetables would better suit those whose taste runs from, not to, pepper. Small, neat but informal, and seemingly authentic, Golden Buddha has its own distinct charm. Beer & wine. Moderate. Fri 11-10, Sat 4-10. Closed Sun. Moderate. AE, MC, V. (②)

* **Golden Palace**, 8822 Wurzbach (699-6700). We inadvertently tested this place under trying conditions (a private party of 300 competing for the last table in the side room) and it passed with flying colors. Located in the side room, it is past the high watermark of taste, located in the side room, less gaudy than the main room and perfectly comfortable. To lessen confusion, we ordered a standard five-person dinner. While it contained no surprises, everything was as fresh and appetizing as can be expected. The food was delicious, appetizing and excellent soup were included at \$40 and, though the delay in serving was less than anticipated, we were rewarded for our patience with a glass of plum wine and a smile. Bar. Sun 11-12, Mon 11-2 & 5-8, Tue thru Sat 11. Reservations for six or more. Moderate. Cr. (②)

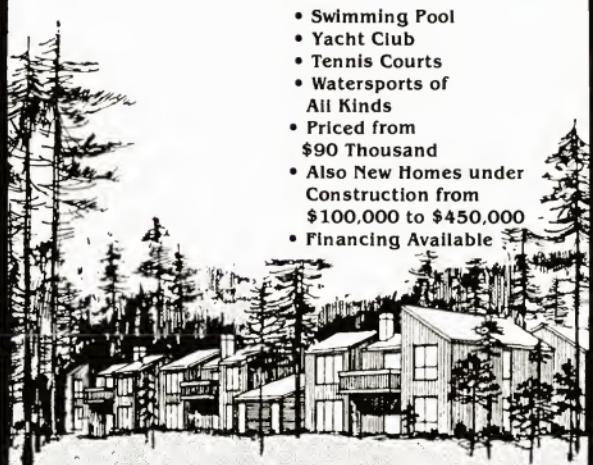
Greek Village, 7075 San Pedro (340-4023). This is getting to be one of our favorite places. The hosts are so warmly welcoming, the lighting and the Greek music are at just the right level, and the food has a homely, hearty flavor about it that is the sort of food we like. Middle Eastern meatballs in tomato sauce (*souzoukakia*) may not sound enticing but the sauce was delicately pungent; the meatballs tender. Stuffed zucchini with egg and lemon sauce was ample and delicious. Stuffed bell peppers with rice, beans and a sprig of oregano. Savory pastries, like spinach or feta pie, tend to be oilier than necessary. There are lamb

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drinks, of course. Even the bread has a solid, peasant quality. Beer & wine. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11-3 (moderate). Dinner Mon thru Thur 5-10:30, Fri & Sat til 11 (moderate). Closed Sun. AE, MC, V. (2)

La Fiesta, 1222 Austin Hwy (824-8393). Sprouts, that inevitable garnish at natural restaurants, adorn the Mexican dishes here, and the menu at La Fiesta, where Mexican food has gone on. Either the Enchiladas Sopas, filled full of cheese, or enchiladas Fiesta, filled with a heavy dose of chicken, shows the kitchen's strength. They like most dishes here are extremely mild. The hot sauce, a dish on every table, tastes fresh and fiery. The atmosphere tends toward the informal: the service is attentive, though hardly speedy. Fluorescent lights illuminate a mixed and somewhat garish decor. Beer. Sun & Tue thru Thur 5-10:30, Fri & Sat til 10. Closed Mon. Inexpensive. MC, V. (2)

La Fogata, 2427 Vance Jackson (341-9930). Can something as straightforward as beans or green onions explain a restaurant's reputation? Perhaps, when combined with simple authenticity and adroit execution, they can. Soft grilled beef is the specialty, and the beans are served with plain melted cheese with chorizo (spicy Mexican sausage) woven upon memories of Mexico's interior, rather than impressions of Tex-Mex style Mexican cooking. Expect busy informality, a little noise, and a little sweat. You'll get a meal and a pleasant, sunny patina. Bring your own beer. Tue thru Sat 7:30-10, Sun 8-8. Closed Mon. Inexpensive. N.

La Louisiana, 2632 Broadway (227-7984). Apparently La Lou reserves her favors for the spenders at dinner. At lunch however, we might have been at another restaurant altogether. We sat at a table in the bar, which was giving a restaurant room. (A fruit cocktail that was mostly canned caused us no complaint.) But at least plain sense ought to prevail. Consider the turkey Rochebeau: it was thickly covered (perhaps to hide the lack of taste) with the kind of a hollandaise sauce as tart as the excellent mayonnaise we just been served. Three bites and our tastebuds were reeling. Beef tips were served plain, without even the color that a bit of vegetable or garlic might have provided. Perhaps, like the old saying before it, the Lou is a restaurant that makes an appearance before it. Jacket required at dinner. Bar and extensive wine list. Tue Sat 11:45-2 & 6-10:30. Closed Sun & Mon. Reservations suggested. Lunch moderate, dinner expensive. N.

La Marquesa, 120 Produce Row (227-7140). This pleasant, brick-walled restaurant (with outdoor tables available) seems to have overtaken its older sister establishment, Mi Tierra, a few steps away. This is not surprising, because the food at Marquesa is better. (Mi Tierra's food is good, but it's not in Mi Tierra's repertoire.) What's more, the ambience is not a shadow to what Mi Tierra was before expansion destroyed its charm: you can actually see nearly

everyone in the place from where you sit—unless, that is, sometimes elusive waiters. Fajitas (skirt steak strips), served on a sizzling platter with a generous portion of fried onions, are among the best in town. Bar. Mon thru Thur 11-10, Fri & Sat 11-12:30. Moderate. AE, MC, V. (2)

La Provence, 206 E. Locust, off 1700 block of McCullough (225-0728). The food is good enough, with only a few minor teases in service and atmosphere, to make one settle happily in at La Provence and be pampered... and well fed. The opulence is not vulgar, just unmistakable. The influence of France is not sunny Provence, it is likeable and unmistakable, the sensible cooking especially those with cream or cheese. Veal dishes especially those with cream sauces, combine tenderness with subtlety. Soups can fall little behind the quality of the rest of the menu, but in general, a good meal is a good meal. French dishes in every category. Bar. Tue thru Sat 5-10. Closed Sun & Mon. Reservations suggested. Expensive. Cr.

Little Bavarian, 2102 S. Presa, near Lone Star Brewery (532-0522). San Antonio is almost as German as it is Mexican, but you never guess it from the scarcity of German restaurants. The Bavarian is a good example. The menu, travel posters and beer displays constitute the decoration. The kitchen, presided over by Horst and Erna Rau, emphasizes the traditional: schnitzels and sauerbraten are the array of offerings (imagine we presenters of New Mexican). They are made from meatiness by their very nature: red cabbage and homemade sauerkraut, light dumplings, and a tart cucumber salad. Beer & wine. Lunch Tue thru Fri 11-2. Dinner Fri & Sat 5-10. Closed Sun & Mon. Moderate. N.

Lo'rentzo's, 8744 Wurzburg (696-0099). A dining room in a strip shopping center, with the art on the walls for sale, everything in one room—that's Lo'rentzo's. The oysters in the oyster cocktail taste freshly caught, and the soft, delicate scallops are served in a light, creamy, oniony, regular custard. The spaghetti, though advertised as al dente, has been a bit overcooked lately. But even a homely dish like spaghetti and meatballs is enlivened by fennel and (we thought) a small addition of Italian sausage. The service is friendly and personable, though not always. Tue thru Sun 5-10. Closed Mon. Moderate. N. (2)

Los Barrios, 2221 Blanco (732-6017). This is the kind of restaurant that aficionados come back to. You won't find the dreary fare that tourist-oriented restaurants serve to people who don't really like Mexican food anyway: instead, saucy sauces with plenty of garlic, onions, cilantro and clammy, chunky, fresh guacamole; flour tortillas that are nearly translucent and have a taste as delicate as croissants. Don't expect fancy service. And if you like paintings on velvet, our still hangs in the original room. Beer & wine. Sun thru Thur 9 a.m.-10 p.m., Fri & Sat til midnight or later. Inexpensive. MC, V. (2)

Los Burros, 2221 Blanco (732-6017). This is the kind of restaurant that aficionados come back to. You won't find the dreary fare that tourist-oriented restaurants serve to people who don't really like Mexican food anyway: instead, saucy sauces with plenty of garlic, onions, cilantro and clammy, chunky, fresh guacamole; flour tortillas that are nearly translucent and have a taste as delicate as croissants. Don't expect fancy service. And if you like paintings on velvet, our still hangs in the original room. Beer & wine. Sun thru Thur 9 a.m.-10 p.m., Fri & Sat til midnight or later. Inexpensive. MC, V. (2)

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SAN ANTONIO

Les Patis, 2015 NE. Loop 410. Take Starcrest exit (605-6120). There are three restaurants on the lovely grounds of this complex of plant nurseries and specialty shops along Salado Creek. As summer approaches, the crowds grow bigger; so you may have to wait for a table, especially at the Gazebo, the original place. The food is good, though. In New York, many maturing patisseries, La Hacienda serves Santa Fe-style Mexican food; the Brazier specializes in broiled beef, chicken, and shrimp. Be sure to save time for a walk around the grounds. Bar til 6. Lunch only Mon thru Fri 11:30-2:30, Sat & Sun til 3. Inexpensive to moderate. Reservations advised for Fri or more. AE, MC, V. (2) The Gazebo only.

Luigi's, 8625 San Pedro (349-2521). For years the food at Luigi's seemed to be uplifted by the heavily mock-Roman decor. Happily, the kitchen has come of age. The meatballs, broasted, are superb and flavorful; don't eat more than a cup. Seafood is extraordinarily good: snapper romano (with lemon, butter, and white wine) was flaky and delicious, even to its critics. Eggplant and zucchini, especially those dressed with parmesan, are liable to be superb. There's a wide selection of Italian wines and Luigi's himself is best able to help you here. Bar. Lunch Tue thru Fri 11:30-2:30. Dinner Tue thru Sat 5-11. Sun til 10. Closed Mon. Upper moderate. Cr.

Mama's Hofbrau, 9003 San Pedro (342-3219). The style is Texas-friendly and the emphasis is on good cheap steaks. We dropped in early one morning and sampled huevos Hofbrau (an egg dish generously laced with cheese) and Texas toast, so cut into in biteable pieces that it could be eaten with the coffee mugs filled. P.S. They also serve the best liver and onions in town. Bar. Mon thru Thur 7 a.m.-midnight, Fri 7-11, Sat 8-11, Sun 8-midnight. Inexpensive. AE, MC, V. (2) The Hofbrau is a good place to open up when looking at a forties gas station at 2442 Nacogdoches (826-8303). Same menu, plus bakery. (2) Nacogdoches.

Mario's, 325 S. Fecos (342-6602). This is a traditional courtesy in many of Mexico's restaurants to withhold the check until the customer asks for it. Mama's does the same, the service is fine until we wanted to go, then no check. The authenticity comes through in other ways, too: no gringo dishes on the menu. A wide variety of Mexican beers bolster dishes such as chicharron (fried pig skin), shrimp, meat, stews and beans with the flavor (and the kind of sponge) of Mexican ranch chesse. On weekends getting a table can be hard, but on weekdays the restaurant may be half empty. Loud music, though, can be a problem. Bar. Sun 11-11 p.m. Open 7 days 24 hours. Inexpensive to moderate. N. (2)

Mi Tierra Cafe and Bakery, 218 Produce Row (225-1262). This is the Tex-Mex Mama Leone's of San Antonio—bigger than any six restaurants. Mexican restaurants and verging on the Tex-Mex, Mi Tierra is a good place to go. (Look for George's special) is OK, though the refried beans are soupy and unappetizing. Best bet is to go at night or for breakfast: eggs rancheros and a selection of pan dulce (sweet bread) from the bakery up front. The latter are absolutely amazing. The service is good, though the wait can be torturous after about 8 p.m. Bar. Open 7 days 24 hours. Inexpensive to moderate. N. (2)

Nik's Tokyo Inn, 819 W. Hildebrand (736-5471). San Antonio's best seafood is easily attainable here.

Light, crisp, andaky, hot and sour, make equally delicious and authentic meals. Oriental music, a choice of Japanese or western-style tables, handsome modern paper lamps... and waiters in traditional costumes complete the atmosphere of the restaurant. This is likely to be one of the menu's high points: look to one of the other selections now for the best fish—shrimp tempura, for example. If you have not sampled sukiyaki (fish served with caldron), and the like, you are in for a treat. Start with tuna, the most famous of first-timers. One order split among two or three people makes a fine appetizer. Beer & wine. Tue thru Thur 5:30-10, Fri 5:30-11, Sat noon-11, Sun noon-10. Closed Mon. Moderate. AE, MC, V. (2)

Oyster Bay, 859 S. Alamo (222-0604). Spadefish is the restaurant's specialty in three distinct ways: it is hard to find in Texas, it does not keep well, and it is underfishing of even minor cooking mistakes. So Oyster Bay has overcome tough odds to present consistently well-cooked seafood from the Gulf of Mexico. The fish is expertly prepared to the shellfish specialist. Not only are there some unusual dishes available, such as mussels and a scallop casseroles, but they are cooked unusually well. The several dining rooms, decorated with nautical artifacts, are indeed comfortable, almost fancy. Sun on them. Tue-Sun 5:30-10. Upper moderate. Cr.

*Parsano's, 1715 McCullough (226-9241). Although this restaurant is best known for its masterpiece, shrimp Parsano, we often hear the real special: Veal Parsano, and the picture on the east wall of the interior is batter coated, the latter not. A light lemon sauce accompanies both, and either shows the kitchen at its best. Pasta lags behind the excellence of the rest of the menu, but pizza is a good one, and the bread is superb. Beyond the good food, Parsano's has the energy that typifies good restaurants everywhere. The clientele, mostly well dressed, can fill up the restaurant by mid-evening, so arrive early. Bar. Sun 11-11 p.m. Closed Mon. Inexpensive to moderate. Sun 5-11, Sun til 10. Closed Mon. Inexpensive to moderate. MC, V. (2)

Red Carpet, 107 E. Martin (222-8561). You could drive by 50 times and never realize that you were passing one of the great showplaces of San Antonio restaurants. Originally a private club, it is now open to the public and has a direct interior. The Red Carpet turns out meals that are often better than we expect them to be. For example, we recently ventured beyond the basic steak and fish selections to try filet bourguignon and founroades Red Carpet. The latter was fancier, with an artichoke bottom and mushroom caps, but



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(top left) Philip Jerry in Kurt Jooss's *THE GREEN TABLE*; Cynthia Anderson (top right) in Gerald Arpino's *SUITE SAINT-SAËNS* (bottom left) Madeline Bergeron-Levere in *Holiday in General Arpino's LIGHT RAIN* (bottom center) Christine Hickey and William Whittaker in Jerome Robbins's *NEW YORK EXPORT OPI-JAZZ*; (bottom right) Denise Jackson in Robert Joffrey's *POSTCARDS*. © Philip Morris Inc. 1982. Photographs by Herbert Migdoll

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SAN ANTONIO

both had tender beef, a rich wine sauce, and the seemingly effortlessness of the cooking makes one think that the chef tosses off such things every day. The menu is good, too, with 26 years Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2. Dinner Mon thru Fri 6:30-10. Sat 10:30-11. Closed Sun. Moderate. 15% gratuity added. Cr. (2)

San Angel, La Mansion del Norte Hotel, 37 NE. Loop 410 at McCullough (699-5897). The matrice of the menu is grandioso, yes, or seated at a table covered with a fabric and hand a large silver and black menu. Both food and service maintain this air of expensive elegance. There are straightforward steaks (though the two we tried sacrificed taste to tenderness) and a special crab cake (one of the two \$54.11). But the menu abounds with complex dishes—some prepared tableside—Involving cognac, cream, shallots, and butter. Our favorite is the game hen, deboned and buttery, presented in a most unusual cabbage and vegetables. The Sunday buffet is especially handsome and varies, featuring made-to-order omelets. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2. Dinner Mon thru Thur 6-10:30, Fri & Sat till 11. Sun brunch 10:30-2:30. Lunch moderate, dinner expensive to very expensive. Cr. (2)

Sea Island Shrimp House, 322 W. Rector across from North Star Mall (342-7771). Sea Island should hardly keep up with the press of lunchtime visitors—first you wait in line to order, then you wait for a table while your food is prepared. Fairly good, though, for forgive the indulgence when they sit down to fresh oysters, shrimp, or fried fish. Simplicity and efficiency are the watchwords—if you want a relaxed and quiet chat at lunch, look elsewhere, but come here for a dose of fast seafood the way fast food should be done. Beer & wine. Mon-Sat 11:30-9:30. Inexpensive to moderate. MC, V. (2)

Settlement Inn, on access road off IH 10W at Boerne Stage Rd (699-2580). For a city in the heart of Texas, San Antonio is curiously devoid of good barbecue restaurants. To satisfy that need, the Settlement Inn has come along. IH 10 to the Settlement Inn. The mild barbecue plate provides all you can eat—the waiters will refill them as long as you can sit up. It is the quality, not the quantity, though, that keeps us going back. The meat is lean and tender, the sauce is not too hot, and the ribs are well done. They provide steaks for those who would rather skip barbecue. The building is an old stagecoach stop, and it looks as if improvements were made about the time the last stage came through. Mon-Sat 11:30-9:30. Fri & Sat till 11. Sun 11:30-10. Cr. Moderate. (2)

Via Veneto, 4330 Medical Dr (699-6028). By day, this is an efficient and satisfactory Italian restaurant catering to doctors in a hurry. After dark, it dons white gloves (metaphorically speaking) and turns to culinary elegance. On occasion, a success. Cole slaw and a square octopus with its tangy and a rich chicken soup accompanied our entrees. Linguini with clam sauce was served with fresh clams in the shell and lots of garlic; the pasta itself was dry and ungenerous. Chicken with a suffocatingly heavy cream sauce, though, seemed to have been added just before serving. Both management and servers, however, appear most eager to correct or at least compensate for such lapses. Beer & wine. Mon-Sat 11:30-9:30. Sun 11-10. Moderate. MC, V. (2)

Viet Nam, 3244 Broadway (822-7461). The Formica and leatherette decor says chop suey but this is one of the city's more interesting oriental restaurants. The slightly peppery crab soup supreme with "cephalopods" is just \$1 at lunch. We had an excellent meal, plain and simple, dining the Vietnamese spring rolls in paper-thin pastry, sauteed cauliflower, and the popular chicken with lemongrass. Portions are ample and the service very helpful. Beer & wine. Mon thru Sat 11-11. Sun 11-10. Moderate. MC, V. (2)

Villa Siena, 3220 Broadway (822-7460). The decor is curvy, with bottle corks and plastic grapes, and the table settings are strictly five-and-dime. But the pasta (most of it made here) is generous, well cooked, and seasoned. (Fennel seed and lasagna sauce is visible to the naked eye.) Side orders of fettuccine, arrabiata, and the like are a must but otherwise we were as happy as we usually are here—a condition to which the cheerful service and the extraordinary collection of European operas and popular records contributed. Beer & wine. Mon thru Sat 6-10:30. Closed Sun. Moderate. MC. V. (2)

Yvan, 1011 NE. Loop 410 near Broadway (821-6781).

Changes in management have reduced the size of the menu but, at least on our most recent visit, not the excellent quality of the food. Small entrees were earthy and earthy, and garlic and different varieties of rice (one with hearts of palm) vied with each other in freshness, perfect treatment in the broiler, and a complexity of flavors in the sauces. Our next visitors were so pleased with their good-bye stir-fry that we had to add it to the menu. The rustic atmosphere is comfortable but definitely not "country"—more like a ski lodge. Live band Wed thru Sat about 9-11. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2. Dinner Mon thru Sat 5-11. Sun brunch 11-2. Moderate. Cr.

Along the River

The Bayou, 517 N. Presa (223-6403). The Riverwalk is a favorite for both lunch diners, and the Bayou gives a particularly good value. The menu is a bit irregular, with a window table. After a recent appetizer of large, plump, even huge, oysters, we also enjoyed a flavorful (though conventional) shrimp creole. The special fish of the day, trout, cooked with a light cream sauce, was a treat. You need not dress up to come here, but you will fit in if you do. The Bayou can be crowded, so plan accordingly. Bar. Mon thru Fri 11:30-2:30 & 5-11. Sat 11-11. Sun 11:30-11. Oyster bar 11-11. Moderate. Cr. (2)

The Cozy (the cozier parent restaurant is at 2617 Wagonwheel off Nacogdoches north of Loop 410, 828-5726. (2))

SAN ANTONIO

Calico Cat Tea Room, 304 N. Presa, upstairs from the Riverwalk (224-4925). Some people like cats; some don't. The air of genial shovelness about this Cat puts the regulars at ease but startles some newcomers. Overlook it. The food is the best on the river. If you insist on the soup of the day, the "sausage" is "smoked beef," stiffer than ham and order it; you'll find it a rich and varied concoction better than you've eaten anywhere else but home. Salads are gorgeous, quiches redolent of herbs and good cheeses, and the desserts a catalog of the best. The cake list is long; we turned ourselves to the pineapple cake rich with brown sugar and coconut, we were confronted with its opposite: a reticent and only semi-sweet English pear cake. Beer & wine. Mon thru Sat 11-4. Closed Sun. AE, MC, V. (©)

The Riverhouse, 314 N. Presa or 506 Riverwalk (224-4515). The atmosphere is comfortable and chatty, and the menu emphasizes fresh and healthy foods—hearty sandwiches (with sprouts), an attractive soup-and-salad bar, daily hot specials, and an ingenious pie they call a Texas caserole: made with a crust of biscuits, filled with ham, cheese, ham, cheddar cheese, and black olives, in the same type of crust that holds the memorable buttermilk pie. Open 7 days 11:30-5. Inexpensive to moderate. Cr. (©)

Hu-Nan River Garden, 506 Riverwalk (224-0968). It was an instant hit to us, a little more refined than the canal-like setting along the San Antonio River. The preponderance of tourists is probably responsible for keeping the food somewhat on the bland side, despite a menu sprinkled with asterisks which are supposed to indicate hot and spicy dishes. The steamed fish, the steamed chicken, the steamed duck in ginger sauce, are frequently the best things on the list. So are those dishes that emphasize the steamed vegetables, like broccoli beef (NG 711). A good ploy at lunch: one of the best定价, beer & wine. Sun thru Sat. AE, MC, V. (©) The view is nice. Open 7 days 11-11. Moderate. AFM, V. (The main location of the restaurant is at 8069 Callaghan at IH 10, 349-5427, (©).

Kangaroo Court, 316 N. Presa or 512 Riverwalk (224-6821). If what you really want is a snack and an opportunity to waste time, this is the place to go. If you're looking for a pub may serve your turn. The simpler oyster and shrimp dishes are fine, especially the shrimp salad, which is generous and not overloaded with mayonnaise. We tried sautéed chicken legs, which were tasty, but a bit bland, with just two fair on the plate, rather expensive at \$9.95. There is a wide selection of imported beers, plus umbrella-shaded tables outside, which make up for a lot. Bar. Open 7 days 11:30-11:30. Moderate. Cr.

Little Rhein, 231 S. Alamo (225-2111). Of all the restaurants on the Alamo River, this is the one that seems to have the most tourist hustle. Located in an old rock house on the edge of La Villita, it exudes coziness and invites leisure. What's more, it serves some of the best steaks in San Antonio (notably the C-8 ribeye), and the service is good—after a long, long absence, a prime rib that is perfectly marbled and just as perfectly cooked. Rudimentary wine list. Bar. Sun thru Fri 5-11, Sat noon-11:30. Moderate to expensive. Cr.

This Month

Small, new, or offbeat places to try

Chinese Lantern, 8303 Broadway (824-2794). Since we last visited here, the serio-comic quality of the food has improved. It's still a nice, family-type restaurant but we haven't always had, for example, such excellent chicken with black bean sauce, served with crisp scallions and green pepper. There are a few innovations on the menu, including an appetizer called chicken on the flap. The list of sauces is also good, with a lightened teriyaki. As this is written, we learn that a second Chinese Lantern will open shortly, at 15200 Brookhollow. Beer & wine. Sun thru Thur 11-10:30, Fri & Sat 11-11. Inexpensive. MC, V. (©)

Cuzzini Pizzeria, 106 Valley, 718-5200. Barbecue (660-3012). All right, pizza lovers, here about pizza so thick that an eight-incher is more than enough for one person? Cuzzini, an establishment that looks about as Italian as a can of Lone Star, serves state-of-the-art. Some of these pizzas are close to an inch thick, even though it's not the way to make the quality, certainly the volume. Salads, with Italian dressing and a generous sprinkling of cheese, go well with the pizzas. Rustic and simple, Cuzzini is certainly not the place to wear a tie. Beer & wine. Tue thru Thur 11-11, Fri & Sat 11-midnight. Sun 11-10. Closed Mon beginning in June. Inexpensive. MC, V. (©)

Service Station Cafe and Beer Garden, 3011 N. St. Mary's at Mistletoe (736-6177). Returning to this unprepossessing place for lunch, we found it much more charming by day than in the evenings. The atmosphere is good. Corn chowder soup with a bit of onion made a good start. One of us enjoyed the fresh and substantial chicken chalupa, another the hot chicken-salad plate. The meatless spinach nut-burger turned out to be surprisingly good flavor. Excellent desserts (at \$1.75) include the Arkansas apple pie with sliced apples and without any of the goo that usually spoils this classic. We'll be back for lunch; perhaps the plain wood floors and tables just go better with daytime lighting and daytime service. Mon thru Fri 11-2. Dinner Mon thru Fri Sat 5:30-9:30. Closed Sun. Inexpensive to moderate. AE, MC, V. (©) Call ahead.

Spencer's Roll, 6106 Broadway (824-2104). Broadway is hot these days when it comes to restaurants, thanks partly to this promising new entry. A roll call: Spencer's Roll's menu's focus, though, has found its tenderness outside its flavor. Spencer's shrimp, one of several fish dishes, has a strong but not harsh garlic sauce. Snapper The Peppi, with sherry, lemon, and lime, is a good reason for a return visit. For appetizers in a full house, the audie provides a distinct improvement over a salad bar. The understated decor promotes relaxation. Beer & wine (ample California list). Lunch Mon thru Sat 11-2:30. Dinner Mon thru Sat 5:30-10:30. Closed Sun. AE, MC, V. (©)

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REPORTER

BY PETER APPLEGOME



Welcome to the investment game—more challenging than a day at the races, slightly less terrifying than Russian roulette.

How to Make a Million

For once the experts agree: the economy is great (buy stock) and it's awful (buy gold).

Remember when money used to be dull? It was nice to have and all, or so I'm told, but a few years back you didn't exactly light up a party by announcing you were an industry analyst for Smith, Barney or an investment specialist for Bankers Trust or manager of a little pension fund. Maybe this is just another case of the baby-boom generation's growing up and imposing its life cycle on society as a whole, but these days the investment game—more respectable than \$50 on a Raiders-Broncos clash, more challenging than a day at the races, and slightly less terrifying than a good, clean round of Russian roulette—is the hottest thing going.

What magazine is picking up advertisers faster than just about any other in the coun-

try? Of course, it's *Money*, which is full of thrilling articles like "Blue Chips That Will Benefit From Less Inflation" and "Charting Your Own IRA Course." Most of us can live without James Reston's and David Broder's political columns, but I try not to miss Dan Dorfman's or Louis Rukeyser's lurid accounts of impending booms or busts. A few years ago the mere thought of sitting through a presentation by the No-Load Mutual Fund Association would have induced instant catatonia. But when Irving L. Strauss called one recent morning with an invitation to visit with the managers of various Texas-based funds, I ran home, put on a tie and jacket, and dashed down to Dallas's Fairmont Hotel, expecting a real fun time. I was not disappointed.

A mutual fund, of course, is a pool of money that is invested in various kinds of financial instruments. For years, those instruments were primarily common stocks. In 1972 the mutual fund industry had \$60 billion in assets, of which 93 per cent was in stock funds. But what with various stock market convulsions and soaring interest rates, the industry has diversified considerably. By the end of 1981, 83 per cent of the \$250 billion in mutual funds was in income-oriented instruments, such as money market funds, that allow almost any dunce to make a decent return on his money. A no-load fund (as opposed to a loaded one) does not charge a commission for buying or selling shares but instead takes a small percentage of the amount the

June 7

Dad,
You often told me I should
seek my goals with passion; but
enjoy the rewards in moderation.
It's that kind of thinking that
makes Father's Day as special
to me as you are.

Happy Father's Day!
Love
Jerry

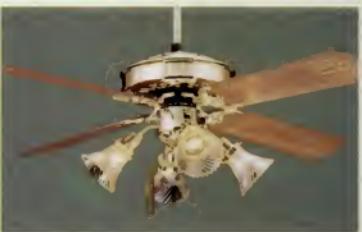
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Both Finomic's Wimberly (l.) and USAA's Roth are feeling bullish. But Roth likes your income makers—utilities, convertibles—while Wimberly favors your basic Sunbelt play.

fund earns for an investor. The no-load variety has grown from 160 funds with \$6 billion in assets in 1971 to 350 funds with \$200 billion in assets today. A fair part of that growth has been in Texas.

The Texas fund managers at the Fairmont shared two important characteristics with their brothers in New York and Boston. First, they talked in a relentless econospeak full of references to downside risk and upside potential, bullish and bearish indicators, elongated bottoming processes, market corrections, and intermediate consolidation phases. Second, they dished out advice so disparate that trying to follow all of it would have left one

running around in circles in abject panic, which is exactly what a lot of hapless would-be investors have been doing in recent years.

First up at the Fairmont was Harry Bingham of Growth Research and Management of San Antonio, whose main ware is United Services Gold Shares. That's the nation's second-largest gold fund (and largest no-load gold fund), with total assets of \$70 million. Most people buy gold because they believe that economic doom is at hand, but of late the worst cataclysms have been visited on the gold bugs themselves. Bingham's fund, like gold itself, has lost 60 per cent of its value in the last year and a half. Nevertheless, it has had a net inflow of \$35 million during that time, so apparently Apocalypse Soon still sells. The doomsday scenario Bingham was selling in Dallas foretold a wave of corporate bankruptcies and financial panic as the result of disinflation combined with massive corporate debt. "We believe that would once again cause people to turn to gold as a refuge from what would be at that point a crumbling credit market and a crumpling international monetary system," he announced happily.

Having been titillated by that one, I was mildly disappointed to hear William Eddleman, Jr., and Michael Roth offer more sanguine views of the investment climate. Eddleman is president of the Archer U.S. Government Guaranteed Securities Fund of Houston, which has almost \$10 million invested in various government bonds and securities. The firm also has a new money market fund and the Archer Emerging Growth Stock Fund (on Wall Street, there's no such thing as a non-growth stock, and growth stocks are always "emerging"), which invests in young companies that show a potential for substantial



appreciation—the ever-elusive IBMs and Xeroxes of the future. Roth is assistant vice president for investments at the USAA Investment Management Company of San Antonio, which has about \$228 million invested in its seven funds. He manages USAA's Income Fund, which includes income-producing vehicles such as utilities, convertibles, and mortgage pass-throughs. Both Eddleman and Roth stressed that high interest rates and declining inflation mean that for the first time in years, investors can make a good return with almost no risk. Eddleman's government securities fund had a return of 17.6 per cent last year and USAA's most productive fund returned 15.6 per cent.

Becalmed by that news, I was almost ready to doze off when Robert McDaniel of the highly successful one-year-old Texas Money Fund got up and started talking about his \$19 million baby. "Corporate cash management is a byword for the eighties," he said, explaining that he plans to adapt his fund to attract corporate cash. Since my cash level has never been of corporate quantity, that didn't do much for me—until he laid out his rationale, namely that the prime will go back above 20 per cent later in the year. If he's right, that means killing interest rates will persist, creating exactly the kind of credit squeeze Harry Bingham looks forward to.

That would almost certainly mean another major dip in the stock market, so McDaniel's remarks weren't a great lead-in for the last speaker, a representative from the Finomic Investment Fund of Houston, whose talk was titled "Common Stock Investments Now." The Finomic Fund, founded in 1972, is what we in the investment community like to call a pure Sunbelt play, a common stock fund investing almost exclusively in Sunbelt companies. At



Monetary crisis is just around the bend, gold bug Harry Bingham predicts happily.

Mark Garber

the time of the meeting, about a third of the companies in the Finomic portfolio were in Texas. Partly because of its Sunbelt location, Finomic was the 35th-best performer of all 524 U.S. mutual funds at the end of 1981. But its portfolio is down 11 per cent so far this year, and Thomas Wimberly, Finomic's vice president, immediately amended the title of his speech to "Common Stock Investments Soon."

He assured us that the much-heralded bull market of the eighties would eventually come to pass but said that poor short-term earnings, high interest rates, and overall economic sluggishness were leading him to keep about 42 per cent of his portfolio in cash while he waited for the right time to jump into the market with both feet. "If the Reagan administration carries its economic policies through," he said, "we believe the stock market will take off like crazy and you will see the two thousand or three thousand Dow that people have been talking about like pie in the sky over the past few years." (For the record, when I talked to him three weeks later, Wimberly was so encouraged by the progress of Reaganomics that he had already jumped in with one foot, investing half his reserve cash.)

In other words, the experts all agree with perfect unanimity that there will be an economic catastrophe or there won't be. Income funds like Eddleman's or Roth's will outperform tangibles like real estate—unless there's a return of hyperinflation. Stocks may boom, but maybe they won't, and it could be time to get back into the bond market, but don't take that to the bank. Making money? Nothing to it.

By the way, nonsubscribers will be interested to know that the *Applebome Investment Letter* is recommending pork futures and hog bellies or hog futures and pork bellies. I can't remember which at the moment. I'm also bullish on Harry Chiti and Carl Sawatski baseball cards, broiler chickens only if you have your own broiler, and alfalfa pellets for highly liquid investors with troublesome cowlicks. I'm forecasting major selling pressures on corn gluten feed and oriental rugs. And I foresee a possible panic in Swiss francs, because I've just learned the French are going to sue for trademark infringement. No one knows what the Swiss will use then. It might be chocolate. If so, buy chocolate. If not, eat it.

If you're not a subscriber, you can get the *Applebome Investment Letter* by sending \$25 to *AIL*, c/o Texas Monthly Investment Advisers, 2908 McKinney Avenue, Dallas 75204. If you act now, I'll send you a free copy of my popular booklets "Fiduciary Debenture Futures Hedging for Fun and/or Profit" and "Maximizing the Return on Your Child's Depletion Allowance: The Time Is Now . . . or Soon."



Now that beaver pelts are out of fashion, beaver colonies are cropping up everywhere.

Dallas Museum of Natural History

A Dam Nuisance

Beavers are cute—until they flood your back yard.

Gary McEwen wants to make one thing perfectly clear. He doesn't hate beavers. He thinks they're wonderful little critters—smart, cute, industrious, just the way they appear on the chain-saw ads on TV. But as assistant district supervisor of the Texas Rodent and Predatory Animal Control Service in College Station, he also knows that sometimes a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.

"I like beavers. I don't have a thing against them. I enjoy going out and looking at a beaver dam and a beaver lodge," says McEwen, who began trapping beavers four years ago in Lufkin. "But there's just going to be a certain amount of control work anytime wildlife comes in contact

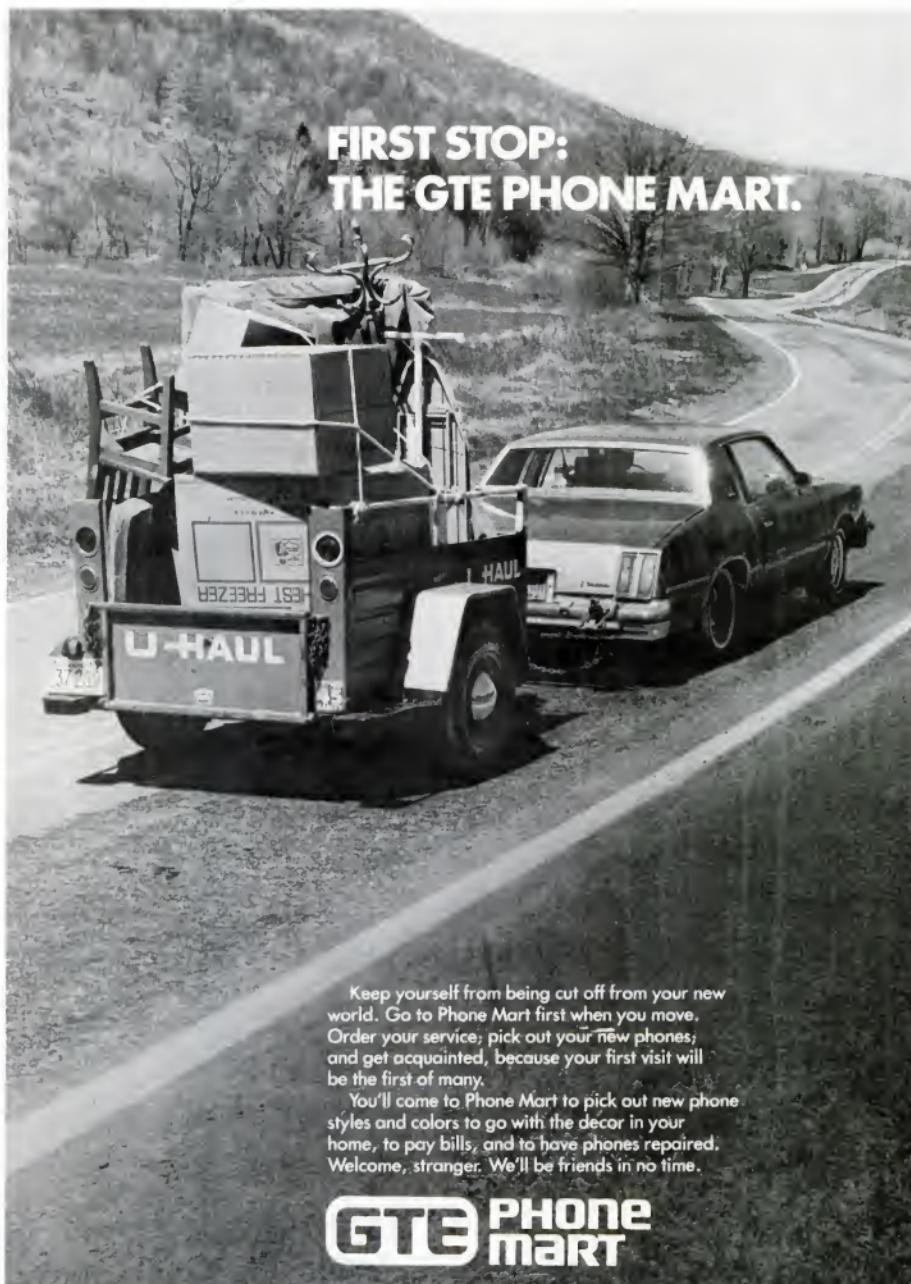
with man, and with the number of beavers we have these days . . ."

His voice trails off in an unspoken tribute to the fecundity of our aquatic, nocturnal buddy, North America's largest rodent, old *Castor canadensis*, your friendly neighborhood beaver. Almost extinct in the thirties and seldom thought of since as part of the Texas landscape, urban or rural, beavers are now just about everywhere. We've got beavers in the Panhandle and beavers in the Valley. Beavers in Harris County and beavers in the nicest neighborhoods of North Dallas. Beavers chomping on trees, building dams, and flooding territory. Beavers, in short, doing what beavers have always done, which,



A beaver would just as soon munch on a North Dallas willow as any tree in the wild.

Hobby King



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unfortunately, often does not accord well with the human scheme of things.

There once were between 60 million and 100 million beavers in North America. But they were trapped so indiscriminately to satisfy the lust for beaver coats and beaver hats that in the forties Texas' two remaining beaver enclaves—the Hill Country and the Rio Grande—had to be used to restock other parts of the state. Now the beaver's natural predators, like the mountain lion, the timber wolf, and the red wolf, are depleted, and beavers are held in such low esteem that they're no longer worth a trapper's time. (Bring one during trapping season to the Paris Hide and Fur Company, and Neil Whitaker will give you \$5 or \$6 for it.) With few limits on their numbers, beavers have multiplied to the point that almost any place in the eastern half of Texas that has water probably has beavers as well.

How many beavers is anybody's guess. "Oh, Lord, there's millions of them. There's no way to count them," says Bud Moon, district supervisor for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service's animal damage control district in Fort Worth. "You can't even get an estimate, because you're liable to have one beaver living in a colony or you're liable to have eighteen. I'll bet there's fifty per cent more beavers than there were ten years ago."

There are, of course, things far worse than an overabundance of beavers. All in all, they do at least as much good as they do harm. In the wild, they serve as nature's answer to the bulldozer. Their dams enlarge the habitats of waterfowl and furbearers such as otters, minks, and raccoons, and when beaver ponds silt in, they create exceptionally rich cropland. To this day, no one understands how beavers can

unerringly pick the site that requires the least damming to flood the most country, but somehow they do it. For beaver trivia buffs, I note in passing that the world's largest known beaver dam is an eight-hundred-yard-long edifice on the Jefferson River near Three Forks, Montana.

Unfortunately, all that industriousness is not always appreciated. Wildlife officials around the state are getting an increasing number of calls from city dwellers who complain that their trees are being chopped down by vandals that have four big incisors, weigh about forty pounds, and have flat, scaly tails that were once considered a delicacy by the crowned heads of Europe. Beavers are especially fond of willow, sweet gum, cottonwood, poplar, birch, aspen, and cedar. They are particularly troublesome to farmers, who find good cropland flooded or irrigation canals disrupted, and less so to lumbermen, who find prime young trees gobbled up or timberland submerged. Beavers also cause trouble by damming up sewer systems, especially in Fort Worth and Dallas.

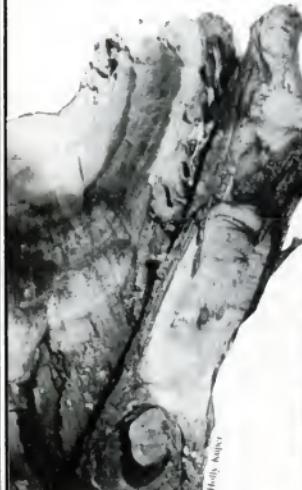
Commercial trappers are allowed to kill beavers only in December and January, but wildlife officials have two alternative solutions to the beaver problem. City dwellers worried about their trees are advised to wrap welded wire mesh around the trunks to ward off nibblers. And in cases of really serious infestation, various agencies are prepared with a sterner measure: the Conibear trap, a spring-loaded one-foot-square box that snaps shut as the beaver swims through it, crushing the creature's spine. Some other Southern states have resorted to bounties on beavers, but for now Texas has no such plans.

I sympathize with the beaver's victims,

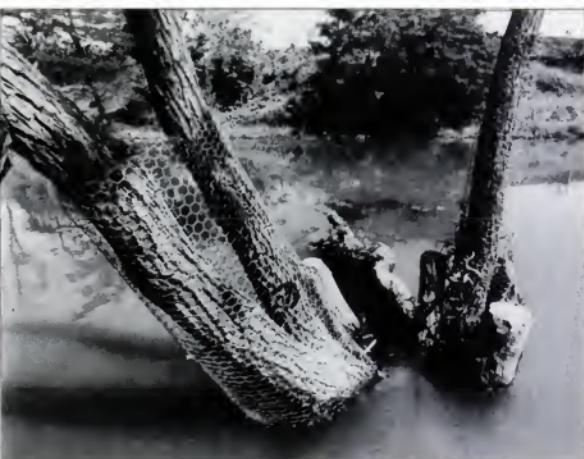


When beavers flooded Elaine Long's land near Terrell, she called in the agricultural extension service's Ricky Stamek (l.).

but you have to be pretty churlish not to wish beavers well as they go about extending their little watery empires. The most innovative pro-beaver stance I know of comes from Ruth Burgess Tillman, who



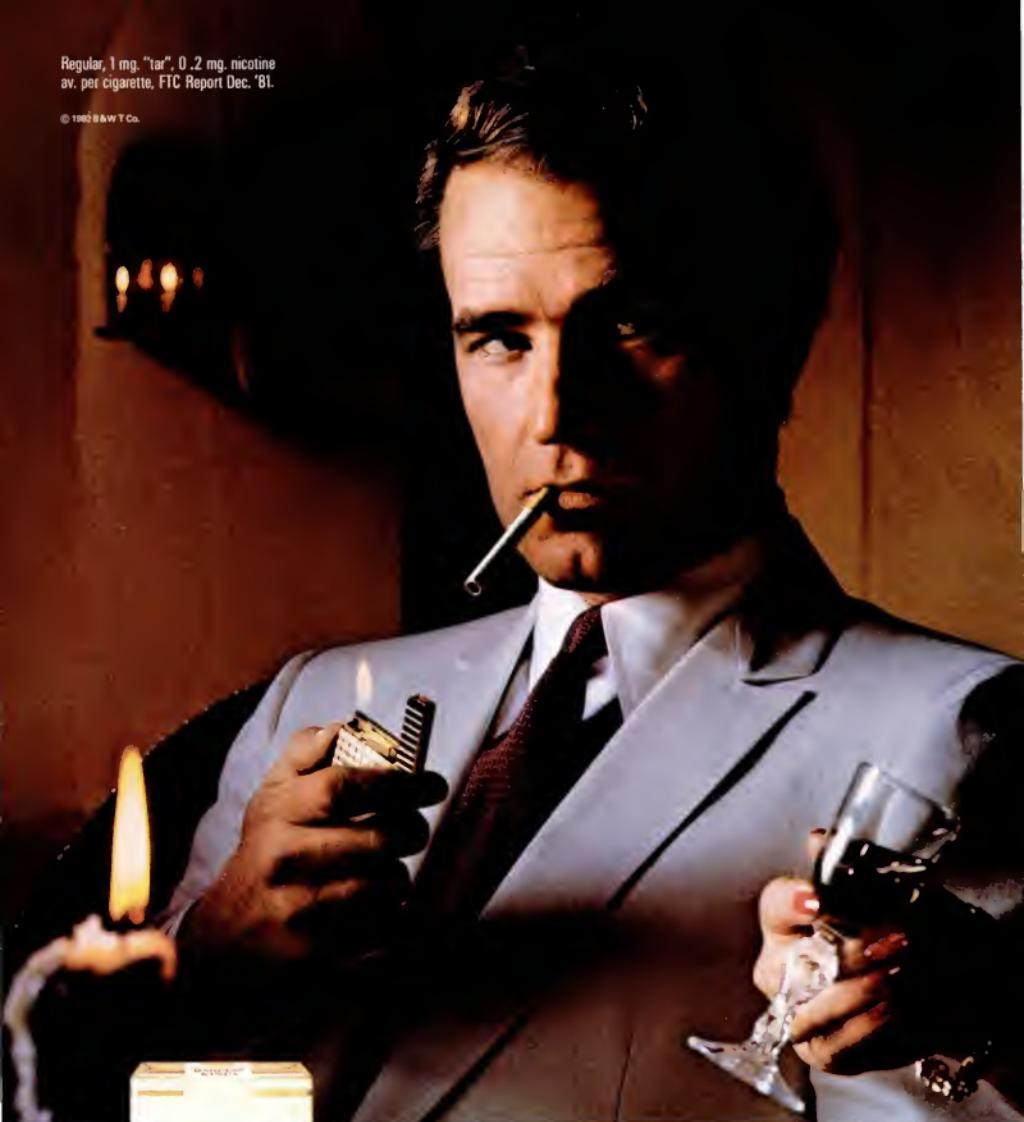
Welded wire



A shredded trunk attests to the beaver's efficiency, but welded wire can foil its bite.

Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

© 1982 B&W T Co.



99% *tar free*.TM

1 MG TAR

The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

lives on a 93-acre farm on the South Sulphur River near Commerce. After her land flooded twice, she decided she needed to unleash some beavers upstream to do preventive maintenance work. "I suggested

it to the agricultural agent, and he didn't think it would be a good idea," she explains. "He said, 'The beavers will eat your peach trees.' Well, I don't want to let them

out on my land. I want to let them out near Paris, so it would flood up there instead of here. So if someone has some beavers he wants to get rid of, I'd be willing to go and pick them up."

Low Talk

Sometimes the family that stays together goes nowhere. San Antonio mayor Henry Cisneros, his wife, and their two daughters were all set to ride in one of the city's Fiesta parades when officials rushed up to say that no children were allowed. Rather than leave the wee ones behind, Cisneros said *adiós* to the parade.

Houston boosters won't exactly savor the advertising campaign just launched in the national business press by New Orleans East. The Louisiana development company is telling Northern corporations looking to move south that Houston is a nightmare and New Orleans, natch, is a dream. The real rub, though, is that New Orleans East is a venture of (groan, gnash) Clint Murchison, Jr.—as in the Dallas Cowboys Murchisons.

Score one more for Texas' most celebrated hamburger. In a survey of more than four hundred newspaper food editors and critics from around the country, Kincaid's grocery store on Camp Bowie Boulevard in Fort Worth tied for first place with Perry's in San Francisco as the purveyor of America's best hamburger.

It just wasn't much of a spring for Houston state senator Jack Ogg, who was accused in a lawsuit of accepting \$25,000 to use his influence to block approval of a Houston landfill permit and then went on to finish last in the four-way Democratic race for attorney general. To add insult to injury, the day before the primary the *Dallas Morning News* made perhaps the inevitable typo by referring to poor Ogg as "Senator Jack Off of Houston."

The world can rest easy once again. Two Rice University graduate business students have finally come up with "An Application of Conjoint Analysis to Player Contract Decisions: The Case of Moses Malone." Thank God for the Harvard of the South.

Rosengren's bookstore, second only to the Alamo as a San Antonio landmark, is moving from its longtime quarters in the Crockett Hotel. The Crockett is undergoing major renovations, including demolition of some interior walls. "We're try-

ing to get out as fast as we can," laments Frank Rosengren. "Cement dust is no friend to books."

Meanwhile, Mario's restaurant, once another candidate for involuntary relocation (Low Talk, TM, January 1981), is staying put, right in the middle of a spiffy new government-funded retail and housing development. Mario Cantú says he'll triple his restaurant's seating capacity to 1500 and bill it as the largest Mexican restaurant in the U.S.

The Reagan administration's tightened regulations on eligibility for food stamps have worked a real hardship on one group of Texans—employees of the federal food stamp office in Houston. They've endured two or three bomb threats a month since the changes took effect.

There's no bidness like show bidness. Dallasites Gary Sleeper and Kimball Anderson are staking their future on the premises that (1) within every executive lurks a ham, and (2) employees love to see their bosses make fools of themselves. For a mere \$3500 a day, Sleeper and Kimball's Executive Sports Produc-

tions will videotape your firm's athletic events and edit the lighter moments into a real rib-tickler for corporate banquets and the like.

Stop the Presses!

You have to wonder sometimes what planet the people at the *Houston Chronicle* are on. Consider this photo caption: "SPRINGTIME RED AND BLUE. A lush field of Texas bluebonnets and Indian paintbrushes provides a blanket of bright springtime color along a softly rolling hill in a pasture on FM 1155 north of Chappell Hill. Such scenes have been common in Washington County." But only for the color-blind—the photo is in living black and white.

At the other extreme there's the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*. Its recent series on heroin traffic, which went so far as to name the leading heroin dealers in the city, was a model of what newspaper series should be and almost never are. And speaking of models, the Dallas *Downtown News*, which does an excellent job of covering downtown and keeping the two major papers honest, is considering launching similar ventures elsewhere. The candidates? Atlanta and Houston.



Houston a has-been? That's the line this Louisiana developer is using to lure corporations to New Orleans. You know: that famous Louisianian Clint Murchison, Jr.

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HYATT HOTELS  TEXAS

Sauza Conmemorativo

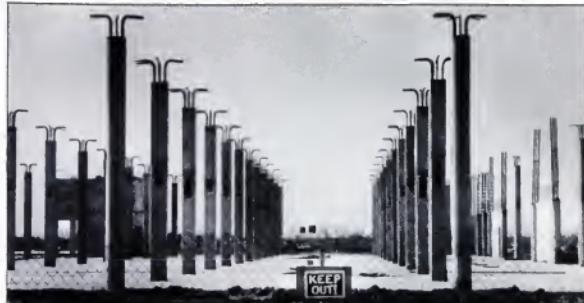
The tequila that belongs in a glass by itself.

Conmemorativo: Sauza's most celebrated tequila. So fine, so smooth you'll want to sip it straight. Of course, Conmemorativo also

smooths a Sunrise, mellows a Margarita. But, above all, it's made to be enjoyed in the traditional way: in a glass by itself.



Tequila, 80 Proof. Sole U.S. Importer.
National Distillers Products Co., New York, N.Y.



Randall Roberts

"I'm not sure the companies know which way to go," says UT's Harvey McMains (r.). National Semiconductor didn't—it suspended work on this Arlington plant indefinitely.



Carrie Johnson

Semiconductors and Longnecks

Despite its recent slump, high-tech industry should loom large in Texas' future.

When the national recession started stumbling into Texas last fall, the biggest reverberations were felt by the state's thriving electronics and information technology firms. There were major layoffs at Texas Instruments and Mostek, serious losses at Recognition Equipment and Datapoint. The National Semiconductor Corporation of Santa Clara, California, put on indefinite hold its partially completed \$130 million plant in Arlington, and Apple Computers dropped plans to double the work force at its plant in Carrollton. Suddenly, the glamour industry of the eighties, which is supposed to be to the end of the twentieth century what steel and automobiles were to the beginning, was facing the same kind of distress that has idled the factories of Pittsburgh and Detroit.

Much of the economic dislocation undoubtedly is short-term, the result of the recession and of fierce price cutting by Japanese companies that has eaten into U.S. semiconductor markets. But it's also a warning of a momentous economic tug-of-war that will continue for the rest of the century and will be fought not just between American and foreign companies but also between different regions of the U.S. Texas' prospects for weathering the current slump and holding or improving its position in the high-tech sweepstakes look good, but they will depend on several factors, most notably the state's ability to upgrade its research and capital-formation capacities and to maintain the skilled labor pool, economic vitality, and quality of life that have made it attractive to employers and workers.

For years, this country had two technology centers: California's so-called Silicon

Valley, located close to Stanford University on the southern rim of San Francisco Bay, and Boston's Route 128, near Harvard and MIT. Then, in the sixties, largely because of the remarkable success of Texas Instruments, Texas developed into America's third technology hub. But in recent years would-be high-tech nuclei have sprung up almost everywhere. The Research Triangle in the Raleigh-Durham-Chapel Hill area of North Carolina has emerged as the fourth center, and there are developing high-tech outposts in upstate New York and Long Island, in Portland, Seattle, and other parts of the Pacific Northwest, in Colorado Springs, Tucson, Phoenix, and South Florida.

"I was in Hawaii recently and picked up a paper and read that the governor was forming a commission and talking about attracting high-tech industry to Hawaii," says Bill Muse, dean of the college of business administration at Texas A&M. "I knew everyone else was talking about it, but somehow I didn't expect to find it in Hawaii."

Of course, for years high tech in Texas meant Texas Instruments. Founded in Newark, New Jersey, in 1930 as Geophysical Service, Inc., TI moved to Dallas in 1941. It revolutionized electronics in 1958 when it invented the integrated circuit. Despite last year's poor sales and some serious marketing blunders, the company now has \$1.08 billion in revenues and remains the world's largest seller of semiconductors, the tiny silicon circuits that are incorporated into every conceivable electronic product, from guided missiles to video games. The state's high-tech mainstays now include semiconductor makers

like Mostek in Carrollton and Motorola in Austin; makers of computers and information processors like Tandy in Fort Worth, Apple in Carrollton, Recognition Equipment in Irving, and Datapoint in San Antonio; firms primarily engaged in defense work like E-Systems in Dallas and Tracor in Austin; data processing specialists like Electronic Data Systems in Dallas; and hundreds of smaller firms involved in everything from medical technology to software development to automated banking to agricultural technology.

Probably the most detailed forecast of the industry's future here was a report done for Governor Clements's Texas 2000 project by Kenneth Knight, of the University of Texas, and Terry Dorsey, then of Interactive Data Corporation of Houston. It predicted that information technology would grow faster in Texas than in the nation as a whole during the next decade, with total sales quadrupling to almost \$13 billion between 1978 and 1990. That growth, the report said, would require almost \$3 billion a year in capital and more than 155,000 new highly trained employees.

Not everyone buys that bullish view, however. "Certainly, there's the potential," says UT's Harvey McMains, who headed the Texas 2000 task force on research and development. "Texas has a lot of advantages. But what happens depends on our enthusiasm and our ability to be innovative and to take risks, and some of our investments in the last two years don't really encourage me. I'm not sure that the corporations that are here know which direction they want to move. I don't think you can say that computer technology will necessarily flow to Texas."

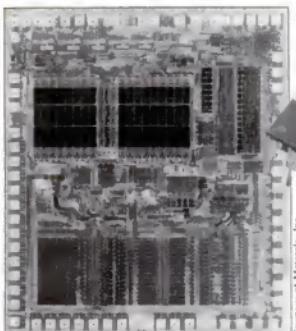
In fact, Texas' success has been limited. It has developed as a major manufacturing center, not as a major idea center. "We don't have a brain trust yet," says Mike Corboy, a TI alumnus who now heads

TOCOM, an Irving-based cable communications equipment company. "Texas has become the fabrication plant location," adds Vic Arnold, who headed Texas 2000 and is now associate dean of the college of business administration at UT. "That's a hell of a lot different from getting on top of a developing technology and taking off with it. I think that, relatively speaking, Texas has not done as well as we would have anticipated in innovations."

The reasons for that failure aren't hard to see. First, and probably most important, has been the lack of a university that serves as a research base the way Stanford has in California and MIT has in Boston. Second has been a comparative shortage of venture capital. Third, oddly enough, have been the state's natural resources: with so much money to be made in energy, that field has siphoned off both the entrepreneurs and the investors who might otherwise have concentrated on technology. And fourth, perhaps, has been the dominance of TI, whose close-knit corporate style has led neither to spin-off companies nor cooperative research efforts. In fact, at a time when the U.S. semiconductor industry is planning to spend \$20 million over the next two years for joint research to fend off Japanese competition, TI is the only major semiconductor maker sitting on the sidelines.

Unquestionably, Texas has lagged in fostering research, and research is the sine qua non of high tech. Expenditures for research and development—both private and public—come to \$216 per capita nationwide, and the figure is much higher in states like California and Massachusetts. In Texas, the figure is \$126. Recently, however, some Texans have moved to close the gap. Texas A&M is starting an Institute for Ventures in Technological Innovation (INVENT), which will help develop and promote new electronics companies and products. The Texas 2000 report called for the creation of a statewide advisory council to coordinate high-tech planning. And some universities, most prominently UT and A&M, show signs of maturing into the kind of research powerhouses the region has always lacked.

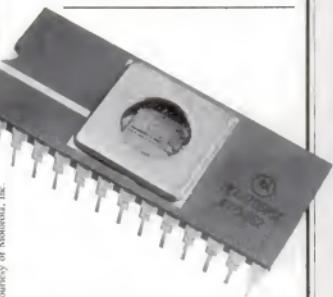
Texas does have plenty going for it: its fabled, "biddess" climate, relatively low land and living costs, a comparatively productive labor force, and a larger number of established firms than some of the newer technology hubs. But there's a good chance the state's real boom area for high-tech industries won't be Dallas-Fort Worth, where things got started. Michael Van Deelen, a senior analyst with the firm of Rauscher Pierce Refines in Dallas, says lower living and land costs, a large labor force, and proximity to the research expertise at UT should all make the Austin-San Antonio corridor the coming high-tech mecca. Also getting a good deal of attention is the Rio Grande Valley, which, because of its low labor costs, is extremely



One tiny chip, shown enlarged above, can store up to 64,000 pieces of information.

Courtesy of Motorola, Inc.

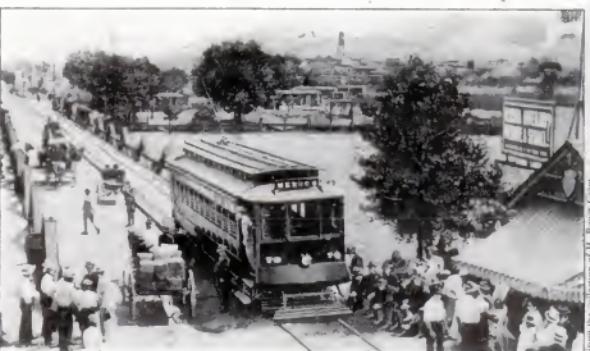
You can see a chip, shown actual size, recessed in this component.



attractive to manufacturers.

Of course, the most intense short-term competition, especially within the \$10 billion semiconductor industry, will be with Japan. The Japanese have already dominated the market for the newest silicon chip, the 64K random access

memory. The Semiconductor Industry Association—sans TI, of course—is pushing the government to negotiate an agreement that would allow American companies to do business without restrictions in Japan. And unless they can compete effectively against the Hitachis and the Toshibas, firms like TI and Mostek could have a lot more to worry about than whether to expand in Tucson or San Antonio.



In 1910, when this postcard was made, streetcars and interurbans were in their heyday.

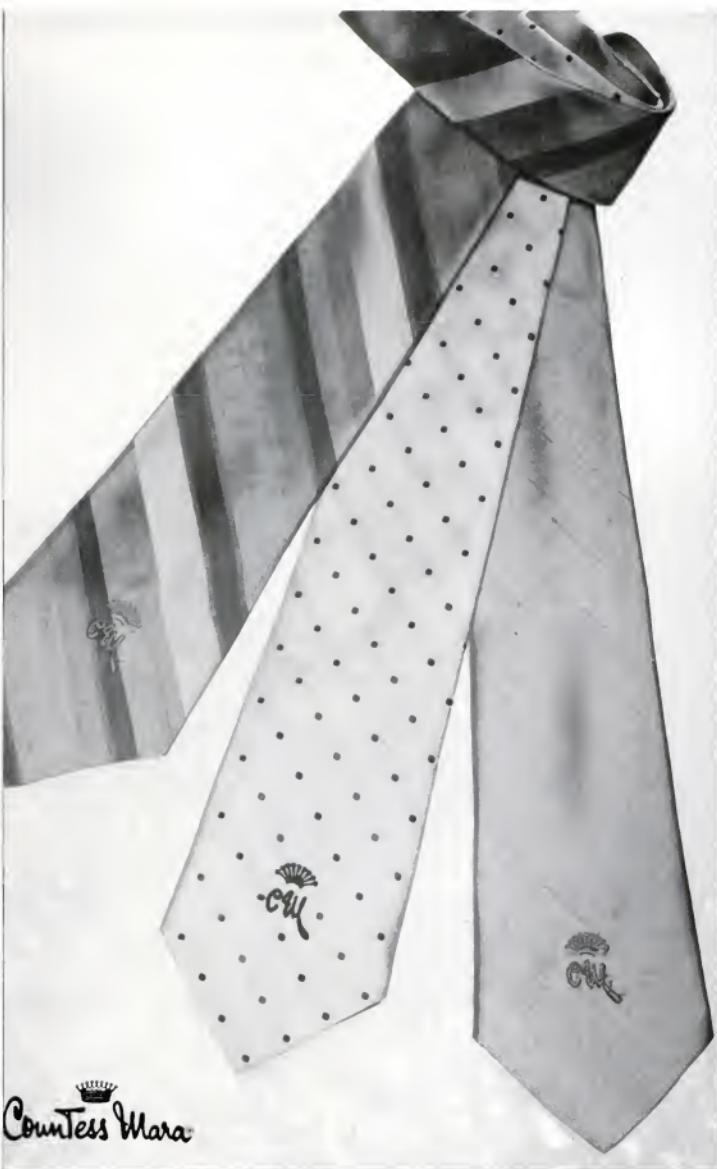
The Wheels of Progress

Rail transit sounds as good now as it did fifty years ago—when it failed.

All of a sudden Texas seems transfixed by the glories of rail travel. A few weeks after Dallas business leaders John Stemmons, Ben Carpenter, and Trammell Crow proposed a light rail system to run from the Dallas-Fort Worth Airport to Las Colinas to downtown Dallas to Fair Park, Dallas City Council members went to Toronto and fell in love with the subways there. Houston's Metropolitan Transit Authority has been forging doggedly ahead on its own rail proposal for some time, and

there's growing interest in a high-speed "bullet train" that would link Dallas, Houston, and San Antonio. Strange doings for a state with no commuter rail service.

More than strange, considering that essentially the same idea was the rage once before. In fact, it was one of the great failures of American commerce, the debacle of the electric intercity railway systems, or interurbans, that flourished for about thirty years—in Texas and elsewhere—and then disappeared almost over-



Countess Mara

SUMMER SILKS BY COUNTESS MARA.

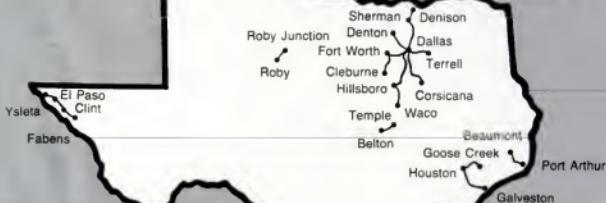
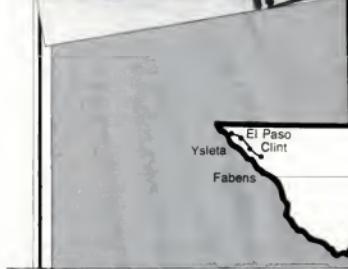
Noble qualities distinguish our Countess Mara® silk shantung neckwear collections. Lavish detailing. Sublime colorations. And no compromises in the way they're made. It's neckwear capable of satisfying not only a man's desire for a look that's elegant, but also for a look that's distinctive enough to set him apart from the crowd . . . to be that "one man in a million." Consider our selections of solid, dot and stripe patterns, from \$19.50 to \$23.50.

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MERRITT SCHAEFER & BROWN, AUSTIN: Downtown at Sixth & Congress, Hancock Center, Highland Mall, Barton Creek.
FRANK BROS., SAN ANTONIO: Downtown at 115 Alamo Plaza, Central Park, Windsor Park, Ingram Park.



From the collection of H. Roger Grant

The five hundred miles of Texas interurbans shown on this map were patterned after street railways like the Paris Traction Company's (bottom left). The eleven companies that actually operated lines included the Galveston-Houston Electric Railway (top left, bottom right) and the Northern Texas Traction Company (top right), which ran trains between Dallas and Fort Worth.

night, killed by the ascendancy of the automobile. Most Texans under fifty think of this as a state with little or no history of passenger rail travel, but between the 1890s and the 1920s, Texas had nearly 500 miles of interurban lines, more than any state west of the Mississippi except California. And there were proposals for hundreds of additional lines, with a projected total of more than 22,500 miles. "It's the great disaster of the twentieth century," says H. Roger Grant, a history professor at the University of Akron, who wrote about Texas' interurbans in the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly* in 1980. "There is no other industry that grew so rapidly and then totally went bust. It's a textbook example of something that went wrong."

Not much different from the light rail systems in vogue with transportation plan-

ners today, the interurbans were a by-product of the electrification of America around the turn of the century. They had several advantages over conventional steam-powered trains: they were cheaper to build and operate, they were cleaner, they ran more frequently and made more local stops. The earliest Texas lines followed the most traveled routes—between Dallas and Fort Worth and Houston and Galveston. But before long almost any town worthy of the name had plans for interurban service.

The good burghers of Brenham, rallying around the cry "All roads lead to Brenham," proposed to construct a web of lines radiating from their town to such megalopolises as Independence, William Penn, Washington, Muellersville, and Gay Hill. Some schemes were modest: the

Burkeville Railway was to traverse the three miles between the Newton County towns of Burkeville and Wiergate. Others were grandiose, like a proposal to link Minneapolis to the Gulf of Mexico, with stops in Dallas, Waco, Houston, and Galveston. Altogether, eleven companies actually got trains running; the Houston North Shore Line, which opened in 1927, had the dubious distinction of being the last American interurban to begin operations. But with the Depression and the spread of the automobile the interurbans were doomed, and the number of miles of active lines in the nation plummeted from 15,000 in 1920 to 3000 twenty years later.

Grant cautions against romanticizing the interurbans, but the intrinsic romance of rail travel, combined with the obvious hor-

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rors of life on the freeways, may be one reason that, as he notes, "there seems to be a lot of reinventing the wheel going on today" by forward-thinking politicians and planners. The wonders of modern technology

and civic clout may one day give Dallas a railway system to connect the Mid-Cities area and possibly Fort Worth with downtown Dallas. If so, progress will

surely have worked in odd ways. The first such line was completed in 1902 and served quite well until 1934, when it was rendered a useless dinosaur by the triumph of the automobile.



surely have worked in odd ways. The first such line was completed in 1902 and served quite well until 1934, when it was rendered a useless dinosaur by the triumph of the automobile.

Crews are invariably Mexican American and headed by an entrepreneur like Gonzales, called the *capitán*, who provides the equipment and makes the contacts with the ranchers. He gets a set fee—between \$1 and \$2—for each sheep shorn and pays a percentage of that to the shearers, who pick up a washer after each shearing and are paid by the number they've accumulated. In other ways, Gonzales's profession is a world apart from his grandfather adopted. Today most shearers live in one place and go out for day work instead of traveling like nomads. More important, the technology has changed in fundamental ways. Gonzales's grandfather worked with bulky hand shears. A good shearer then could shear a hundred sheep in a day but probably risked permanent back damage in doing it. Near the beginning of the century someone came up with a clipper powered by a hand crank. That was replaced by gasoline and then electric engines; Gonzales uses a Miller Blue Star sixteen-horsepower electric generator loaded on a trailer behind his twelve-year-old Chevrolet Suburban panel truck.

But even with the aid of modern equipment, sheepshearing is heavy work, and Gonzales now shears only in competitions; he merely supervises his crew at the pen each day. He won his title at the Medina County Fair in Hondo—and will defend it there September 22, in case you're in the neighborhood and want to drop in—by relieving three sheep of their fleeces in less than five minutes. That's about two and a half times as fast as your average shearer works.

Gonzales's eight-man crew was at the

"The sheepshearer will never get the publicity," laments two-time champ Frank Gonzales.

Fleece Artist

Third-generation sheepshearer Frank Gonzales is the best of a dying breed.

Sheep have just never gotten their due in Texas. Pioneer sheepmen (even the word doesn't quite work) were arrested for leading their flocks across the open range, and their successors have had to deal with everything from coyotes to diseased sheep planted in their flocks by malicious cattle ranchers. Even when the industry finally took hold, making Texas the nation's leading lamb-producing state, sheep never attained anything remotely like cattle's mystique. Given all that, Frank Gonzales of Uvalde, the two-time Texas sheepshearing champion, should probably be resigned to anonymity. But even in a nation of sheep, hope apparently springs eternal, and Gonzales still can't accept the world's apathy.

"The sheepshearer will never get the publicity," he groused one April morning while sitting on a water trough at Bill Cofers Annandale Ranch, between Sabinal and Uvalde. The public, he noted, has shown a perverse preference for any number of less noble pursuits. "You can get someone on a tractor or you can get someone on a hot rod or a horse. You have all kinds of sports like football, basketball, baseball. You have tobacco-spitting con-

tests, you have that cow chip deal, you have the jalapeño contest. You put a sheep-shearing deal on, and people have never seen a contest like that."

Gonzales is a third-generation sheepshearer who spent most of his youth wandering from Texas to Wyoming to Colorado to California and back to Texas playing his trade. He's forty years old, but his round face looks younger, largely because of a woolly mass of black hair that curls out over his forehead, giving him a resemblance to a sheep that's gone too long without shearing. Two auto accidents and the constant bending and stooping of a sheepshearer's routine have left him with a noticeable limp, but he admits his life is a lot easier than the wayfaring one led by his father and grandfather. At least after a long day he can go home to his comfortable house in Uvalde. They spent most of their nights in bedrolls in some godforsaken part of the West. One of Gonzales's nephews has followed him into the profession, but his sons have abandoned it for more sedate pursuits; one coaches high school football.

In some ways sheepshearing in Texas has changed little over the past century.



After shearing, the sheep crowd together in a corner, acting quite, well, sheeplike.



**The summer
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St. Croix • St. John • St. Thomas

82°F. That's the average mean temperature in the summer in the American paradise. With trade winds blowing almost without exception from an easterly direction. (Now that doesn't sound mean at all!) See your travel agent.



Electric clippers have made the shearer's job easier, but it's still hot, heavy work.

cutting a four-inch-wide swath. After being knocked off its feet, the sheep usually struggled pitifully for a few seconds while the shearer put his knee on its side and began shearing its belly and legs. After he finished with all four legs, he tied them together with a leather thong and started shearing the rest of the body with long, steady strokes that progressed from the sides to the head to an anxiety-producing peregrination around the tail. If nicked, the animal squirmed a little, but mostly it lay there placidly, a little dumbfounded by the whole process, until the shearer finished, untied it, and set it free to burrow its head into the mass of animals crowding around the fence.

The shorn wool—about five pounds per sheep—was packed into burlap bags to be taken to Uvalde, where Cofer hoped to get about \$1 a pound for it, down from \$1.35 in recent years. At that price, sheep are less profitable than goats—whose mohair brings in as much as \$5.60 a pound—but more profitable than cattle, mystique or no mystique. "You give me the sheep and goats and you can have all the cattle in Texas," said Cofer's ranch hand Willard Van Pelt.

In fact, Texas' sheep population is on the decline. Depredations by everything from coyotes to the ubiquitous polyester have reduced it from 11 million in 1943 to 2.5 million today. The number of sheep-shearers has dropped at least as quickly, however, and both Cofer and Gonzales predict that by the end of the decade ranchers will have problems finding shearers. In any case, Gonzales isn't about to go looking for another line of work. "I guess it's in my blood," he said, as the crew shut off the shears and broke for lunch. "I'll probably die in the shearing pen. But if I win in September I'll be able to say I was the first Texas champion to win three times. I'll give that gold belt buckle to my grandsons, and maybe they'll still remember me when I'm gone."

16,000-acre Annandale Ranch in April to give Cofer's 1400 Rambouillet sheep one of their twice-yearly shearings. The men began by putting seven plywood planks on the ground of the shearing pen and then setting up an orange nylon canopy over the pen to protect them from the sun. Cutters and combs were attached to long, flexible arms connected to motors powered by the generator. The sheep were herded into the pen, where they packed themselves into a corner in an admirable illustration of the epithet "sheeplike." Gonzales, decked out in Tony Lama ostrich-skin boots, jeans,

and a Western shirt with snaps, looked on meditatively. "When you're shearing," he said, watching his nephew Rene Borrego at work in the pen, "you have to think like sheep. You can't force sheep. You can just about kill a sheep trying to force it into the pen, and it still won't go. But if one sheep moves, the rest will go right along. Some people say they're stupid, but I don't know. A sheep is smarter than a damn goat."

Each shearer began by grabbing a hind leg and dragging the animal to the cutter, which has a thirteen-point comb capable of

Willard Van Pelt

Updates

Honor Among Thieves

Remember Willie Foster Sellers, bank robber and escape artist extraordinaire (Reporter: "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," TM, June 1979)? The distinguished alumnus of the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list is now serving out a 65-year sentence at the federal penitentiary in Marion, Illinois. But that doesn't mean he's been quiet. Sellers has filed suit in an Atlanta federal court claiming that the IRS owes him \$18,227.57 in taxes on stolen money it wrongly made him report as income.

Ants 1, Brown 0

His all-out campaign against fire ants didn't do much for agriculture commis-



sioner Reagan Brown (Reporter: "The Red Scare," TM, February 1982). Brown lost the Democratic nomination for his job to Jim Hightower in May. Now ant-plagued landowners

may lose as well. Just as county agents began implementing Brown's plan to distribute the pesticide Amdro, a Baylor University professor came out with a study maligning the chemical. Dr. C. Ronald Carroll found that Amdro and other pesticides do more harm to beneficial ants and the fire ant's natural enemies than to the fire ant itself.

Numbers Racket

You can't point to a loser when both papers report circulation increases, but the bigger winner in the Dallas journalism scuffle (Reporter: "War of the Words," TM, April 1982) continues to be the *Dallas Morning News*. Despite its expanded morning edition, high-profile hirings, and advertising blitz, the *Dallas Times Herald* keeps losing ground. The latest six-month circulation figures show the *News* lengthening its lead in total circulation to 41,070 daily and 28,609 on Sunday. The *Herald* did extend its 6738-copy lead in daily circulation within Dallas County but lost some of its Sunday advantage there. ♦



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While rafting not long ago down part of the Rio Grande in the Big Bend, I learned with a shade of disappointment that the blackish, dense, fluted, and sculptured material forming the superb high walls of Mariscal Canyon consists of Lower Cretaceous limestone partially metamorphosed toward marble by ancient heat and pressure. Not being a devout or even passably competent geological type, I don't ordinarily get emotional about the composition of rocks. But a good many years before, I had canoed happily and ignorantly in that region with some others mainly as happy and ignorant as myself, along a stretch of the Conchos in Chihuahua, to where it joins the Rio Grande at Presidio in the Big Bend, and when passing through other fine canyons sliced out of that same stone we had airyly classed it as basalt. This was because it was dark and hard and sometimes shiny, but even more, I suspect, because "basalt" as a word rang richly in our ears, sounding igneous and exotically different from the prosaic limestones and sandstones and shales we were used to in our more easterly and sedimentary native habitat.

The friend who provided this mild disillusionment, Jim Bones, does not see the Lower Cretaceous as undramatic at all, and of course it isn't, not in a haunting, otherworldly place like Mariscal Canyon. The Rio Grande, all 1885 miles of it plus some tributaries, is "his" river in a mental way that I understand, having felt thus myself in my time about a couple of other streams. The feeling comes not from deeds of title but from knowledge and caring, and it gives every stone and thorny bush and biting bug and cry in the night its full significance in the riverine scheme of things. Through informed awareness, friend Bones possesses the Rio Grande where it begins in the snowy Colorado Rockies, and where it courses clear and cold and copious through the mountain valleys and high cool deserts of the ancient Pueblo country of northern New Mexico, and in the hotter arid places south of there to El Paso and beyond, where it is often reduced to a trickle or no flow at all by irrigation, evaporation, and absorption in the spongey desert soils and is replenished only when the Conchos, and later other tributaries, enter it far downstream. I think it's most especially and belovedly his in the Big Bend, where we were taking that raft trip, a stark, lovely, forbidding jumble of deserts and canyons and crags in far West Texas. But his claim extends on past where the canyons end, or are drowned, in the upper waters of huge Lake Amistad near Del Rio, and includes the less scenic but powerfully historic final reaches where it

runs through brushy rolling lands past old towns and battlefields to the tropically lush Lower Valley, discharging itself at last into the blue Gulf just beyond the pale clean sands of Padre Island.

Inssofar as most natives of this state feel proprietary about the Rio Grande, it is probably in terms of this final stretch below Del Rio. Not only is that the part they see most often but it is also an international boundary imbued with the fascinated feeling that all such boundaries generate—a feeling, illusory perhaps, of distinct languages and distinct cultures and distinct breeds of people facing one another across a mere stream, or fence, or arbitrary line traversing hill and dale. Moreover, the South Texas part of the Rio Grande has had strong bearing on the flavor and direction of Texas' past, as it still has on its present, and thus is "our" river in a basic way.

Myself, I first knew the Big River there when young, seeing it most often as a tawny flow beneath international bridges when I crossed them. Sometimes I was with college friends on fearless weekend or vacation forays that didn't usually get past the grubby towns at the south ends of the bridges, with their promise of adventure that seldom materialized, though I guess we thought it did. Short of cash in those Depression times, we

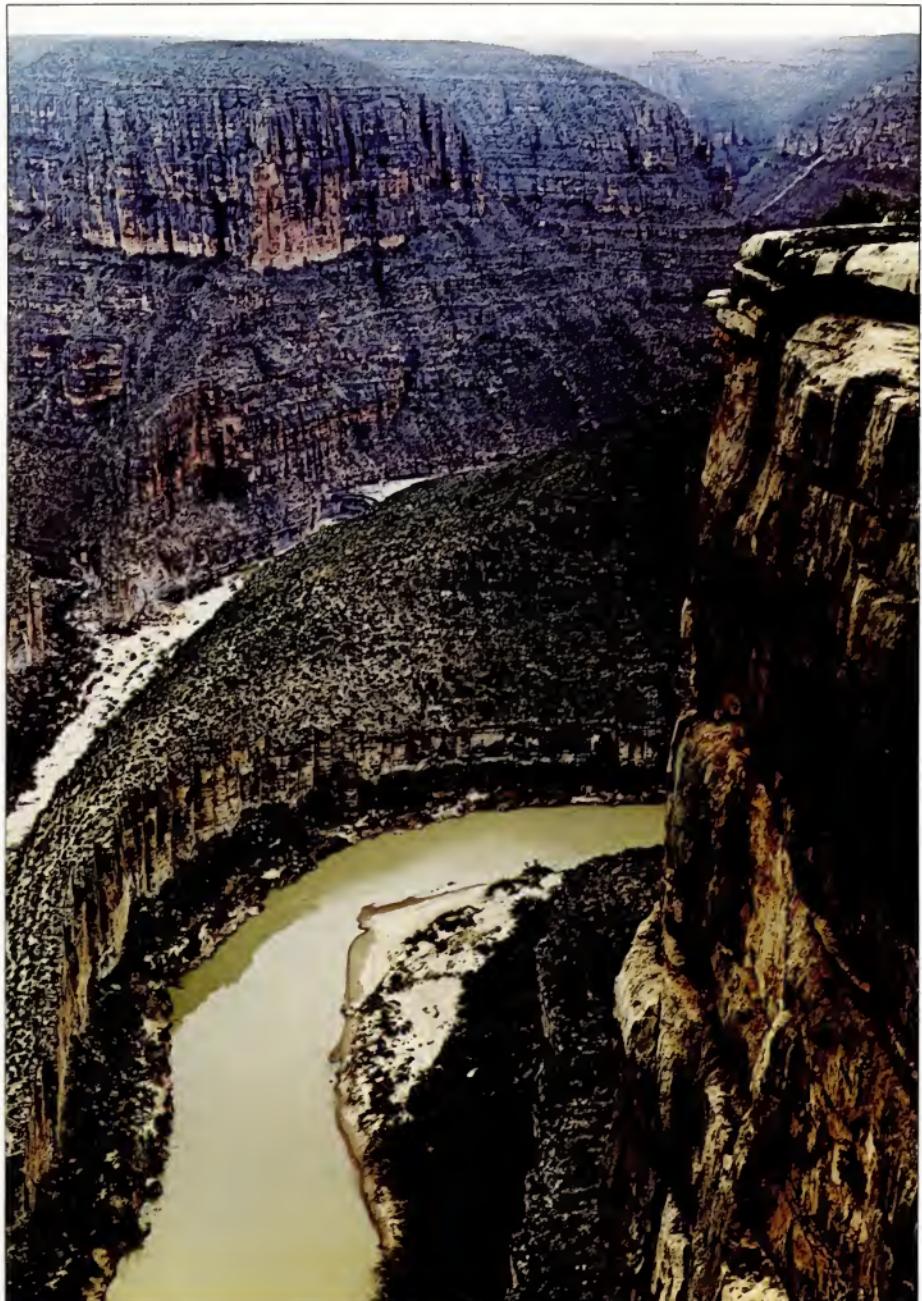
subsisted on things like street-stand goat tripe tacos at 3 cents a throw, found lodgings with corn shuck mattresses, haggled in markets over the price of straw sombreros and other gewgaws, emerged somehow unscathed late at night from side-street cantinas whose habitués sat around drinking very cheap firewater and thinking up new reasons for detesting gringos, scouted the Boys Town zone and on rare occasions did something about it but more often were scared off by impecuniousness or thoughts of disease and mayhem.

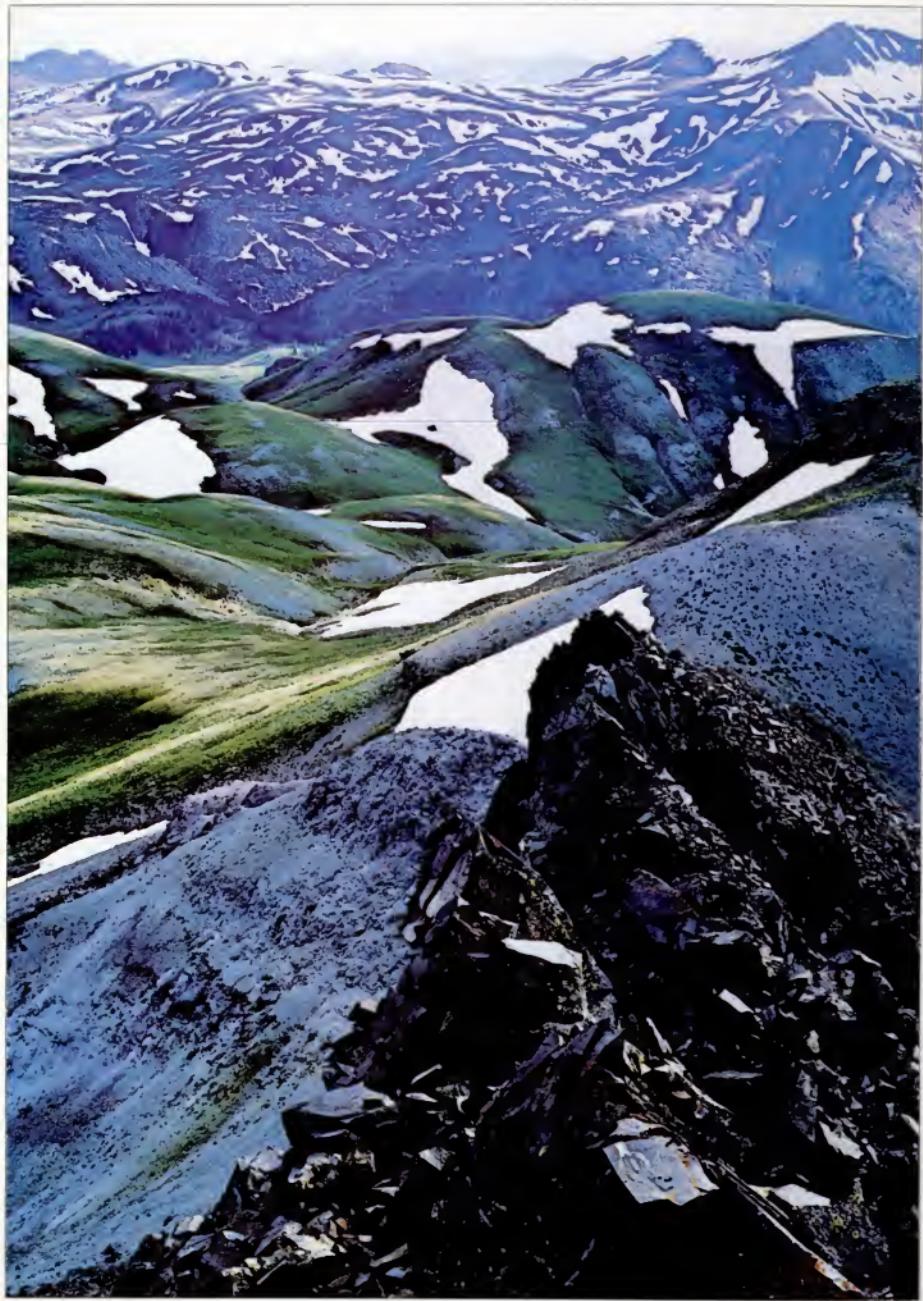
The Rio Grande was there, sluggish and turbid most of the time, but I don't recall thinking about it much as a river, as water, except when I envisioned, as I always did when first sighting it and often do to this day, little midnight groups of brown men wading through it up to their breasts or necks and holding bundles aloft. For wetbacks were very much with us even then, and I had worked with them on country jobs in summer and felt the pull of their language and of their grave, gentle ways. One midnight during those years, in fact, I got a wet back and other parts myself when we waded out to an appointment in the river's shallow channel near a ruined bridge somewhere, meeting a furtive fellow with an ocelot kitten in a box, unacceptable at customs, for which my college roommate

Opposite: *Giant shifting plates of earth collided millions of years ago in West Texas, causing the earth to buckle and jackknife like a gargantuan train wreck. Where the land lay heaped and tilted, the once-lazy Rio Grande ran faster and cut deeper, slicing its way through what used to be a barrier reef in an ancient ocean. That relentless flow of water formed the magnificent gorges of the Big Bend.*

The Rio Grande has been a stage for explorers, revolutionaries, smugglers, and now canoeists and kayakers. Amid this procession the river remains immense, mysterious, immutable.

Photography by Jim Bones, Jr.
Text by John Graves







In the beginning: Amid tundra and volcanic rock, the Rio Grande is born from snowmelt and thunderstorms at about 13,000 feet in the San Juan Mountains of southwestern Colorado (opposite). Each day of the brief summer, as the sun melts the snow, the river swells with all the force of a flash flood (above). The wall of water persists for several hours, lapses with the waning sun, then rises anew the next day. This rhythmic systole is the river's heartbeat. When the water subsides from a bank of sand (right), the minerals—in this case, quartz and limestone sands and black magnetite—sort themselves by weight in serpentine strands. Geologists call the pattern braided sand.



handed over \$6.

Just outside the more garish Gomorrah's commerce and fleshly joys, though, lay the real border country, a belt of dry, scrub-clad, thorny, and inhospitable land on both sides of the river, which had very little to do with fleeting weekend pleasures but held some fine, tough, laconic ranch people white and brown, as well as a great deal of tangled history splattered with an astounding quantity of blood. Coahuiltecan indigenes, Spaniards, Mexicans, Comanches, Apaches, Anglo-Texans, Confederates, Yankees, and other breeds had overlapped and mingled there, and while the results had been sometimes beneficent (all readers of Webb and Dobie know, for instance, that Americans learned basic ranching and cowboy skills from Mexicans in those parts, and from there carried them up the length of the West), more often they appear to have been disastrous, if often romantic in a murderous way. I know these awarenesses have faded now, as possibly they should have, but for young Texans of my generation there were dozens of borderland names of violent places and people that rang like bells in the mind and stirred you when you went there. Roma, Mier, Camargo, Resaca de la Palma . . . Cheno Cortinas, Tom Green, McNelly and his Rangers, Zachary Taylor, Pancho Villa . . . but let them rest.

Some of us went hunting from time to time in the brushlands north of the river, for quail or dove or deer, and lucky ones got an occasional look at unchanged, almost biblical old Mexican places to the south, where practically everything was still held together with rawhide, plows were of wood and drawn by oxen, women carried water in clay vessels on their heads, and long-stirruped, casual, superbly balanced horsemen used plaited hide reatas on scrub Longhorn cattle among the mesquites.

Life both human and wild was most abundant near water, and dense spiny tangles of brush near the river in its lowest part teemed with tropical beasts and birds unknown north of there. Most of that riverside thorn woodland is gone now, cleared away for irrigated farms and orchards, and with it have gone many of the creatures, including those cats—ocelot, jaguarundi—that still occurred there in my youth. Poking about with a field glass and a stock of curiosity, though, you can still find remnant thickets and in them, at the right times, chachalacas and groove-billed anis and a number of other bird species not seen elsewhere in this nation. You may find remnant shards of history too, enigmatic for the most part. Following some strange bird's call, I once stumbled over the ruins of a thick-walled stone house where generations must have led quiet, useful, rawhide lives and where something (Indians, pestilence, outlaws, armies, flood, fire, drouth, what?) had brought it all to an end, and came afterward to a clearing where a small Mexican graveyard lay, fenced with hewn weathered slabs of mesquite, fragrant with that same tree's bloom, and loud with the *cucurucu* of white-winged doves and the





The Sierra del Carmen (opposite), looking like the ramparts of an ancient fortress, is one of the most beautiful mountain ranges in the Big Bend. It is at its most stunning in the evening, when its stark ridges turn glorious shades of salmon and pink. On the Rio Conchos (above), a tributary of the Rio Grande in Mexico, lie the awesome rapids called Boca Grande—created by huge blocks of limestone that have collapsed from the canyon walls into the river. The thirty-foot cascade is hidden by a bend in the river; the only way you know you are approaching Boca Grande is that you hear the deep moaning and sighing of the water rushing around and over and through the rocky sieve. At Presidio, the Conchos replenishes the Rio Grande, saving the life of its depleted sister river.

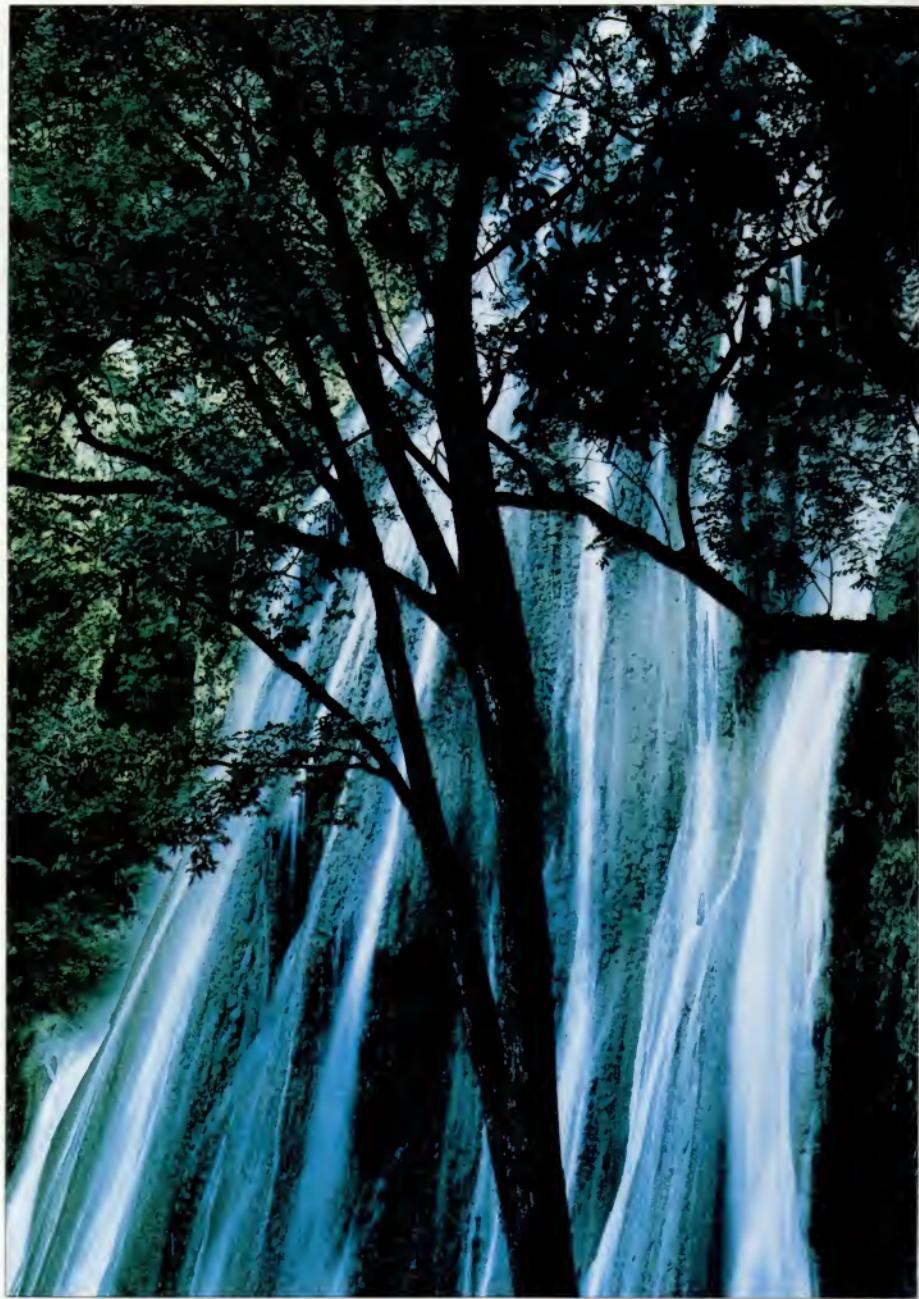
hum of yellow bees hived within a nineteenth-century patriarch's cracked white-limestone tomb.

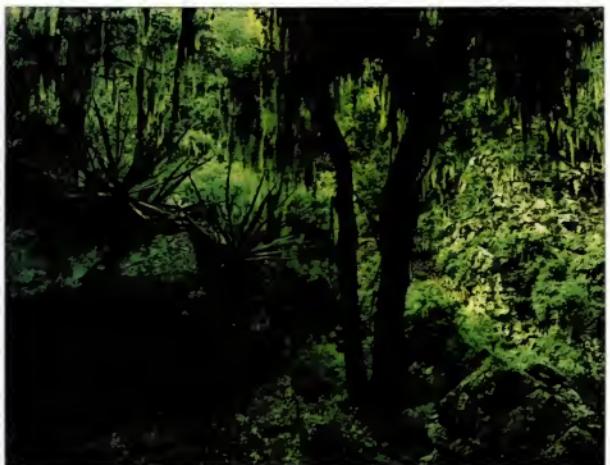
Many people feel vaguely and benevolently possessive toward one or another river or just toward rivers in general, as is pleasantly manifested in the uproar that pollution, proposals for big dams, and other threats to the well-being of running waters can sometimes awaken these days. Fewer are stirred to emphatic and particular claims of property rights such as good Jim Bones exercises in relation to the Rio Grande, which may be well for the public's general peace of mind. It is a stout urge when it hits you, and giving in to it whole hog does not always lead to ecstasy.

For one thing, other people, troublesome as always, seldom cede you the rights of ownership, but instead catch your fish, shoot canoes down your rapids, ogle your scenery, shatter your quietness with portable radios, strew your sandbars with beer cans and orange peels and busted minnow buckets, and wash their sweaty torsos in the rippling, living waters you have claimed as your own. Worse, acting as individuals or corporations or bureaucracies, they may foul your river with sewage or poisons, grab part of its flow for irrigation and give back only a shrunken muddy surplus, or impound it in reservoirs that change forever the aged manner of its functioning, if indeed they don't dam your own stretch and wipe it out of existence. In short, if you wax too possessive toward a river you stand a good chance of ending up permanently enraged.

For another thing, a river is a complex entity, and instead of possessing it you may turn out to be possessed, even obsessed. This holds true even if you limit your interest to one facet of the river's possibilities, as did Robert T. Hill, who mapped the Big Bend Rio Grande in 1899, battering his way through its unknown canyons with his crew in three cumbersome wooden boats, passionately in love with the river's geography and the magnificent jagged terrain that had produced it but contemptuous of the desert with its "spiteful, repulsive vegetation" and in general of people stupid enough to choose life in such surroundings. Equally obsessive is the fascination of local historians with local streams, the loyalty of anglers to known pools and riffles, or the single-mindedness of addicted river runners in their kayaks and canoes and rafts. On the Rio Grande and elsewhere these last are a numerous breed with whom I feel much kinship, even if they're sometimes jealous and authoritative enough within their watery domains that a birdwatching, rather wide-ranging friend of mine says they remind her of a certain aggressive African species of river duck that takes a linear segment of stream for its own and assaults any living thing that comes there.

But broader river obsession may be worse. It derives from having a slant of mind





The emerald world of the Rio San Juan: Another Mexican tributary of the Rio Grande, the San Juan flows north and east through the mountains near Monterrey, joining the Rio Grande at Rio Grande City. Few Texans realize that barely a hundred miles to the south lie pockets of the tropics (above), where exotica like bromeliads and palm trees are the norm. At Horsetail Falls, near Monterrey (opposite), the San Juan takes a series of breathtaking plunges. The forest thrives here because the fortuitous configuration of mountains traps the Gulf clouds that carry the moisture required to water such a lush world. As soon as the river tumbles down from the mountains, the green plays out, and the San Juan runs through the desert, then into the scrubby, scruffy brush country of the Rio Grande Valley.

that needs to know how things work, and it doesn't lead to easy answers. For a river does not work by just running handsomely through its allotted landscape, but rather, with its network of tributary streams, as the drainage system of a wide basin within which lie a variety of terrains and minerals and climates, all of which have bearing on what the river itself is like, as do most human activities within that basin. It works too as a small star in water's eternal global restlessness, which not only is vital to most of Earth's protoplasm, including our own, but also, in conjunction with crustal upheavals and subsidences, plays a main part in shaping the planet's surface. Whether as pounding rain and hail, mountain-gnawing frost, erosive runoff from downpours and melting snow, floods laying down gravel and silt in bottomlands and deltas, seeping underground flow, or invading seas that drop their vast thick loads of lime and clay and sand and then recede, water is primary in texturing the land. Most of visible Texas, we know, has been deposited and carved by such action, and it will keep on being thus deposited and carved and changed even if, as seems most likely, our own sort of protoplasm does not survive its brief blink of geological time to witness and study the process.

Tricked into such bottomless and somber realms of inquiry by what may have started out as simple lyric appreciation of a quantity of pretty water flowing downhill in a channel, the possessor of a river, Adam-like, has lost his innocence. It's unlikely that thereafter he'll look at his river, or any other, and be able merely to note (as he still will note, however, if he ever did) what birds flit in the willows and what green tongue of current might hold feeding fish and what jumble of boulders would need some fancy paddle work if one were navigating where the water churns loud among them. He'll be queasy about the river's well-being even when it looks fine and will find himself pondering in addition where it comes from and why and how, what all its tributaries are like along with the country they drain, what sort of life various kinds of people have managed to shape in those places, how they've rubbed on one another and on the river system, and all such manner of things. He has diluted his pleasure based on wonder by turning it into a quest for knowledge, and such a quest once started seldom has an end.

Pleasure based on wonder is pretty nice stuff, though, and I find with gratification that in relation to waters like the Rio Grande, together with the Conchos, Pecos, Devils, and San Juan rivers that feed it, I can still keep a little wonder going. I am not inwardly compelled to learn all I can about them, even though I do feel a sort of ownership in certain spots and areas and stretches along them that I've known passingly or fairly well.

One such place is the mountain country of northern New Mexico, which holds the

snowy sources of the Pecos and lies not far below the high part of Colorado where the Rio Grande is born. Most of us, I believe, think of rivers as arising in mountain wilderness and flowing down through more wilderness to find civilization in lowlands and near the sea. But while there is some fine wild scenic ruggedness in that section, the Big River itself has contact with civilized folk almost from the very start, being used for irrigation within a few miles of its source near Creede and then dropping down to lands where Pueblo Indians maintained a high level of culture for many centuries before Spaniards arrived to take things over. Both Pueblos and Latins shaped rather tranquil and graceful lives there, bloodied a bit at times by conflict between them and by jealous incursions of Navahos and Apaches, and outland gringos in later years have sought to take that tranquility unto themselves, sometimes shattering it in the attempt.

That presence of appreciative and often quite literate outsiders in Santa Fe and Taos and other favored spots has produced a good many expert interpreters of the region, and I am in no sense one of them. But I learned to fish for trout there long ago, after the Second War, and once spent an agreeably lonesome six months in a cabin on a creek flowing to the Pecos, a high, fresh, sparsely peopled place. Sometimes I sought larger quarry in the Pecos, or I would drive to the Rio Grande itself, below where it left its gorge near Taos. I remember wading and fishing on a quiet evening there when caddis flies were thick on the water and above it, and trout were striking at them from below while bats and violet-green swallows devoured them in the air, swooping at times beneath my elbow as I cast.

There is no fishing like that in the river's flat hot desert reaches lower down in New Mexico where the desert air and soils work their subtractive magic on its snow-fed flow, the land where in Spanish days difficult trails coming up through El Paso connected New Mexican colonials tenuously with their parent civilization far to the south, and names like *Jornada del Muerto*, "dead man's march," testify to the perils that were found there. Nor is there any real sportfishing where the Rio Grande becomes a real river again down in the Big Bend, though I remember we took much tackle with us on that cheerfully ignorant expedition to the Conchos one spring nearly two decades ago.

If I wanted to be contrary in a picayune sort of way, I might argue that we actually made that trip on the Rio Grande itself, for a number of respectable authorities—among them intrepid, wooden-boat-encumbered, canyon-surveying, desert-hating Robert T. Hill—have maintained that the Conchos is the mother stem of the Rio Grande system because of the immensely greater volume of water it brings to the confluence at Ojinaga-Presidio, the place early Spaniards had named *Junta de los Ríos*.

We made an effort to learn what we could about the Conchos beforehand, but that turned out to be very little. All we were able



Near the Gulf, the Rio Grande has unearthed large mounds of rock so dense that for millennia they have defied the river's erosive force (above). Occurring along this stretch, called Salinejo, are the only large stand of Montezuma bald cypress remaining in Texas and remnants of the brush that once covered the Valley. One of the oddest trees is the Texas ebony, its black bark and sooty green foliage standing out against the paler greens of the South Texas brush country. It is also called monkey-ear tree for its large, gnarled seed pods (left). The Rio Grande dumps ton upon ton of rock pulverized to sand into the Gulf, which the waves and currents in turn lift back onshore to form the dunes of Padre Island (opposite). They stand as proof that the Rio Grande literally moves the mountains to the sea.







to glean came from a couple of sketchy maps, and in gladsome consequence, whether or not we were the first to paddle all the way down the last 130 miles of the Conchos (or whatever it was; I've still never seen a decent map on which close measurements could be made), we were at least able to believe that we were first—latter-day incarnations of Meriwether Lewis and John Wesley Powell, with maybe a touch of French-Canadian courreurs de bois and for that matter Robert T. Hill. This was, I admit, maybe a rather boyish feeling for six grown men in three aluminum canoes to have, but it was a fine one nonetheless and was enhanced rather than dashed by vague, rather gleeful accounts from Mexican customs officials of an enormous deadly waterfall—or was it several?—somewhere in the depths of the Conchos canyons.

In any event, we found enough river adventure to keep that feeling alive, along with some awesome and spectacular places in whose like I had not been before. Places that were twilit in midafternoon, the sky a thin bright slit hundreds or sometimes thousands of feet overhead, with perhaps a golden eagle or falcon momentarily silhouetted against it, and the only sounds, down where we were, a faint murmur of potent water against carved canyon walls and nearly always the muted hollow twitter of cliff swallows whose mud nests adorned those walls, with now and then the distant down-laughing note of a canyon wren, a raven's croak, the rap of someone's paddle against a gunwale. We had upsets in rapids here and there, a few portages where nerve failed us or good sense didn't, and always the pit-of-the-stomach wonder about that big waterfall. Villagers we met along the way made it sound like a huge bathtub drain down which canoes would be inexorably sucked.

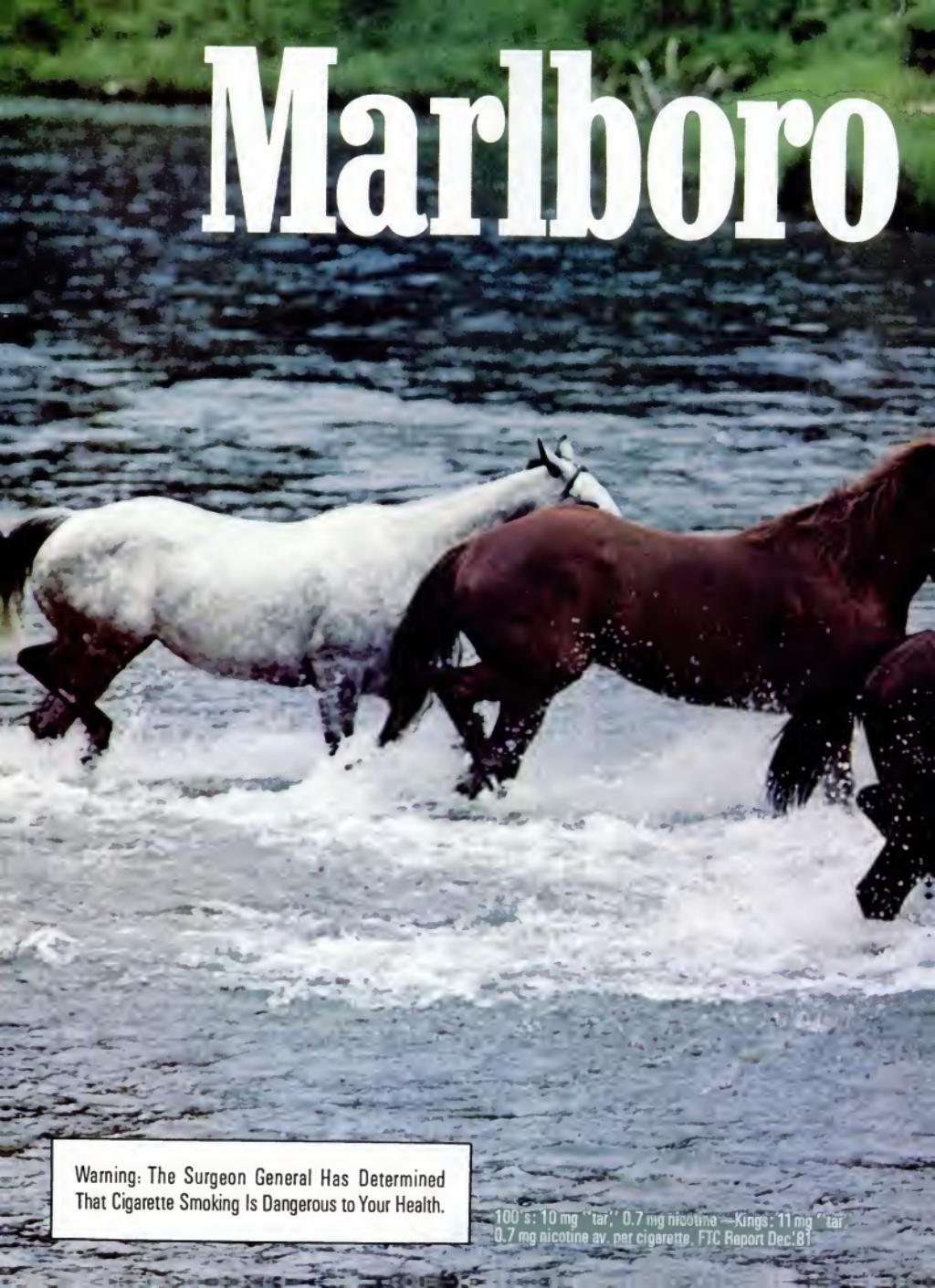
These people on the whole turned out to be among the most receptive and likable I've ever found on trips to Mexico, curious but not nosy about what we were doing and wanting to help to the extent that the intensely parochial tenor of their lives and their ken permitted. Their presence made the trip much different from the wilderness jaunt we'd envisioned, but it was still wilderness in a way because they were there so organically, a part of the river's fauna.

Even back in the wilds of the canyons and the rough hilly desert, where there would be coyote and javelina and mountain lion tracks in sand by the water in the mornings, we found a few human beings, most of them outlaws of a hardworking amiable sort. These were sturdy souls engaged in harvest-

(Continued on page 212)

Left: By the time the Rio Grande reaches Boca Chica at the tip of Texas, it is a tired river. As old as it is weary, the Rio Grande was at the height of its power at the end of the last ice age, when it reached flood depths of several hundred feet. Now it is a ghost of a river. But its placidity belies the energy it has produced over the last 100 million years in order to cut its pathway to the sea.

Marlboro

A dynamic photograph of two horses, one white and one dark brown, galloping through a body of water. The horses are partially submerged, with spray and ripples around them, suggesting a sense of movement and energy.

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100's: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine — Kings: 11 mg "tar,"
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Lights



The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.



THE HORNY TOAD

It's the ugliest critter in Texas. We'd hate to see it go.

The horny toad isn't really a toad. It's a lizard—strictly speaking, a horned lizard. But if you grew up in Texas, you call it a horny toad. With the exception of the prissy folks at Texas Christian University—why term their mascot a horned frog—anyone who doesn't say "horny toad" brands himself an outsider.

There are three species of horny toad in Texas. The round-tailed variety lives in the Panhandle and the Trans-Pecos, and the mountain short-horned is limited to the Guadalupe and Davis mountains. The kind most of us know is the Texas horned lizard (*Phrynosoma cornutum*), which is found all over the state. It measures from three to five inches, though a hatchling may barely reach an inch. Young are born in late summer or early fall, since horny toads, despite their name, usually mate only once a year.

The Texas horned lizard has yellow, brown, and tan markings that provide camouflage, and protective spikes and horns that call to mind its distant relative triceratops. Nonetheless, the horny toad falls prey to many larger predators, and in fact it is a frequent item in the diet of hawks and snakes. But because it is a reptile, its worst enemy is cold weather. During the day it soaks up sun, raising up on its forelegs and flattening its ribs to expose as much body surface as possible. At night

it keeps warm by burrowing into sand or dirt; then, in the morning, it pokes out its head and forces blood into large cavities in its skull. By letting the blood heat up in the sun and shunting the warmed blood back into its sluggish body, it raises its temperature enough to get moving. The elaborate blood circulation system in its head is also responsible for an amazing ability of the horny toad, one that many people believe is a myth: it squirts blood from its eyes. The horny toad resorts to this scare tactic when it is trapped or afraid, forcing its blood pressure to rise so rapidly that the cavities in its head fill up and burst at the corners of its eyes, spraying whatever is scaring it with blood.

The most famous Texas horny toad was Old Rip, who was placed inside the cornerstone of the old Eastland County Courthouse when it was built in 1897. Thirty-one years later the courthouse was torn down and, legend has it, there in the cornerstone was Old Rip, none too perky but still alive. Named after Rip Van Winkle, he went on tour and was exhibited to thousands of people, including then-president Calvin Coolidge (it was reputedly one of the few times that solemn gent smiled). When Old Rip died, his body was embalmed, and it is still on display in Eastland. Biologists scoff at the idea that Old Rip lived 31 years; most horny toads live a mere 6 or so.

Horny toads don't adjust well to captivity. Still, most grown-up Texans have had,

at one time or another, a horny toad for a pet. Its appeal is the combination of a fierce appearance and an amiable personality. You can hold one in your hand, turn it over on its back, and—if you can withstand the tickling of its horns—stroke its stomach until it does off. Unfortunately, the horny toad's appeal is in part responsible for the decline in its numbers. In the fifties and early sixties, every tourist trap on every Texas highway sold horny toads as souvenirs. Some collectors gathered hundreds of thousands in a single year by paying schoolchildren a nickel for each specimen they brought in. Out of their natural home, the animals died, and so the state began protecting the Texas horned lizard in 1967. Today it is illegal even to own one.

A second factor in the demise of the horny toad was pesticides. Chemical sprays that didn't kill the creature itself killed harvester ants, its main food supply. A horny toad eats dozens of ants at one sitting; one spraying kills thousands. Urbanization also hurt horny toads: widespread construction tore up their habitat. They actually liked highway asphalt, which retained enough heat to make an ideal lounging spot, but because horny toads instinctively freeze when they see movement, onrushing cars flattened them left and right. Nevertheless, there are still horny toads in Texas. So next time you're in the country, drinking up the Texas sun, know you are not alone. ♦ *Anne Dingus*



GROWING UP FAST

by Gary Cartwright

I took my son to peace rallies and naked swimming parties, taught him to respect the land, not our country, and told him about drugs, free speech, and free love. My enlightenment nearly killed us both.

I can't remember Mr. Roquemore's first name, but he taught vocational agriculture at Arlington High in the fifties, and he made a lasting impression on almost every boy he taught. I mean that literally. Nobody could swing a paddle like the Rock.

He was short and powerful with arms like strands of steel cable, no great scholar but a man of deep and abiding convictions. He claimed there was no such thing as a bad boy. He blamed Fool's Hill: kids just had to climb Fool's Hill a time or two. When a boy ventured up Fool's Hill, the Rock demonstrated the courage of his convictions by lifting the lad off the floor with one brute swing.

Paddling was a daily, almost hourly, ritual. Some poor sinner was always presenting himself to the Rock for redemption. At the beginning of each school year most of us handcrafted our own designer paddles. Some boys decorated them with daggers or initials, and a few class pets even drilled holes in the surface to provide aerodynamic balance and ensure welts. Several dozen paddles hung from the base of the Rock's blackboard.

"Boy, grab the jewels and bend over," the Rock would say. He'd always treat you to his gap-toothed grin as he added, "This won't hurt a bit."

You could hear the pop all the way to the home-ec cottage. You could hear the bloodthirsty cheers from classmates clear past the gym. Then the Rock

Shea's room was littered with cigarette butts, empty beer cans, and roaches. One morning my wife discovered him in bed with a girl.



Reenactment photographed by Tomas Pantin
Hand coloring by Yvonne Tocquigny





Mary Ann and Roy Glasscock, who call themselves "God's whatnots," took over the Steps of Faith Ranch for troubled boys and made it work.

would smile again, to let you know all was forgiven. And here's the part my own kids could never understand: thirty years later I still remember the Rock with affection.

Arlington was a small country town when I grew up. It had a definition and a perimeter. It had a center. Rules and limits were clear and simple. There weren't a lot of choices. No kid in full possession of his senses talked back to an adult, *any* adult. If you talked back, or cut school, or got caught smoking or cursing or transgressing in any of a hundred other ways, you took your licks. Licks were a matter of pride—for both parties.

Everything changed with World War II, but change came a little slower, a little easier, in Arlington. There was an enormous sense of security in a small town. Families were large and seemingly permanent. Your cousins were usually your best friends, at least until you got to high school. Few mothers worked outside the home. Nobody had much money, but nobody wanted for anything. There was no TV, no stereo, no rock 'n' roll, no freeways, no nukes. Divorce and crime and communism were conditions they sang about on *Hillbilly Hit Parade*. Drugs were things you took when you got sick. Almost everyone I knew went to church. Church was what you did on Sunday, before dinner at Granny's.

We loved our parents and grandparents and took it for granted that we would be parents and grandparents someday. And



Glasscock believes in God, mother, and country—and makes sure his charges learn to as well.

WHERE TO TURN

These programs have a proven record of helping the lucky few who get in.

There are hundreds of thousands of parents of kids in trouble, and they have one thing in common: nobody has an easy solution to the problem. The Department of Human Resources (DHR) has issued more than a hundred licenses to residential facilities for children. A decade ago almost all of them specialized in loving care, but the trend now is toward more sophisticated institutions that specialize in psychiatric help. Parents facing this problem should contact a DHR representative in their area, a child guidance clinic, a local welfare representative, or a juvenile probation officer for more details. What follows is a small sampling of available institutions.

The Brown Schools, with three residential facilities (two in Austin, one in San Marcos) and four community-based programs, are the most extensive of all the institutions surveyed here—at least in terms of resources and types of individual treatment plans. The Brown Schools' residential treatment centers are accredited psychiatric hospitals, capable of treating a variety of conditions from emotional problems to physical disabilities.

The Oaks Treatment Center in Austin, a coeducational facility on 32 acres of land, focuses on emotionally disturbed children and adolescents. It has ten separate living units that can accommodate up to twelve kids each, and a gym, a network of classrooms, medical treatment rooms, and a dining area. The staff-to-child ratio is one to eight, and the institution requires professional referrals (from psychiatrists, doctors, or teachers) for admission. Children go through an extensive diagnostic and testing period before they are placed in treatment groups or in individual therapy. Schooling takes place on campus, and the teachers are employees of the Brown Schools rather than the Austin Independent School District.

Tuition for residential treatment ranges from \$120 to \$150 a day, with funding supplied by insurance, private sources, welfare, or a combination of resources. The center will usually assist families in arranging funding.

Cal Farley's Boys Ranch spreads over approximately 9600 acres of High Plains grassland forty miles northwest of Ama-

rido, on the site of the historic cowboy and gunfighter town of Old Tascoa. One of the oldest, largest, and best children's homes in the country, it was founded in 1939 by former semipro baseball player and wrestler Cal Farley, who persuaded rancher Julian Bivins to donate some livestock, farm implements, 120 acres of land, and the Old Tascoa courthouse. The ranch is largely self-sufficient. The 404 boys raise and process their own meat and vegetables. Every boy works and is paid according to his age and responsibilities. Cal Farley's basic philosophy included the advice "Teach a boy how to work, because he's going to have to do it for the rest of his life."

Cast in the mold of Father Flanagan's Boys Town in Nebraska, Cal Farley's is a 24-hours-a-day, seven-days-a-week operation for boys aged four through eighteen. (It was the subject of a feature-length Hollywood film produced by MGM in the forties. The film was called *Boy's Ranch*, not to be confused with the more famous *Boys Town*, which starred Spencer Tracy.)

Most boys come to Cal Farley's to stay—the average length of residence is five years, but many boys call the ranch home for ten years or longer. Often all the boys in a family are admitted; there are now 62 sets of brothers in residence. The boys live in individual homes according to their age, with 24 boys and two married couples in each home. The ranch has a staff of about 125. Unlike most residential child care operations, Cal Farley's has its own school system in its own school district. Religious training is nondenominational.

The ranch accepts boys from all over the United States. Any agency or individual can recommend an applicant, but placement is made only by parents or managing conservators, or through court order from juvenile or welfare departments. The ranch does not accept boys with serious learning disabilities, emotional problems, or psychological handicaps. There are only 80 to 100 vacancies each year against 1200 applications. Boys are accepted according to need, and most of them come from broken, disadvantaged homes.

Ranch officials state that it costs \$15,000 a year for each boy. The ranch is a non-profit, tax-exempt, charitable organization, and it is supported by contributions, so parents pay nothing. Gifts to Cal

Farley's and similar institutions are tax deductible.

Discovery Land is a licensed private psychiatric hospital that doesn't look like a hospital. Modeled on the wilderness camp theme made popular by the Salesmanship Club Youth Camps of Dallas, three separate groups of twelve boys and girls and two counselors each live in the woods outside Bryan. The groups are autonomous, and the kids do the planning for their daily needs. The staff-to-child ratio is one to three, and the age range of the 36 kids is from 13 to 22. They are all from successful families and tend to be bright. The program is designed to make the kids responsible individuals while teaching them to work together to survive.

Dr. Ann Hughes and her husband, Dr. John Kinross-Wright, founded DL in 1972, partly in response to a big upsurge in adolescent psychiatric admissions in the sixties and partly to test Hughes's belief that kids with drug or behavioral problems could "relate to and understand nature if you could just hook them up." A few years earlier Hughes had persuaded Kinross-Wright, who was then commissioner of the Department of Mental Health and Mental Retardation, to allow her to take a small group of teenagers from the psychiatric hospital in Terrell on a canoeing trip down the Rio Grande. "I got eight of the worst kids at Terrell," she explained. "They were all hallucinating, nonfunctional kids on massive amounts of drugs, vegetating in the back wards. All were certifiably psychotic." With the help of two counselors from the Salesmanship Club program, Hughes and her eight kids planned every aspect of the canoe trip. At the end of the month-long trip all eight had stopped hallucinating and were completely off medication. Unfortunately, Hughes had to return the kids to Terrell, and after a few weeks they were back on drugs.

But the episode on the river convinced her that traditional psychiatric treatment techniques could be combined with wilderness survival in real-life situations. She won Kinross-Wright over to her idea, and after a long, frustrating period the two doctors persuaded the authorities that they were in fact a hospital. They didn't need a building or even a school. The kids with whom they were working hated the idea

(Continued on page 216)



The 24 boys who are enrolled at the ranch attend school there and live in dormitories.

none of us had the slightest idea what that might mean.

They called us "the silent generation," those who came of age in the fifties. That was a polite way of saying we weren't bright enough to ask questions. We bought the whole package—wife, kids, home in the suburbs, horizons unlimited. In truth, the prospects of getting anything except fat, broke, and old were pitifully narrow. The three most exciting things I remember about the fifties are some foreigner breaking the four-minute mile, the Russians putting an electronic basketball in space, and a group of existentialists in San Francisco who recited poetry to jazz. Beatniks, they were called, forerunners of hippies. I desperately wanted to join them but never found the courage. I volunteered to fight in Korea and was disappointed that the war ended too soon. I was almost thirty when I cast my first ballot. I voted for John F. Kennedy. He was murdered three years later.

As fate had it, I had just married my second wife, Mary Jo (M.J.), six days before the assassination. I was writing sports for the *Dallas Morning News* and occasionally smoking a joint, slipping on dark glasses, and marching in civil rights demonstrations. I had written a column about a guy I knew, an Army helicopter pilot killed in some place called Viet Nam—he was one of the first Americans to die in that god-awful land—and to my surprise the column created some controversy. But basically I was an innocent, a mainstream dreamer and dancer, until that shattering day Kennedy was wiped out. Then a strange thing happened—to me and to millions of others. Once the numbness and bitterness subsided, we were overcome with a sort of fatalistic exhilaration. I still don't have words to describe it—it was like being born again, or maybe being kidnapped by gypsies. Our whole value system

"I was indulging in long-neglected hobbies of the flesh. I knew this was no way to raise a teenager, but I didn't look hard for signs of trouble."

changed. Little by little, over the next several years, we no longer felt accountable to the system, nor did we owe it allegiance. If patriotism was blindly following, patriotism was a joke. Our mood was one of massive rebellion. Never in my lifetime had so many Americans questioned basic assumptions.

Less than two years after the assassination, our only child, Shea, was born. Two years after that, I quit my newspaper job and began thinking of myself as a serious writer. A year after that, M.J. and I were busted for possessing a tiny amount of marijuana in the privacy of our home. They wouldn't give you a ticket for it today, but in the late sixties the offense carried a possible life sentence in Texas. The ultimate victim of our arrest was a hapless antiwar congressional candidate I was trying to help—he was forced to withdraw because of the publicity. Our case was later dismissed, but the bitter taste lingered. What M.J. remembers most about being arrested, aside from the handcuffs, is that they took Shea along too. He was still in diapers. He was so terrified by the experience that for years he cried when Sam Houston Clinton came into the room. Sam was our lawyer, the man who came to get Shea while we were in jail.

Corporal punishment is unusual at Faith Ranch.

After that, we moved around a lot—Austin, Mexico, back to Austin. Most of our friends were in their late twenties or early thirties: writers, artists, actors, filmmakers, musicians, politicians, lawyers, doctors, dope dealers, hippies, hookers, almost anyone who was interesting and shared our opinions. The country had split into two distinct groups—we and they. Us and them. Everyone we knew worked at something, organizing peace marches, food co-ops, softball games, day nurseries, naked swimming parties.

Kids were part of our scene. They were always around, with us or close by. They marched, protested, played third base, and passed joints like everyone else. It was considered enlightened to teach your kids about drugs and sex rather than allow them to learn in the traditional way—on the playground behind the schoolhouse. We taught them to love and care for the land—not the country, or the government, or the free enterprise system, or General Motors, but the earth itself. Because of our lifestyles, our kids were infinitely more aware and, we presumed, better prepared than any previous generation. Teenage girls became consumer



Glasscock prefers "gratitude therapy," reminding the boys of all they have to be thankful for.

specialists or raving feminists because some woman not much older than themselves awakened them to reality. The shock waves of the generation gap wouldn't rock us, but it would stupefy them—William Randolph Hearst, *Art Linkletter*, Gerald Ford.

The trauma of parenthood, the legacy of the sixties, if you will, didn't really hit me until a few years ago, when I heard that the stepson of a musician friend had jumped off a bridge and bashed himself to death on the rocks. Not long after that, the son of a judge I knew took too much acid and permanently scrambled his brains. By this time M.J. and I were divorced. M.J. and Shea moved to Dallas, and I began receiving scary reports about Shea's conduct. He was having trouble accepting the divorce; his anger and frustration resulted in constant clashes with his mother, with teachers, and with other kids. He had always been a restless, temperamental kid with an explosive temper. Since he was an only child and usually the youngest of his group, older kids sometimes bullied him, and I encouraged him to fight back.

M.J. thought he was hyperactive because of complications that had occurred at birth. I didn't put much stock in this theory. I was impulsive and temperamental myself. It seemed normal. I'd always tried to treat Shea the way I'd been treated by my parents, and by the Rock: with love and discipline and good advice. I explained the rules and paddled him when I believed he needed it. But now that he was ten years old and living two hundred miles away, I didn't know what to do. I thought the problem would go away.

M.J. thought it was getting worse. Shea was having serious problems with school and with almost everything else in his life. He was stealing things and destroying other people's property. "He's either so hyper he's climbing the walls, or he's in a purple funk," M.J. told me. She thought he was taking drugs. She knew he was drinking, because she came home one night and found him passed out in his own vomit beside an empty six-pack.

"I thought we taught him drugs and booze were for adults," I said lamely.

"Apparently not," she said. "Maybe he grew up too fast." She wanted to take him to a psychologist. I agreed, though the depth of



Shea: troublemaker turned honor student.

the problem still hadn't registered.

For a while the treatment seemed to work. The therapist used the method called confrontation. The sessions consisted of a lot of shouting and name-calling, but at least Shea was starting to articulate his hostility. He was directed at us—his mother and father. He felt betrayed. After a few months, the psychologist recommended that the boy be placed in some sort of residential treatment center for more extensive therapy.

"Are you talking about a nut hatch?" I asked M.J. I couldn't believe it.

"Just a place for treatment," M.J. told me. "The psychologist says he's got sociopathic tendencies. Most teenagers do. It's a time for preoccupation with themselves, for seeing themselves as the center of the universe. They're not ready to live with anybody's rules, but especially not ours—yours and mine."

"Sociopathic"—just saying the word made my skin crawl. I'd heard that word many times, invariably from prosecutors describing mass killers, a Richard Speck or a Charles Manson. I believed that there were people like that, people born without a conscience. But I didn't believe Shea was one. I proposed an alternative: why not send Shea to Austin to live with me?

In the summer of 1976 Shea and I moved into a well-equipped two-bedroom apartment in the hills overlooking Zilker Park. There was a school a few blocks away, and Barton Springs was within easy walking distance. As it happened, Willie Nelson lived directly behind us, just across the alley. We spent many stimulating hours with Willie and other musicians and friends. It was the best of times and, as I soon realized, the worst of times. Until then, I'd never thought much about being a single parent. Fortunately, I was at home most of the time working on a book, but after eleven years of marriage I was also indulging in various long-neglected hobbies of the flesh.

I knew this was no way to raise a pre-

"A deputy told me that he had drawn his pistol just as one of the boys popped up from a weed patch, crying, 'Don't shoot! I'm just a little kid.'"

teenager, but Shea seemed content, and I confess, I didn't look hard for signs of trouble. I'd started dating Phyllis, my current wife. Her son Mike was only a year older than Shea, and we did a lot of things together as a family. Shea and Mike didn't especially like each other, but we figured they would learn to coexist. Mike was more mature than Shea and not as moody. Phyllis and I decided to set up housekeeping and found a large apartment in West Lake Hills where each of the boys could have his own bedroom. Not long after that, we got married. The wedding was one of those impromptu, joyously anti-authoritarian celebrations of permissive hugging, wildflowers, tequila, and endless declarations of love, peace, and goodwill. For a moment it was the sixties all over again. I can barely remember it, but sometime late that night I climbed on the stage at Bull Creek Inn with Willie Nelson and sang a song of my own composition called "Main Squeeze Blues," which I dedicated to my bride. Shea and Mike both came up later, shook my hand, and told me they enjoyed the song. For a moment at least, we were a big, happy family, full of love and tenderness.

The party was over too soon. The boys had both suffered the pains of divorce and craved the attention of their natural parents. When they weren't fighting one another, they were teaming up against us. Shea was worse than Mike, maybe because I didn't make much attempt to discipline Mike. When Mike messed up, though, he was crafty about it. Shea was the one who was always getting caught. "He leaves a trail nine miles wide," Phyllis observed. They had no trouble finding drugs. We conducted daily searches and seizures, but it was like bailing the ocean with a thimble. We grounded them, and they ran away. They always came home after a few days or, more frequently, a few hours, and we were always grateful to have them back.

Shea absolutely refused to obey Phyllis. When she would ask him to clean his room, he'd respond by dumping more things on the floor. Cleanliness and order was a passion Phyllis inherited from her own mother. She wasn't able to let things go. One day when

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SHYSTERS, SADISTS, AND SAVIORS

Texas' child guidance industry has spawned all three—and sometimes it's hard to tell them apart.



Scandal at Artesia Hall in 1973—a girl died from rat poison—blew the lid off the industry.

Children have always been treated as second- or maybe third-class citizens. When Texans founded their republic they adopted much of the English common law, which included the apprenticeship laws and other quaint practices reminiscent of Dickens's London. Children were considered property, the same as mules and cows. As recently as 1933 they could be traded, sold, or given away merely by transferring title. The notion of due process for children didn't take root until a court decision in 1966. The apprenticeship laws didn't vanish from the books until the early seventies.

Philosophically, many Texans have always opposed the concept of the state as some sort of superior parent—regulation and protection of children wasn't the state's business. But if the parents couldn't control the situation, just whose business was it? The answer came from the private sector. As millions of dollars in federal funds poured into social programs in the late sixties, alert supply-siders jumped into the business of private child care, and dozens

of facilities appeared in Texas almost overnight. They even looked like boom towns: some of them were nothing more than tent villages hastily erected in weed patches, usually in some isolated rural setting where laws were not likely to be enforced. One section of a law revised in the forties required child care facilities to be licensed by the state and to maintain minimum standards. But the law was vague and usually ignored. News of this burgeoning industry spread, and some other states, particularly Louisiana and Illinois, learned it was cheaper and easier to send their troubled kids to Texas.

From time to time newspapers published reports of conditions inside these fly-by-night institutions—handcuffs were popular, as were beatings, wire cages, drugs, and other punishments. Children were being neglected, forced to use coffee cans as urinals, sexually abused. Since a number of these centers hadn't bothered to apply for licenses, the state had no authority to investigate complaints—and very little inclination to try. Businessmen conspired with politicians to use their influence to

prevent enforcement of the few laws that did exist. Welfare workers learned it wasn't wise to make waves. There was no agency to audit the profiteers, but the play must have been awesome. By the early seventies there were more than three hundred private child care institutions operating in Texas, not including state schools, church schools, and reputable nonprofit homes.

The boom turned into a bust in 1973 when the public learned of Artesia Hall, an isolated hellhole fourteen miles east of Cleveland in Liberty County, where the administrator was charged with murder after a seventeen-year-old girl swallowed rat poison and was denied immediate medical treatment (he was never tried).

The revelations about Artesia Hall blew the lid off the child care industry. Lawmakers who had consistently turned their backs on Department of Public Welfare (which became the Department of Human Resources in 1977) requested for tougher licensing laws and more funds to enforce them elbowed up front, sometimes conducting their own unannounced inspections of child care institutions, always accompanied by TV cameras. Throughout the spring and summer of 1973 there were almost daily revelations—children drowned, children hit by cars, children locked in cages. It was discovered that a kid at the Austin State Hospital had been trampled to death and another had suffocated when other children poured sand down his throat. Both deaths had been covered up for more than a year. In cities and small towns all over Texas, investigations were launched.

Ninety-eight mentally retarded children, many of them wards of the State of Louisiana, were discovered in a "vocational center" near Leona. Two apparently normal children from Illinois had been kept for six years in a private school for the mentally retarded in Dallas. A major scandal developed in Illinois when it was disclosed that the state was paying \$3 million a year to warehouse five hundred delinquent or disturbed children in Texas. A similar scandal rocked Louisiana when state welfare officials admitted that at least four hundred of their wards were being housed in Texas, at a cost of up to \$850 a month per child.

In 1975 Texas passed the Child Care Licensing Act, one of the strictest licensing and standards laws in the country. The law went into effect on January 1, 1976, and it is still used as a model by other states. Nowadays it's hard to get a handle on who does what for the troubled kids of Texas. The state essentially works only with the hard-core cases, what one veteran penologist has called "the poor, the inept, and the stupid." The Texas Youth Council (TYC), for example, handles only about 3 per cent of the 85,000 kids who get in trouble each year. The other 97 per cent are out there somewhere.

Thanks to Lester Roloff and his brothers on the Christian right, the reforms of 1975 ended up a few bricks shy of a load. Roloff's Rebekah Home for Girls near Corpus Christi still operates in defiance of the Texas Child Care Licensing Act. Roloff calls the law "unscriptural, ungodly, and un-American" and claims to be subject to a higher law.

Even before Artesia Hall, Roloff was constantly a thorn in the side of state authority. Officials periodically received complaints of serious abuses by the staffs of the various facilities run by the multi-million-dollar Roloff Evangelistic Enterprises. But few state officials had the gumption to confront Roloff until the scandal at Artesia Hall. At first Roloff seemed to be submitting to the pressure: he agreed to licensing and inspections. But then he changed his mind. He said the state had gone too far with its demands, and he accused the Department of Public Welfare and the news media of conspiring against him and God.

Extensive nationwide publicity blasted this "child-beating preacher." WHIPPIN' LTL GIRLS FOR GOD, read the cover line of one national magazine. Roloff filed many libel suits for millions of dollars, but he couldn't have been altogether displeased by the publicity. His daily radio broadcasts reached two million people and brought in \$13,000 a day in donations. As for the allegations about beating little children, Roloff pointed to the Bible. According to him, the Bible teaches that "we are to break and conquer the stubborn will of children who have not been taught how to live." He contends that corporal punishment meted out by born-again Christians is an acceptable form of discipline. There were a number of reports of children who had been kidnapped, or at least tricked by their parents into submitting to Roloff. A juvenile court judge in Tucson charged that two Arizona lawmen had been hired by parents of troublesome teenagers to kidnap them and deliver them to Roloff. Roloff denied that it was kidnapping and declared that parents have the right to do what they want to with their children.

Roloff was constantly vowed to "rot in jail or shovel coal in hell" rather than submit to state authority. In June 1979, as state officials secured yet one more court order and geared up for one more assault, Roloff recruited more than three hundred preachers from across the nation to join him in a four-day spectacular that became known as Roloff's Last Stand.

Not long after that, Roloff devised a less spectacular, though equally effective, ploy: he transferred title to the girls' home from Roloff Evangelistic Enterprises to the People's Baptist Church, which he also owned. Austin district judge Charles Mathews, who had reluctantly issued an earlier order for Roloff to get a license or shut down, used this opportunity to rule that church-owned homes are exempt from

the Texas Child Care Licensing Act. The attorney general appealed, and that's where the case stands today.

Whatever the Texas Child Care Licensing Act left undone, it at least eliminated most of the terrible abuses of ten years ago. The law requires that each licensed facility be inspected a minimum of three times a year. All complaints are investigated. "You don't hear the old horror stories anymore—the beatings, the deaths, that sort of thing," said Clif Martin, director of licensing of the Department of Human Resources. "We continue to get complaints about Roloff, of course. We revoke about four to six licenses every year, but it's usually for violations such as poor supervision or having unqualified people on the staff. Most of the child care places are getting some public money, so they police themselves very well. The places that we regulate support tough enforcement. They even supported a bill requiring administrators to be licensed. That's one of the big reasons we have so few revocations."

What depresses Martin and many other professionals, though, is the current trend toward deregulation. When the Texas Child Care Licensing Act passed in 1975, the Legislature authorized a licensing and enforcement staff of forty investigators. But each subsequent Legislature has reduced that number. There are currently only twenty investigators.

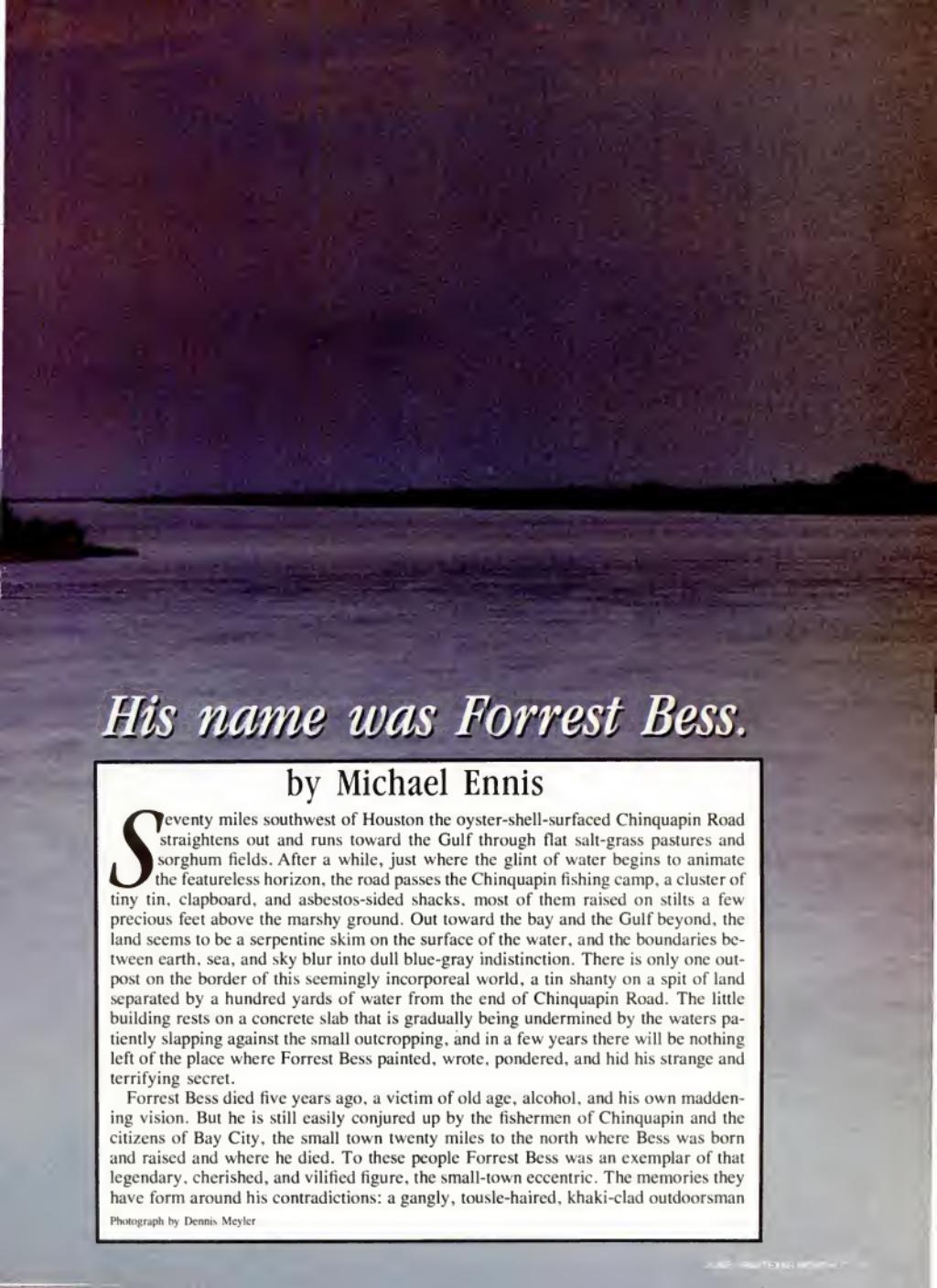
Brother Roloff claims that his program has saved Texas and other states \$100 million. That may or may not be accurate, but a lot of professionals think Roloff is doing a fairly good job. "Whatever you think about the man, he's filling a need," a TYC staff member said. Roloff claims to have a waiting list of more than eight hundred for the Rebekah Home. Dr. Jackson Day, an Austin child psychiatrist, said, "I can't agree with Roloff's negative attitude, that falling from grace stuff. But what works for Roloff and other church schools is the belief system. A belief in God, a belief in anything. If you can get the right combination of a belief system, a structure, and a positive attitude, it will work on a lot of kids. On some it won't."

A few years ago the *Corpus Christi Caller-Times* interviewed a 23-year-old topless dancer who had once lived at Rebekah Home. She'd been kicked out of her own home because she was pregnant, and she was in bad shape when she was taken in at the girls' home. She told the interviewer that hardly any of the girls took seriously that "stuff about being saved," but she wasn't down on the place. She wouldn't knock it. "They saved me from a complete mental collapse," she admitted.

Regardless of his methods, Roloff called the state's bluff when he said: "Look, what I do works. If the state has something better, let them trot it out." No one has replied, much less volunteered. G.C.

*In this ramshackle cabin
on a backwater bay of the
Gulf lived and worked one of
the greatest artists Texas has
ever produced.*





His name was Forrest Bess.

by Michael Ennis

Seventy miles southwest of Houston the oyster-shell-surfaced Chinquapin Road straightens out and runs toward the Gulf through flat salt-grass pastures and sorghum fields. After a while, just where the glint of water begins to animate the featureless horizon, the road passes the Chinquapin fishing camp, a cluster of tiny tin, clapboard, and asbestos-sided shacks, most of them raised on stilts a few precious feet above the marshy ground. Out toward the bay and the Gulf beyond, the land seems to be a serpentine skim on the surface of the water, and the boundaries between earth, sea, and sky blur into dull blue-gray indistinction. There is only one outpost on the border of this seemingly incorporeal world, a tin shanty on a spit of land separated by a hundred yards of water from the end of Chinquapin Road. The little building rests on a concrete slab that is gradually being undermined by the waters patiently slapping against the small outcropping, and in a few years there will be nothing left of the place where Forrest Bess painted, wrote, pondered, and hid his strange and terrifying secret.

Forrest Bess died five years ago, a victim of old age, alcohol, and his own maddening vision. But he is still easily conjured up by the fishermen of Chinquapin and the citizens of Bay City, the small town twenty miles to the north where Bess was born and raised and where he died. To these people Forrest Bess was an exemplar of that legendary, cherished, and vilified figure, the small-town eccentric. The memories they have form around his contradictions: a gangly, tousle-haired, khaki-clad outdoorsman

Photograph by Dennis Meyler

On the Backs Of His Eyelids

The visions of Forrest Bess became his art.

"I term myself a visionary painter for lack of a better word," wrote Forrest Bess in 1951. "Something seen otherwise than by ordinary sight. I can close my eyes in a dark room and if there is no outside noise or attraction, plus, if there is no conscious effort on my part—then I can see color, lines, patterns, and forms that make up my canvases. I have always copied these arrangements exactly without elaboration." Bess initially recorded these symbols, which seemed to swarm across the inside of his eyelids, on a sketch pad that he kept by his bed at his fishing camp at Chinquapin. Since he felt that he was only "a conduit through which they pass and are put on canvas," he did not consider himself an abstract artist and protested that he was entirely unaffected by the aesthetic theories that dominated painting during his era.

Sometimes his visions would seem to have recognizable imagery, as in *Untitled No. 31*, or be completely abstract. Bess gradually developed a complex vocabulary of symbols to explain his baffling images. *Chinquapin*, for example, seems to be an abstract representation of the peninsula where Bess lived, but he interpreted the row of vertical lines as indicating "many many years ago—ancient—archaic—beyond man's memory."

Bess became obsessed with the idea that his symbols had a universal significance and in fact could help bring about an ideal human state that would relieve mankind of all suffering, including death. For Bess, that ideal state was an individual combining the characteristics of both sexes in one body—a hermaphrodite. In *Untitled No. 8*, this condition is symbolized by the crescent, which Bess felt indicated a young woman, and the heavy black shapes beneath it, which he assumed were "stones," or testicles.

His fanatical devotion to his beliefs alienated Bess from the artistic mainstream of his time. Today, however, his work has captured attention because it seems to anticipate an emerging generation of artists committed to their personal visions. Bess's crude and highly original images, the unselfconscious, almost tormented passage of his brush over the canvas, and his quirky, all-consuming search for the truth are qualities that the new generation admires. Bess never proved his exotic theories, but he was right about one thing: "My painting is tomorrow's painting. Watch and see." *M.E.*



Untitled No. 31 (1951).



Chinquapin (undated).



Untitled No. 8 (1957).

Chin F. Nienhuis/Parmen, Gallery

Ray F. Judge Archives of Abstract Art

Ono E. Nelson/Parmen, Gallery

who was given to passionate discourse on Jung and Goethe; a marginally existing bait fisherman who proclaimed himself driven by a mysterious intelligence of momentous importance to mankind. He was a valued friend to some and a pariah to others, a sensitive, admired artist surrounded by murky, disturbing rumors. Forrest Bess didn't quite fit, and he spent most of his life reaching out to a wider world that he hoped would understand him. But he remained a part of Bay City, was tolerated, accepted, and nurtured there; and in the end he realized that he could be at home in no other place.

Unlike most small-town eccentrics, Bess left a legacy far more remarkable than memories and decaying landmarks. In addition to dozens of small, baffling, and oddly beautiful canvases that he painted at Chinquapin, he left behind hundreds of letters. This correspondence has been collected by the Houston branch of the Smithsonian Institution's Archives of American Art and has had considerable impact on the artists and art historians among whom Bess is becoming a cult figure. But it is also more than a collection of documents of sudden scholarly import. It is a rare chance to sound the depths of one of those almost stereotypical small-town characters, to listen to the secrets that he felt set him apart from everyone else. It is an invitation to an autobiographical journey that begins on the South Texas coastal plains and ends in an intellectual landscape so bizarre, frightening, and elaborately constructed that only its creator could possibly imagine it.

Forrest and I grew up together in Clemville, which was a very busy, busy oil field and boom town. There were three or four stores, a rooming house, and a pool hall. I remember lots of mud—nothing but mud—and sidewalks made out of wood.

I knew Forrest from the time we both could walk. He was just a typical boy—noting unusual about him—except that he stuttered a little bit. He could be a bit mischievous. I remember once we pulled everything out of my aunt's house, all the food and even a five-gallon can of kerosene, and took it over to the storm cellar and hid down there having a picnic. We were about five years old. I don't know whether or not we got spanked, because everyone was so glad when they finally found us.

—Clarence Miller, a childhood friend who runs a wholesale fabric store in Houston.

Forrest Clemenger Bess was born on October 5, 1911, in Bay City, a petrochemical and farming community of 18,000 people sixty miles southwest of Houston, the first child of Arnold "Butch" Bess and his wife, Minta Lee. Butch Bess was an oil driller working the fields at Clemville, a town a few miles from Bay City named after F. J. Clemenger, a Pennsylvania geologist who worked with Butch, discovered the field, and also gave Forrest his middle name. Forrest spent his early years in Clemville and started school



Bess in his Chinquapin shanty: small-town eccentric, rugged outdoorsman, passionate artist.

in Bay City. A year later, however, his father began to travel from boom town to boom town, and he took his family with him while he wildcatted. It was a robust life for a boy, and Forrest absorbed indelible memories of muddy fields, tents, rain barrels for drinking water, the taste of biscuits sopped in syrup and salt pork grease, the smell of coon and possum hides stretched on boards and drying around the stove.

Forrest also had visions. As an adult, he wrote vividly of his first one: "It was on Easter morning—I woke up and looked at the spool table before the window. The sunlight was striking a cutglass vase of my Mother's. I looked at the table itself and there on the table was a little village—cobblestone streets, a town well, people walking about and the sun full of refracted colored lights from the sunlight. I got out of bed to go over to it but I happened to look at the chair next to my bed and there sat a tiger—I moved away to edge up to the table from the other side but in another chair next to the table there was a lion—so naturally unable to get to the vision I let out a squawk and here came the family from the kitchen. I was four years old but the vision has always been brilliant in my mind."

When he was seven he saw his first oil paintings, which had been done by a neighbor who was a china painter, and shortly thereafter he began to make pencil copies of pictures from the encyclopedia. Later he started reading Greek and Roman mythology avidly, and he tried a crude oil-on-cardboard

painting of the *Discus Thrower*. When he was thirteen, he took his first formal lessons in oil painting, from a neighbor in Corsicana; he copied a view of Yosemite Falls and a Dutch boat scene. "The art was the refuge," he later wrote. "The impractical dreamland."

By the time Forrest came back to Bay City and entered high school, his personality seemed to be pulling in two directions. He was a bright student, played on the football team, and attended dances and other social gatherings, but he always seemed to be somewhat withdrawn, as if off in his own little world. He worked in the oil fields but dreamed of mythological heroes, Greek temples, and the ancient cities of Mycenae and Troy. Forrest was fond of both his father, a big tobacco-chewing high roller with a sixth-grade education, and his mother, a slender, lovely woman who adored and was sympathetic to her son. But there was friction when Forrest graduated from Bay City High School. He wanted to study art in college, but his parents wanted him to go to West Point.

I was valedictorian of our high school class, and Forrest was the salutatorian. He was tall like his mother, who was tall and stately, but Forrest was loose-jointed, almost an Ichabod Crane. He was anything but good-looking. At that time in our lives everyone desperately wanted to conform—you wouldn't dare to be

(Continued on page 240)



A SINGIN' FOOL

by Pepi Plowman

George Jones is the greatest country singer alive. He is also ornery and unreliable, and he tends to get struck by white lightning.

A full moon sat in the cloudless sky over the Opryland U.S.A. complex outside of Nashville on the October night of the 1981 Country Music Association awards ceremony. Sleek limousines swooped in and out at the front entrance of the Opryland Hotel, whisking ladies in sequined outfits and men in tuxedos to the Opry House. Meanwhile, in one of the rooms of the hotel, a drunk George Jones was getting dressed to go to the ceremony. He refused to wear a tux; instead he donned an open-collared frilled shirt and a brown Western suit. He had spent the whole afternoon—after having his hair done—hiding out in the hotel, drinking, in the charge of a man whose job it was to see that the elusive star didn't escape, as he was wont to do. George didn't really care about the highfalutin awards show, even if he *had* gotten the male vocalist and single of the year awards the year before. He figured that after thirty years it was about time.

But the executives from CBS, which now owns Jones's contract, weren't going to let him get away this time. Looking like a herd-
ed animal—67 whipcord inches of blood and guts with a face as rivulated as the base of a volcano, out-of-focus eyes that verged so close together as to almost collide in the middle of his face, and graying muttonchops—George was surrounded by a phalanx of people when he finally walked slowly down the hotel hallway to the door.

A limousine had been sent to the side entrance to pick him up—none of his companions wanted his picture taken in his drunken state. A woman in a fur-trimmed white gown had George by the arm. She looked as though she thought he was about to crumple into a heap at her side. Bent-shouldered, George shuffled down the steps, his female friend never letting go of his arm.

I AM WHAT I AM

George Jones's songs about drinking and lost, illicit, or unrequited love have long sustained hardworking and hard-loving people through their arduous lives. Whether they drove a truck, worked as roughnecks, farmed, or cut hair for a living, they listened to the music of George Jones on their radios and record players. They looked up to him as someone who could, if he wanted to, make it, regardless of his inadequacies or the circumstances of his birth. George's maverick lifestyle—a testimony to the unbridled emotion found in honky-tonk music—makes his expression of that music much more believable.

Infinitely fallible, George Jones has a violent temper. He has bruised more than one woman's face; he carries a gun and has occasionally used it to threaten or frighten people; he lies blatantly or runs away to avoid confronting difficult situations; he is indifferent to the value of money and thoughtlessly borrows and squanders it. But

these aberrations of character are at least tempered, if not balanced, by an extreme generosity, a homegrown honesty, an inherent humility, and a tender heart—that is, when he's sober. He detests people who put on airs, although he himself has grown to expect a certain amount of deference from the go-fers and hangers-on who surround him. And invariably, regardless of how alienating George is, people—from his producer and manager to his fans and family—forgive him.

In general, country music has the most loyal of fans. George, of all the country stars, has given his fans plenty of reason to abandon him, yet they will come a thousand miles to see him, again and again, knowing full well that he might not show up. There is no country artist more beloved by his fans, no one whose interpretations are so awe-inspiring to other musicians, from Waylon Jennings to Ray Charles. Often compared to Hank Williams, George is too modest to claim to stand alongside the Shakespeare of country music. Whereas Williams's early death made him into a tragic icon in country music, George's rattlesnake constitution and refusal to succumb to adversity make him seem more pathetic than tragic. And though Hank and George are equally charismatic, George is the better singer. He ranks alongside Frank Sinatra and Billie Holiday as a master vocal stylist; his ability to wrap his voice around a lyric, sliding it up and down with remarkable ease, or to emoté through

Opposite: George Jones's fortune is his voice, which slides up and down and miraculously wraps around lyrics in endless variations.



October 1970: George, Tammie, and newborn Tamala Georgette.

George Jones has always been surrounded by family, even if they weren't always blood kin.

1944: George as an earnest thirteen-year-old.



1944: George's parents, George and Clara Jones, in Beaumont.



1942: George's oldest sister, Helen, with her husband, W.T. Scruggins, and their firstborn.



Early sixties (center), brightened



1957: George's second wife, Shirley.

1950:
law;



George's Mother-in-Law; First wife Dorothy; Mother Clara Jones.

clenched teeth is a constant source of wonder to his fellow musicians. Unlike Sinatra, though, George has never been one to manipulate the media. Of the two, he stands closer to Billie Holiday as someone who seemingly has no control over his life or his prodigious excesses. He doesn't pretend to understand his own power; he is in fact intimidated by it, preferring to run away rather than to face it.

Despite his loyal following and his prolific output of more than a hundred albums, George was largely ignored by the intelligentsia of country music until 1980, when he garnered Country Music Association awards for male vocalist of the year and single of the year ("He Stopped Loving Her Today," a gloomy tale of a man who ceased to love a woman only after he died and was carried away, taking his love for her with him). The laurels for this song carried over into 1981, when he won the coveted Grammy from the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences for best male country vocal performance of 1980, the Academy of Country Music 1980 awards for male vocalist of the year, song of the year, and single of the year, and the Country Music Association's 1981 award for male vocalist. After the album *I Am What I Am* (which included "He Stopped Loving Her Today") went gold—selling 500,000 copies—CBS Records executives realized that there was more money to be made off George than they had thought possible, and in December 1981 they offered him a new contract—one of the best for a recording star in country music history.

Since George came from humble origins, the trappings of success were at once a temptation and a travesty for him—a temptation because those trappings could easily become the end rather than the means, and a travesty because they removed him from his roots and deprived him of the very feelings that inspired him to begin with. He has always refused to cater to the slick pop-country sound that came into existence in the sixties in Nashville. In this respect, George is a purist, for though he may have left the country, no one has ever successfully taken the country out of him.

POOR MAN'S RICHES

On September 12, 1931, in Saratoga, deep in the Big Thicket, George Glenn Jones came into the world as a breech baby with a broken arm. Early that morning his father, George Washington Jones, took all the kids over to a cousin's house six blocks from his half wood-frame, half log house, while his wife, Clara, waited for the child to be born. It was the same house in which she had given birth to her seven other children and in which they spent most of their formative years, all of them sleeping in one big room. In the late afternoon, George Washington went to get the kids and told them, "You've got a twelve-pound baby brother."

George Jones grew up in a rural part of East Texas. His father worked as a truck

driver in Kountz and later, when they moved to Beaumont, as a pipe fitter in a local shipyard. His wife was of Irish descent, and he was part American Indian. A strict man with a drinking problem, he must have seemed unapproachable to the kids. George tells tales of his father's coming home from a bender and chasing him with stove wood or being in such a state that his entire family would have to flee to someone else's house to avoid him. According to W. T. Scroggins, who is married to George's oldest sister, Helen, "George's daddy did like most men used to do then—they'd git their payday and they'd git their groceries an' ever'thing and then a lot of 'em'd git drunk." Irrational rage characterized his mood when he was drunk, a trait that he passed on to his son.

Both of George's parents loved music, and it was as much a part of George's growing up as was chopping wood to fill the stove. They got their first radio in 1938, and on Saturday nights they would listen to WSM's *Grand Ole Opry* out of Nashville. George always instructed his daddy to be sure and wake him up if he was asleep when Roy Acuff or Bill Monroe came on. Family members recall him as a four-year-old walking barefoot down a dusty road, banging on a pot and singing as loudly as he could. At age five George would sit on his cousins' front porch and play with the guitar. "He'd lay it down 'cross his lap," says W.T., "cause he couldn't even hold a guitar. He never cared about nothin' but country music." He was all ears, pug nose, and cowlick, with close-set, slanted hazel eyes and a square jaw. He was a serious-looking child—until he smiled his wide moon smile.

Except for a boy named Ishmael Spell, who was the same age but stood a whole head taller than he did, George didn't have many friends as a child. "It seems like he was in a dream world," says Helen Scroggins. "He'd sit for hours, just by himself, drawin' in the sand with a stick or leavin' up against a tree. He didn't have much to do with nobody. He was just a loner." But his family made up for his lack of friends. "We spoilt him," says Helen of his mother and brother and sisters. "We was pretty proud of him."

George's dad bought him a cheap Gene Autry guitar when he was eleven, and George thought it was the best in the world. He would stand in front of the local cafe and strum and sing for anybody who would listen. He played a lot in the Baptist church his family attended, until later when he couldn't reconcile playing in honky-tonks with playing in churches.

George couldn't see any use in school and was continually truant, especially after the family moved to Beaumont. His favorite hangouts when he skipped school were the radio stations in Beaumont—KRIC and later KTRM. He and a sidekick would appear every noon to hear Richard Prine ("King of the Hillbilly Drummers") and his band aired live on the 12:05 show. The boys would stand with their noses pressed against the glass door of the studio, avidly listening and



George Jones loves hard, works hard, and plays hard, but contentment still eludes him.



1977: Slim Baggett at the time, lend a



October 1981: George Webborn waiting for awards ceremony.

Christina Palusz



October 1981: Linda Bartender, including

watching. By the time he had gone through the seventh grade twice, he convinced his family he should quit school.

At seventeen, he got his first job as a deejay—which lasted only a few months—on Jasper's KTXJ, where he had a half-hour afternoon show. Shortly thereafter he started playing lead guitar with Eddie and Pearl, a husband-and-wife team who were the first hillbilly musicians in the area. She played bull fiddle (stand-up bass), and he played guitar and sang. They were devoted to each other, but they made an odd couple—Eddie was handsome and dapper, but Pearl looked much older. George shared their trailer with them and got room and board plus \$17.50 a week, traveling with them to gigs around Beaumont and in Louisiana. Eddie and Pearl were the first of George's many surrogate parents. At that time, he didn't really have a place to call home. His father was a town drunk, and his mother moved about from one of her children's homes to another.

By the time George was in his late teens, he had played in every beer joint around, sitting in with any band that would let him when he wasn't playing with Eddie and Pearl. He was lucky if he got \$10 a night. It was during those forays into dingy taverns that George first started drinking.

Eddie and Pearl had six-thirty morning show, first on KRIC and then on KTRM. One day Hank Williams came by the station to sing. George backed him up with electric guitar but could hardly hit a lick because he was so awestruck. At the time, George was known more for his imitations of his idols, Roy Acuff and Hank Williams, than for his own interpretations. After the show, Williams gave George some good advice: he told him not to try to imitate anyone but to develop his own style. George went to see Hank's show that night in Beaumont and was thrilled when Williams remembered his name and announced to the audience that he was going to sing "I Just Can't Get You Off of My Mind," which a young man by the name of George Jones wanted to hear.

TENDER YEARS

In 1950 the nineteen-year-old George was working as a house painter for a Beaumont contractor and playing music at night. The contractor had a daughter named Dorothy, and she and George soon found themselves walking down the aisle. Dorothy's parents gave George a fancy guitar for a wedding present.

The young couple lived in her parents' house, and the strains that commonly arise in such a living arrangement soon appeared. One evening George asked Dorothy to feed his rabbits in the back yard, because he was running late for a gig. He later told Helen, "They acted like I'd insulted her. They said, 'Don't you ask my daughter to go feed no rabbits!'" He decided they had to move, and he took Dorothy to look at an apartment he had picked out. But she was reluctant to start homemaking on her own, and one day at Helen's she told George, "I didn't wash no

dishes or cook before I married you, and I don't intend to now." They separated before their daughter, Susan, was born. Shortly afterward, they were divorced.

The judge decreed that George should pay \$30 a week child support. "Back in them days thirty dollars was hard for a man to make, let alone pay a woman," says W.T. "Ever' time he got a week behind with the child support the judge would throw him in jail. We'd have to pay the child support and get him out. He'd always call us. So finally the judge recommended he go in the Marines." For the next two years, from November 1951 to November 1953, George did his stint, stationed at Camp Pendleton, California. The child support payments went directly to Dorothy.

In 1952, while George was back in Beaumont on leave, he caught a Lefty Frizzell show at Yvonne's, the Gilley's of the time. Frizzell was one of the biggest country music stars, and George followed his music closely. Lefty sang only a couple of songs that night because he'd been injured in a car accident the night before. His managers, Jack and Neva Starnes (who owned a nearby club bearing her name), approached the perky, crew-cut George and asked him to take Frizzell's place. Sparkling clean in a starched white cowboy shirt and shiny black boots—all five feet seven inches of him—Jones was ready and willing to sit in for Frizzell for the rest of the night.

While he was stationed in California, George once went AWOL to Bakersfield to play on KUZZ's *Cliffie Stone's Hometown Jamboree* along with Buck Owens, another struggling country artist. As soon as George got out of the service, the Starnes began booking him all around Texas and Louisiana, including Shreveport's *Louisiana Hayride*, where he first saw Elvis Presley.

Jack Starnes, along with H. W. "Pappy" Daily of Houston, had formed Starday Records the year before. George was one of the first artists they signed, and his first single, "There Ain't No Money in This Deal," was cut in the Starnes' living room in Beaumont, with egg cartons tacked on the wall to dampen the sound. Their fourteen-year-old son, Bill—who later would be involved in other ventures with George—was in the next room running the tape recorder. The record wasn't any great success, but George was delighted nevertheless. His first album, *George Jones Sings*, was released soon after.

Pappy Daily, Starday's producer, hit it off with George from the start. He recorded George for the next twenty years, and George found support in him that he would never again find in any individual in the music business. Pappy was never officially George's manager—their handshake was enough—and he advised him not to sign a personal management contract with anyone. George has since signed many contracts and renegotiated every one.

Now a white-haired octogenarian who still works three days a week at Glad Music (*Continued on page 232*)



FOAT WUTH, THE ETERNAL CITY

by Jan Morris

Photography by
Geoff Winningham

Despite boom times, despite sophistication, despite even Dallas, there will always be a Cowtown.

Decidedly not the thing to do is to wake up on a Sunday morning in downtown Fort Worth and look out of your hotel window toward the north. Unnerving indeed is the prospect before you then. There stands the old courthouse, presently under reconstruction so that half its windows are gaping and all its clocks are stopped, and there is the grim, yellowish block of the Tarrant County Jail, with the criminal court conveniently attached. The streets are deserted but for one or two maudling vagrants, and the business premises look all too basically Texan: Luskey's Western Store, Engler's Western Wear, the Plaza Finance office, and a couple of bond guarantors.

A lifeless river wanders hangdog through this cheerless scene; there is a wooded bluff of sorts over to the right, beyond the Kanga-



Main Street in downtown Fort Worth.



"Mr. Lloyd Hallaran, octogenarian owner of the marvelous old-school grocery store of Turner & Dingee, established 1878, remembers taking supplies of squab to the hospitable whorehouses of the old downtown."



Lloyd Hallaran in Turner & Dingee, established 1878.

ro Cour Bar-B-Q; dominating the middle distance are the four bleak chimneys of the Texas Electric Service Company. And beyond it all a wide, straight boulevard strikes northward, through a wasteland of Jerry-building, toward the illimitable prairie horizon all around, which is punctuated only by radio masts, water towers, and occasional grain elevators.

You are looking at the Texastest view in the Texastest city of them all. Down there beside the Trinity River the West really did begin. "The prospect from this plateau," wrote Colonel John Forney some twenty years after the foundation of the town, "is grand beyond description"—not least, he thought, the vista it afforded of distant lofty mountains, "to be barely distinguished from the clouds themselves." Stagecoach travelers were taken from their hotels to wonder at the view from that bluff, and as the cattle trails converged upon the infant settlement, as the railways arrived and the profits began to burgeon, many a pioneer on his way to California was persuaded to change his mind and try his luck in this, the best-located, fastest-growing, farthest-seeing, highest-spirited, handsomest young municipality in the West.

"Good God," you may say, "what happened?" But wait: the real point of that drear spectacle from the window is not the courthouse or the jail or even the historic bluff (and certainly not the lofty mountains, which nobody but Colonel Forney has ever seen) but that broad highway leading away to the flatlands over the river. For there is no big city of my experience more rootedly regional, more organically unmetropolitan than Fort Worth, Texas—where on a windy day, they assure me, the prairie tumbleweed still blows helter-skelter into town off IH 20.

So let's get downtown over with. Even on the ground, even facing south, even on a weekday, it still makes the heart sink rather. Once it was full of native gusto, in the days when Hell's Half Acre offered a perpetual jamboree of sex, booze, and gamble, when Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid holed up here between exploits, when the town marshal was the murderous Long Hair Jim Courtwright, and the emergent cattle barons swanned about the saloons with cigars to match their egos. Even when I first came here, thirty years ago, it struck me as a wonderfully self-confident provincial city, secure in its own traditions—the city to hundreds of thousands of West Texans, where they came to do their Christmas shopping at Monnig's, to eat their Sunday brunch at the stately Texas Hotel, to catch a movie in a downtown picture palace or board a train at the sumptuous art deco depot of the Texas & Pacific.

Today the downtown city, between the temporarily courtless courthouse and the permanently trainless railroad station, is sadly short of the old spunk. The conviction is gone. It seems to me an oddly half-speed, halfhearted, half-cocked place, and even its clutch of new high-rise buildings somehow suggests an urban center numbed by some interminable national holiday, or permanently out of season. Butch Cassidy wouldn't come near the place now, and old Long Hair would be bored to tears.

They are trying to revitalize it, of course, but the skyscrapers and complexes still going up are no more than a yawn of belated urban renewal—those inescapable glass-sheathed towers, that statutory Galleria ice rink, the inevitable Hyatt flamboyances inserted like some crazed transplant into the metabolism of the poor old Texas

"This is not a subservient or sycophantic place, as metropolises tend to be. It is essentially patrician in its attitudes. I kept bumping into members of the Fort Worth gentry, the truest guardians of the city's character."



Amon Carter, Jr., in his Fort Worth Star-Telegram office.

Hotel. Tattered-up Victoriana creeps inexorably along Main Street, which is soon to be served by imitation trolley cars with drivers in Western attire. In the open space, mostly car parks, that fronts the vast Tarrant County Convention Center a lonely brick one-story building, old enough perhaps to remember Hell's Half Acre on this very spot, remains to register a silent protest about it all. "Ernest McGhee and His Showband," large scrawled letters on its wall say, like a message left by a dying man upon some ravaged beach, "SI."

This is not just the usual neurosis of the American city center. Fort Worth's civic condition is specific to itself. When I came here first, this town seemed altogether independent, self-sufficient, and, indeed, self-satisfied, but for years now it has been living not so much under the shadow as in the dazzle of Dallas, Big D, thirty miles along the freeway and glamorized alike by political assassination and television folktale. The creation of the mammoth Dallas-Fort Worth Airport sealed the cities in the uneasy megalopolis they call Metroplex, and the initials DFW, attached to airline baggage across the world, stamped upon the contemporary consciousness the impression that the two places were more or less one, with Dallas emphatically on top.

Poor Fort Worth! Even alphabetically it was at a disadvantage. If only it had been christened Camp Worth, or Bunker Worth, or even Armory Worth, those luggage label initials would have been reversed, and things might have been different. As it was, the investment counselors, the multinationals, the Beautiful People, and the Authentic Yunnan Restaurants followed the shine to Big D, leaving downtown Fort Worth, long deprived of its lascivious

allure, ever drabber and duller. No wonder the developers looked to their properties, the architects to their modish malls.

Too late! What we see today in downtown Fort Worth, still in the throes of its renewal, is the re-creation of a grand old town in the image of everywhere else. There is nothing more exciting around than the Fort Worth Water Gardens, which suggest to me a monkey house unexpectedly inundated by the bursting of a hundred thousand water mains, nothing more beautiful than the svelte city buses and the elegant new traffic lights; and one of the few establishments to stay open 24 hours a day is the Municipal Fines Bureau.

Do not despair, though. Drive to the north along Main Street, between the recently installed gas-style street lamps and the lately rebricked sidewalks, and you will find that in a matter of moments it leaves the downtown grid altogether, becoming that wide north-bound boulevard you saw on Sunday morning; and it leads you straight to Cowtown.

Figuratively and physically it takes you there. Once past the courthouse, Main Street, if unprepossessing in appearance, turns out to be full of varied life. There are gas stations and tattoo artists and Mexican foods to go; there are rubber-stamp manufacturers and used-tire dealers and off to the right is Joe T. Garcia's famous restaurant, an island of crooked clapboard in a sea of expensive cars; and before long there begin to appear the shambled wooden structures of Cowtown proper, North Fort Worth. There you should stop, switch off your engine, and open the window. If you are lucky (and imaginative) you will hear some magical sounds upon the air and smell some evocative smells: the lowing of cattle,

"Downtown is sadly short of its old spunk; it seems an oddly half-speed, halfhearted, half-cocked place, where a clutch of new high rises suggests an urban center numbed by some interminable national holiday."



Fort Worth City Center construction site on Houston Street.

the shouting of pig men and cowboys, the noble tang of sweat and leather, dung and hay, cow and quarter horse and Texas hog.

The stockyards are not as I remembered them. North Fort Worth is partly tourism nowadays (FOAT WUTH, AH LUV YEW!, "Happy Hour at the Bare Back Saloon Featuring Texas Babes"). It is partly dereliction (disintegrated cattle sheds, disused railway tracks, shattered warehouses like Reichstag ruins). But it is partly active Cowtown still. Among the steakhouses and the souvenir shops you may still find lodging houses the cowboys have always frequented—the Alps Hotel, for instance, named perhaps by Colonel Forney. Among the vast expanses of pens and sheds, once jammed every day with meat on the hoof for the nearby packinghouses, two mornings a week there are still a few score cattle up for sale, to the immemorial dirge of the auctioneers and the changeless twitch of finger, jerk of chin, of the ranchers sprawled around. "Yeah, same old smell," a cowhand responded when I commented on the stockyard ambience. "Not so much of it, but jest as fragrant."

Saturday night is the time to go to North Fort Worth, for that is rodeo night. The coliseum then is a riot of Texana, tumbling infants in ten-gallon hats, popcorn in mighty containers, cantering horses, frantic calves, creased farm faces, and ever-booming commentary: "and let's give a round of applause ladies an' gen'lemen to a very fine group of visitors we've got with us tonight from Stuttgart, Germany, forty-five fine gen'lemen from Germany visiting with us at the Fort Worth Rodeo tonight . . ." Outside, the dark streets are full of cowboys and horses, tall slouched figures stalking under the streetlights, the snort and whinny of tethered animals, the clip-clop of hooves, and the drawl of rodeo gossip. And when the show is over

everyone goes around the corner to Billy Bob's Texas, "the biggest honky-tonk in the world," where the 43 dim-lit bars are soon clogged with Texan buttocks, where lanky Texan shoulders drape earnestly over the massed pool tables, and where on the translucently illuminated dance floor a million dancers sway and swoop exuberantly through the revolving lights, cheek to cheek or elbows high, as only Texans can.

When you leave Billy Bob's the strains of country and western pursue you remorselessly home. They pursue you indeed everywhere in Fort Worth, for in a generic sense this whole city is Cowtown still. The trains may no longer bring their cattle to those stockyard sidings, but their whistles still sound splendidly through the Fort Worth night, and their shapes are as inescapable in this prairie town as ships in a seaport, hulking at the ends of side streets or chugging back and forth at highway crossings, while ever and again there labors gloriously across the city one of the great Burlington Northern coal trains, six bulky units out front, a mile of trucks behind.

Hoboes still ride those trains out of Fort Worth, just as urchins fish for catfish almost in the shadow of the courthouse. The humor of this town is bucolically sly and pawky, the prevailing philosophy homespun, and the public taste—or so it strikes me—fundamentally wholesome. When the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* conducted a poll to discover 149 Things We Most Like About Fort Worth, the list included hamburgers in Ricks Lockerroom and the view of St. Stephen Presbyterian Church from McCart Avenue.

The pull of rural America is tenacious here, and the city's country

"Tarted-up Victoriana creeps inexorably along Main Street, which is soon to be served by imitation trolley cars with drivers in Western attire. Butch Cassidy wouldn't come near the place now."



Froufrou on the corner of Main and Houston.

roots have never been broken. After the cattle sale one morning I decided to follow one of the purchasers home to see where his cattle would end up. There was a clutter of farmers paying their checks at the stockyard office, or exchanging professional advice ("You look out now up the intersection, I never saw so many highway patrolmen in my life." "Jeez, an' I ain't got no sticker for that dang trailer"), so I settled upon Mr. Lloyd Tabor, who had bought a couple of Shorthorns, and presently followed him out along the highway home.

I was well instructed how to get there. All along the way, helpful informants directed me. Up the intersection I went, keepin' my eyes open, out the Decatur highway, turned off the main road, down past that Mount Zion Baptist Church, took a left away up there along the dirt road, followed out along Route 2 a couple miles, and quicker'n a jackass jump I was at the Tabor ranch in a very exhibition of back-country America, the trees green in the gully, the bluebonnets smiling on the verges all around, the birds all a-singing in the Texas sky, and Mr. Tabor's new Shorthorns already grazing there behind his house like cows in a sentimental calendar.

Long ago Cowtown grew extremely rich: after cattle came oil, and it became a city of millionaires. "Scores of the best men in the country," B. B. Paddock wrote in the 1870s, "are coming to . . . Fort Worth, and we are going to work with energy and determination to build up the place." They succeeded beyond Paddock's most visionary dreams. Out of one enterprise alone, the Tandy leather and electronics business, at least fifty millionaires were spawned, and today, for all the city's acres of modest clap-

board, its thousands of illegally immigrated Mexicans, its unemployed blacks, and its ever-visible community of layabouts, Fort Worth is awash with money. Now, as always, it is a place for big and brawny initiatives: it deals in brawny commodities, like bulls; it manufactures big things, like military aircraft; and it goes the whole hog in the making of fortunes. The very rich, who used to build gaudy downtown mansions, prefer now to live less ostentiously in the discreet, plushy suburb called Westover Hills, and over their homes each day, like reminders of mortality, the huge black B-52 bombers, Fort Worth born and bred, ominously come and go.

Immortality, though, has been more of a preoccupation among the Fort Worth millionaires. Out of all that wealth has come an oligarchy of families inescapable in the affairs of this town, a mighty plutocracy that sprang from the soil of Tarrant County and was to nurture not just the cattle barons but the property dukes and the oil rig princes. Waggoner, Tandy, Kimbell, Bass, Carter—their names are everywhere, in streets and parks, in office blocks and memorial stadiums, in museums and university halls and water gardens. Often they have married each other, sometimes they have joined each others' boards, and lately they have even been mutually sculpted—Electra Biggs, née Waggoner, is a distinguished sculptor (besides having the Buick Electra named for her).

Turn where you will in Fort Worth and the plutocracy is somewhere there. In the past, I suppose, its members were united in skulduggery too, like many another provincial cabal—they used to say the town was run by the Seventh Street Gang, centered upon the Fort Worth Club and the adjacent *Star-Telegram* office. But they were also intensely proud of their city and jealous of its repu-



Kimbell Art Museum.



Cowtown Rodeo at Fort Worth's coliseum.



Fishing on the Trinity River.



Fort Worth stockyards.

"When the rodeo is over, everyone goes around the corner to Billy Bob's Texas, 'the biggest honky-tonk in the world,' where the 43 dim-lit bars are soon clogged with Texans, . . .



Shining boots at Billy Bob's.

tation. Immortality to them was immortality in Fort Worth, and so over the years they bequeathed to their hometown a tremendous series of memorials.

Around a wide green sufficiently to the west of Main Street, away out there beyond Montgomery Ward and the First United Methodist Church, these hieratic monuments are distributed like mausoleums in some Valley of the Tycoons: the Kimbell Art Museum, the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, the Museum of Science and History, the Fort Worth Art Museum—all of them built, sustained, or embellished with the old family cash of Cowtown. No Medicis ever embellished a Florence more lavishly. This is claimed to be the finest group of museums west of the Mississippi, and the Kimbell Art Museum, which was Louis Kahn's last work, seems to me not only the most beautiful art gallery anywhere but one of the loveliest buildings of any kind built in our time—a structure that, in its exquisite blend of simplicity and opulence, has brought glory to the name of Kimbell and turned the prairie dirt to gold. "That Kimbell was a funny guy," observed a local senior citizen of my acquaintance. "Who'd have thought he'd live forever?" But you could say the same about Cheops.

Ah," the senior citizen retorted, "but that Cheops, he was from out of town." This is not at all a subservient or sycophantic place, as metropolises tend to be. On the contrary, it strikes me as essentially patrician in its attitudes—Kimbell or Cheops, what's the difference? "We depend heavily on the odd-ball trade," the owner of Barber's Book Store told me, by which I

think he meant the congenital nonconformists, the ornery and the original—in a word, the gentry.

As it happens, I spent one whole day bumping into members of this tenacious Fort Worth elite, who are the truest guardians of the city's character. In the morning I met a hobo couple living in a tarpaulin shack in a thicket near the railway tracks. Their style was nothing if not dukely, and they greeted me with great courtesy, repeatedly offering me swigs of moonshine from their plastic jug, introducing me to their fine cat, Tiger, and telling me about the raccoons that came to share their victuals after dark—he propped back on his chair with his feet up beneath the trees, she dancing here and there about that less-than-magic glade like a plump, Indianified, and rather sozzled nymph. Were they happy? I asked as I left. "Very, very happy. Happy as the day is long. Wanna bit of catfish?"

Then in the afternoon I talked to Amon Carter, Jr., son of the old magnate and himself a tycoon in good standing, publisher of the *Star-Telegram*, bigwig of the Texas Rangers, director of American Airlines. Like the hoboes, he talked genially, fluently, and at random: about a new recruit for the Rangers ("real nice, and he looks like a gentleman"), about his father ("a great salesman, that's what Dad was"), about the expansion of Fort Worth ("this Sunbelt thing"), about *Dallas* on TV ("J.R. was born right here in Fort Worth"), about what happened when the medical inspector of Krakow conducted an autopsy in Fort Worth ("he'd never taken out a bullet before, and never opened up a black man—'Why,' he says, 'he's just the same inside as a white man'").

And in the evening, Kenneth L. Wickett, independent oil operator

. . . where lanky Texan shoulders drape earnestly over the massed pool tables, and where a million dancers sway and swoop exuberantly, cheek to cheek or elbows high, as only Texans can."



Dancing at Billy Bob's.

and irrepressible poet. Him I encountered in the marvelous old-school grocery store of Turner & Dingee, established 1878, whose octogenarian owner, Mr. Lloyd Hallaran, distinctly remembers taking supplies of squab to the hospitable whorehouses of the old downtown. Mr. Wickett, who is small, perky, and very charming, shops there every evening, and many of his aphoristic verses are tacked in typescript on the wall. For instance:

If only we could see ourselves as others see us,
What a revelation it would be,
Stripped of self-esteem and deluding hypocrisy,
We would reveal stark reality.
"He's a marvel," said Mr. Hallaran, "the way he can just run them up."

"Why," added his sister, Nona, 86, who helps out in the shop, "he doesn't even have to think; they just come to him out of the air."

Mr. Wickett smiled self-deprecatingly and gave me a copy of his most recent publication, *Dreams of Love*. Mr. Hallaran gave me a slice of barbecued sausage and said I was to come back.

When I returned to my hotel there was a telephone call from Mr. Amon Carter, Jr. "I've been thinking," said the millionaire, "and I don't want you to go away with the wrong idea in your head. You remember we were talking about *Dallas*?" Well, I told you something wrong there. Weatherford, Texas, that's where J.R. was raised. He was born in Fort Worth but raised in Weatherford. I wouldn't want for you to get the wrong impression."

"Nearer Fort Worth than Dallas, anyway," I said.

"That's right," said Mr. Carter with approval.

Patriots every one, such as you do not find in a megalopolis: the railway-track tramps, the tycoon, the romantic poet and the grocer too, some nicer than others, some more calculating, but all united in an easy and stylish generosity of manner. "The citizens," wrote Colonel Forney in 1872, "are kind, courteous and hospitable," and I agree with him. I don't want to gush, but in a lifetime of constant travel I have not met another populace so universally welcoming and delightful, so ready to oblige, so quick to help. Never was a view more deceptive than the unpromising downtown prospect from my window that Sunday morning.

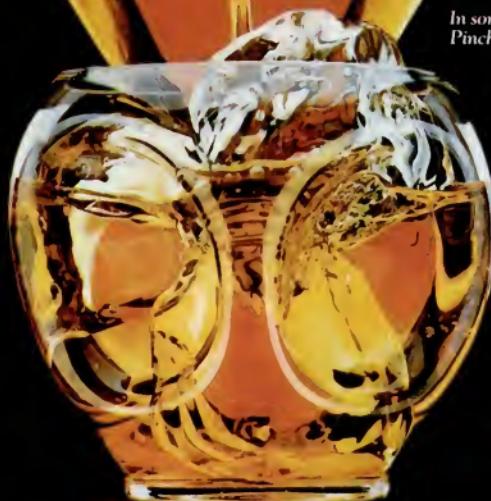
There are those who say Fort Worth's a vulnerable genius, that the example of Big D is sure to win in the end, overwhelm it with slickness and sophistication, metropolitize it after all—and there is no denying that number 140 of those *Things We Like* was "Proximity of Dallas." But I doubt it, for the situation strikes me as an allegory of the American condition itself, its endless dialectic between habit and innovation, loyalty and change. Just as the principle of America perennially and unexpectedly survives the passing practice, so Fort Worth and all it represents is profounder than it seems. It will take more than admens' urbanity, computer cool, or even urban renewal to defeat the style of Cowtown.

They tell me that on a clear day in Fort Worth you can see the towers of Dallas, which are the towers of metropolitanism, and that sometimes the glow of its lights in the night tantalizingly illuminates the eastern sky, but I never noticed them, any more than I saw those cloud-capped Alps of Colonel Forney's. ♦

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Henry Burges

Bishop Matthiesen: by denouncing Pantex, he tied his parishioners' hands with their own faith.

THE BISHOP DROPS A BOMB

When an Amarillo bishop spoke out against the nuke, he made his parishioners feel guilty—and he made himself a star.

Late last summer, when Ronald Reagan announced his decision to go ahead with the production of the neutron bomb, Leroy T. Matthiesen, the Catholic bishop of Amarillo, immediately issued a statement in opposition. Actually, "issued" is not the most precise word for what he did. Upon hearing the news, Matthiesen sat down at his desk, wrote out his statement, and, figuring someone from the press would solicit his opinion, "waited for the telephone to ring."

At the time, Matthiesen had been Amarillo's bishop for little more than a year, but he had come to the position determined to do a few things differently from his predecessor. "The previous bishop, Lawrence DeFalco, kept a very low profile," Matthiesen recalls. "I don't think he gave an interview the whole time he was bishop. Since I come out of a journalism background"—Matthiesen edited the diocesan newspaper for most of his 36 years as a priest in the Panhandle—"I was more willing to open myself up to the media. When this announcement came out about the neutron bomb, well, that seemed to me like just the kind of thing I should be commenting on." The local press, however, was not yet wise to the ways of the new bishop, so the phone stayed silent.

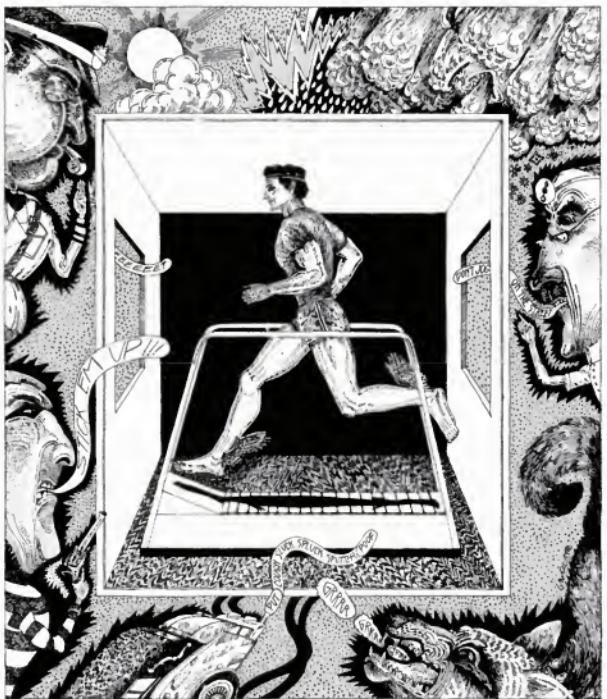
L. T. Matthiesen didn't need a media adviser to tell him what he'd done wrong.

About a week later, he took his statement from the drawer and gave it to the editor of the diocesan newspaper. He also had a press release drawn up, which he distributed to the various organs of journalism in Amarillo. The next day, the bishop's action bore its intended fruit: his statement was on the front page of the *Amarillo Globe-News* (BISHOP DECRIES NEUTRON BOMB) and on all the local television stations. That was ten months ago. His phone hasn't stopped ringing since.

Matthiesen is hardly the first Catholic bishop to come out against nuclear weapons. At last count, 136 of America's 285 active bishops had endorsed a bilateral nuclear weapons freeze. Yet to judge from the national press, Matthiesen is the Catholic leader who has most come to symbolize the large, and growing, number of bishops-in-opposition. His statement was the one to be singled out by both *Time* and *Newsweek* in their respective cover stories on the nuclear freeze movement. ABC and NBC have both done stories about Matthiesen, as have the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Boston Globe*, and *People* magazine.

Why all the attention on Matthiesen? At first glance it's a little surprising, since other bishops have made more eloquent state-





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ments and taken more dramatic action. But the Amarillo bishop has one thing his fellow bishops lack, and it is this element the press finds irresistible: he is the bishop with the local angle. They build the Bomb in his back yard.

"They," of course, is the federal government. Since 1952, the government has been making nuclear weapons on a site seventeen miles northeast of Amarillo, at a 10,000-acre complex called Pantex (see "Ten, Nine, Eight, Seven . . .," TM, January 1980). Today it is the only place in America where such work is done.

In the more specific and personal sense, "they" also means the 2400 people who assemble the nuclear bombs made at Pantex. And because Bishop Matthiesen believes that everyone who plays a role in the making of nuclear weapons — even the person whose job it is to paint the bombs — shares a degree of complicity in the "inherent evil" of such weapons, he felt he could not avoid mentioning those Pantex workers when he made his statement last August. So he made a special point of singling them out. The bulk of his condemnation, to be sure, was directed at Washington, where the neutron bomb decision had been made. But to those of his fellow Amarilloans whose labor would build those bombs, he had this to say: "The matter is of immediate concern to us who live next door to Pantex. . . . We urge individuals involved in the production and stockpiling of neutron bombs to consider what they are doing, to resign from such activities and to seek employment in peaceful pursuits." This is the part of his statement that made it a thing of controversy — and made Matthiesen the most quoted bishop in America.

During the next few months, Matthiesen continued to say controversial things about Pantex, although what he said seemed to depend upon whom he was talking to. When Amarillo was the intended audience, Matthiesen's remarks were often conciliatory in tone; outside the city, however, his statements became increasingly shrill. The Reagan administration, he told one such gathering, was "spoiling for a war"; living in the shadow of Pantex, he liked to say, was like "living in the shadow of death"; Pantex workers were in a "sinful situation." Implicit in such comments, as Matthiesen admits when asked, is this basic belief: "The bottom line," he says, "is that there is something morally wrong in working at Pantex."

Because of Matthiesen's outspokenness about Pantex, he has been portrayed in the press as a man of courage who, in speaking out as he did, was simply following the dictates of his conscience. Without intending to impugn either the bishop's courage or his conscience, I have to admit that I find this glorification of Matthiesen's stance troubling. I find it troubling because, first of all, it turns out that casting the bishop in this light requires a good bit of journalistic myth-making — myth-making that is not necessarily justified by the facts. It is also troubling because, despite all the praise that has been heaped on the bishop, I'm not convinced that

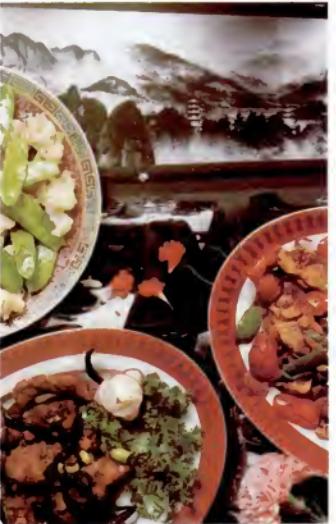


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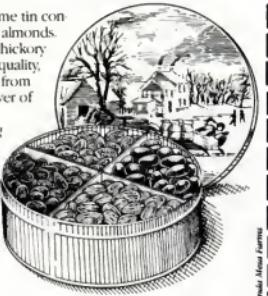
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he was right to say some of the things he has said. The underlying thesis of all the press coverage, of course, is that he was. But after interviewing the bishop, even though I came away with no doubts at all about his sincerity and his own deep conviction that he is doing "the right thing," I also came away with none of my doubts quelled. So I'm still left wondering: is it fair of him to lay so much of the burden and responsibility for the nuclear arms race at the feet of those people who work at Pantex? Is he really in a position to judge the morality of their work? Is that the sort of thing religious leaders should be doing in this case? And as to the larger issue, are Matthiesen and the other antinuclear bishops justified in believing that a nuclear freeze is the only moral course in the nuclear age? Courageous Matthiesen certainly is, but does that, in and of itself, make him *right*?

To understand the Matthiesen affair you must first understand this: Pantex is by far the most important industrial facility in Amarillo. It is the second-largest employer in the area, with an annual payroll of about \$55 million. Practically from the day it opened, the Pantex plant has been the one unshakable anchor in the local economy. As a result, today Pantex is the kind of factory where people will wait for years for a position to open up because the work is steady and the wages good.

Naturally, the citizens of Amarillo are not unaware of the plant's importance to the city; just as naturally, this awareness acts as a prism through which the city views most questions surrounding the building of nuclear weapons. For one thing, Amarillo has a rather obvious vested interest in seeing such weapons built. More money appropriated in Washington for bombs means more jobs for Amarillo; the link is clear and direct. There is thus a tendency for the city to look at, say, a debate in Congress over whether or not to build a particular nuclear weapon from a pork-barrel perspective.

Second, most people in Amarillo feel that the nation needs to continue manufacturing nuclear weapons in order to stay secure. Rather than being defensive about the Pantex plant, Amarilloans feel an element of pride in having it nearby. There is a sense that the government, by deciding to make its bombs at Pantex, has put a great deal of faith in Amarillo. After all, over the years the government has shut down every other facility that did similar work; only Pantex is still going strong. Most people think that this says something fundamentally good about Amarillo.

There is another, more subtle way in which the plant's location affects the way the people in Amarillo think about what is done there. Because Pantex is such a large facility and employs so many people, just about everybody who lives in Amarillo knows at least one Pantex worker and probably more. If you're a citizen of Amarillo and have neighbors who work at Pantex, you instinctively know, first of all, that there is an im-



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portant unwritten rule you must abide by: never, under any circumstances, ask them about their jobs, which are highly classified. To break that rule is to risk the possibility that those neighbors will spurn your company forever after. Assuming, however, that you stay within bounds and become better acquainted with your neighbors, you soon come to realize that they are good, solid citizens, not unlike yourself, with the same basic set of concerns and interests that you have—in other words, they're perfectly normal, perfectly nice people who just happen to make nuclear bombs for a living. This daily exposure to Pantex workers—this firsthand knowledge that they are not, at bottom, bad people—makes it that much more difficult for the populace of Amarillo to believe that what they do is inherently wrong. It is always easier to perceive villainy from afar. In Amarillo, people see that their Pantex friends hardly count as villains, so they wonder: how can they be doing evil at work every day?

It should be no surprise, then, that Amarillo was not at all pleased by Matthiesen's blast last summer. In the immediate aftermath, Amarillo officials put out counter-statements taking issue with the bishop. Rick Klein, the mayor, declared himself "shocked and surprised" and suggested that the bishop had no business sticking his nose into politics. At the plant, administrators hewed to a strict no-comment policy, but the workers themselves, Catholics included, had plenty to say. "He's got it all wrong, in my opinion," said one Pantex employee. Another called the bishop "idealistic" but naive. It was difficult, in fact, to find anyone in Amarillo, other than the dozen or so local antinuclear activists, who thought the bishop was correct in saying what he did—and again, this includes most of Matthiesen's own flock. Many people quickly added, though, that the bishop had the right to express himself publicly, "just like everyone else."

Unlike most man-versus-community controversies, this one just wouldn't go away. Long after the initial outcry, it kept finding new ways to bubble to the surface. In September, the other Texas bishops signed a statement expressing their support for their colleague. In November, Matthiesen's appearance on the *Phil Donahue* show—where he debated the nuclear weapons issue with the Reverend J. Alan Ford, Amarillo's Moral Majority spokesman—was the subject of extensive local coverage and discussion. In December, the *Globe-News* printed a full page of letters devoted to "The Bishop, Bombs, Peace and Pantex." By the beginning of this year, the nuclear freeze movement was getting its first binge of publicity, which kept the Matthiesen controversy in the foreground. And for most of this time, Matthiesen's various speeches before antinuclear groups were reported as news in the *Globe-News*. If part of what the bishop was trying to accomplish was to get people in the region to start talking about Pantex and nuclear bombs—and he says that it was

—then he succeeded.

In February the Matthiesen affair hit its peak when the bishop issued a press release announcing that he had accepted a \$10,000 gift from a Catholic order so that the diocese could establish a job counseling service and financial aid program for Pantex workers who wanted to quit for reasons of conscience. He said the money would be turned over to Catholic Family Services (CFS), the social service arm of the diocese, which would run the program. Pantex workers were outraged by this, and they retaliated: they began withholding their United Way contributions on the grounds that United Way gave an annual \$61,000 grant to CFS. Soon thereafter, United Way, because it feared losing as much as \$500,000 in contributions from Pantex employees and other angry citizens, announced that it would have to "reconsider" its CFS grant unless the Catholic agency repudiated the job counseling program. This CFS refused to do, so in mid-March United Way officials decided to withdraw the grant. As of April 1, the money was cut off.

The Catholic Family Services—United Way feud is what really drew the attention of the national press to Amarillo. For reporters, the Matthiesen controversy appeared to be one of the great stock stories in journalism: the saga of the lonely Voice of Enlightenment struggling valiantly to tell hard truths to the Town That Wouldn't Listen. Here, for example, is how the *Washington Post* set the scene in its Matthiesen story: "It is part of the psychology of this town that no one ever 'sees' the incoming trucks, even though the semis carry Amarillo's most important product [nuclear weapons parts]. This is a place where folks don't see what they don't want to see and sometimes get angry when others force them to look." A given in this kind of story is that the Voice of Enlightenment is forcing the townspeople to face a painful reality; thus the *Post* called the bishop's original statement a "moral manifesto" and added, "If it is the job of a priest to touch souls . . . Matthiesen has laid the soul of Amarillo bare." The final element of the story is the town's reaction. Stung by the words of its local conscience, it lashes back, perhaps irrationally. Again from the *Post*: "The counterattack was swift and, what they might call in the trade, massive retaliation."

This last part of the clichéd version of the Matthiesen affair is right. Catholic Family Services does useful and important work in Amarillo, as most Amarilloans admit. The \$61,000—about 7 per cent of the CFS budget—was used to fund maternity and adoption programs, home and family intervention programs, and youth programs. The United Way decision, in other words, did nothing at all to stop the proposed Pantex job counseling service, but it did hurt several programs of proven merit. Any way you look at it, that was a small, mean-spirited act.

But in every other respect the newspaper slant to this story has been out of kilter. For example, the generally accepted thesis that

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"When Bishop Matthiesen says that making nuclear bombs is immoral, what he really means is that Pantex workers are sinners, potential candidates for the fires of hell."

no one in Amarillo knew nuclear bombs were being manufactured there until the bishop blew the whistle is just plain wrong. For the last five years, the *Globe-News* has been scrupulous about identifying Pantex as "the final assembly point in America's nuclear arsenal." But even before that—even in the days when the Amarillo paper rarely used the words "Pantex" and "nuclear" in the same story—most longtime residents knew, in a general way, what went on behind those gates. "For as long as I can remember, I knew they made nuclear bombs out there," says José Rael, an Amarillo school board member (and a Catholic). "There was no great awakening. It was just something you always knew."

More troublesome is the question of whether the bishop was right to say the things he did. My own belief is that he was not. I think it was a mistake for the bishop to use his position as a platform from which to make statements about the "immorality" of Pantex work. That word packs an awesome punch; after all, when Matthiesen says that what is done at Pantex is immoral, what he really means is that Pantex employees are *sinners*, potential candidates for the fires of hell. That's not easy to shrug off. And in the case at hand, the bishop's fixation on Pantex has the added effect of laying an enormous burden of guilt on the individual workers while letting the decision makers at the Pentagon off lightly. It looks like he's picking on the little guy.

What's more, I'm not so sure that this kind of grass-roots finger-pointing makes much sense as a general course of action for local religious leaders. By this, I don't mean that bishops have no business talking about social issues; of course they do. But religious leaders are usually at their most effective and influential on social issues when they confine themselves to setting a moral tone—to establishing certain parameters of right and wrong, and then letting the populace at large decide how to stay within those parameters. Bishops who publicly opposed

segregation on moral grounds were surely right to do so. Today, they do us all a service when they raise nagging questions about poverty or racism or even the use of nuclear weapons. But having made those simple and direct moral statements, should they then spend their time making additional moral judgments on all the details of and disagreements over how best to achieve the basic goal? If a bishop has spoken out publicly against segregation, does that mean he must then pass moral judgment on every proposed amendment to the Voting Rights Act? Or if he is against poverty, do we need to go back to him for a decision as to whether expanding the welfare state is more moral than supply-side economics?

What Matthiesen has done in Amarillo is not much different. From a basic belief that dropping a nuclear bomb would be an abhorrently immoral act, the bishop has taken the next step: he has tried to make a case that there is only one right way and one wrong way to avoid nuclear catastrophe. On one hand, the nation can stop building bombs, on the theory that enough is enough, and Pantex workers could find jobs in "peaceful pursuits." On the other hand, America can continue making nuclear weapons, in the belief that only by keeping pace with the Russians can the country remain safe from a nuclear attack, though this would mean that Pantex would stay open. You may have a personal preference for one of these choices, but I don't see how you can extrapolate from either that one course is moral and the other is not.

Another problem with getting bogged down in the details is that once you start doing it, you are then compelled to start making fine moral distinctions and splitting moral hairs in order to cover every contingency that may arise. Inevitably, that's going to take its toll in credibility. Two examples from my interview with Matthiesen illustrate the problem.

One of the distinctions Matthiesen makes is between the people who build conventional bombs and those who make nuclear bombs. It is not just that nuclear weapons are so much more destructive than conventional bombs. It is also, in the words of the bishop, that "nuclear bombs are the only weapons in the history of man whose sole purpose is to kill civilians." Even more than their destructiveness, it is this aspect that the bishop—and his church—finds immoral. Although conventional weapons "can be abused," he says that they are at least built with the intention that they will be used to attack soldiers. Because the conventional-bomb builder doesn't know for sure how *his* bomb is going to be used, he is, in a sense, off the hook. Yet this view of conventional bombs strikes me as extremely unrealistic. Since World War II, it has been a basic defense stratagem to use conventional bombs on civilian centers as a way of destroying the enemy's morale. These are hardly isolated cases of abuse.

Another fine distinction Matthiesen makes is between "repairing" nuclear weapons and

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making new ones. Repair work, he says, can be moral: "I can justify in my own mind the military's possessing the nuclear weapons it already has. I can certainly justify keeping those weapons in tip-top shape. What I have real problems justifying is new bombs." The dilemma this poses is that bombs don't always need to be repaired, but they do need to be replaced. The Navy is replacing all its Poseidon missiles with new Trident missiles. Is it moral to repair such a missile but immoral to replace it? Matthiesen's answer to this is yes. It is difficult to see, however, how this wouldn't lead to a kind of unilateral disarmament by attrition, something the bishop also says he is against.

There is a larger, more fundamental misconception involved here, and it is important to point it out because Matthiesen has built his entire case around this idea. The misconception is that the strategy of nuclear deterrence, which has been the basis of American defense policy for the past 35 years, is immoral. When the antinuclear Catholic bishops rally around the freeze movement, and when Bishop Matthiesen points his finger at Pantex, it is this larger point they are trying to make.

Why do the bishops oppose deterrence? I think it's fair to say that at least part of the reason is that they are terribly naive about the Russians. Matthiesen's views on the subject are fairly typical. "The Russians do have an antinuclear movement," he told me. "There are people like Sakharov. Admittedly they're getting clobbered, but they are going

to have some effect on their government." In any case, he said, "we have to clarify our perception of who the enemy is. We need to study the Russian people and their anxiety. If we better understood them we would know that they don't want nuclear war any more than we do." He added that part of the problem between America and Russia lies "in our stress on sovereign nationhood. As a religious person, I would like to see the human family as one. That ideal is tremendously far off, I know, but if nationhood can be preserved only through the use of nuclear weapons, what kind of world will it be to live in?"

But another reason the bishops don't like deterrence is that they believe it is immoral even to threaten to use nuclear weapons. Deterrence, obviously, is little more than a threat to use the bomb. It means you always have to keep your enemy worried enough about your retaliatory capability to prevent him from ever launching a nuclear attack. On the other hand, nuclear deterrence has the key advantage of having worked. It has kept the Russians from attacking us, and it has kept us from attacking them. What's more, it also can serve as a basis for real arms reduction, through mechanisms like SALT. SALT, of course, is stalled right now, but it has always offered a more realistic way to reduce arms than other, more emotional, more simplistic ideas like the nuclear freeze. I don't necessarily expect the bishops to line up behind SALT, but I do wish they could look past the theory of

deterrence to its reality: it has kept the two greatest enemies the world has ever known from coming even remotely close to war. How can that be immoral? How can that even be bad?

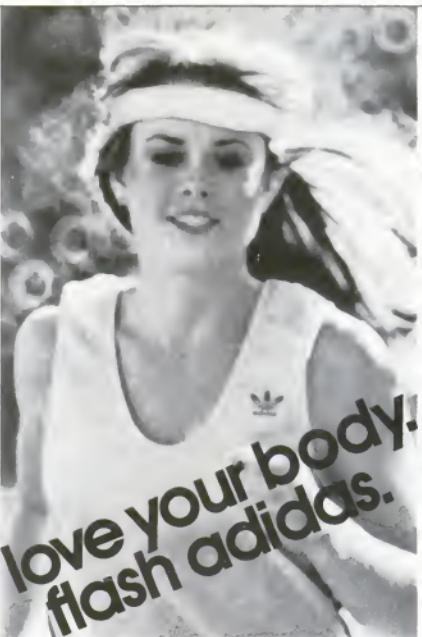
As for Amarillo, as yet no Pantex worker has resigned for reasons of conscience. The national press has come and gone, but Mayor Klein says he is glad the reporters showed up. "I think we showed them that we don't look upon Pantex as being any different from any other industry in Amarillo," he said. The local civil defense planner, a fellow named Don Goforth, still gives interviews claiming that Amarilloans would probably survive a nuclear attack — Amarillo is one of the five most likely places to be hit should nuclear bombs ever rain on Texas — but no one really believes him. In late March, Bishop Matthiesen gave another interview to the *Globe-News* in which he said he thought there had been too much publicity over his stance, and that it was now time to stop talking and to "reflect." But later he was in Santa Fe to give a speech marking the opening of Ground Zero Week. And at the end of April, the diocese put out an announcement: in order to make up the \$61,000 lost in the United Way fight, Catholic Family Services began soliciting donations; it has now recouped the sum. One place CFS turned was to Vietnamese families, nearly all of whom were originally resettled in the area by CFS. At last count, the Vietnamese had given about \$7000. ♦

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Poor Jules (Andrei)! His love for the stunning diva (Fernandez) lands him in the soup.

COOL BLUE AND DANGEROUS

Diva is the tale of a black Brünnhilde, a couple of thugs, a Vietnamese cutie, a bathtub philosopher, and a not-so-innocent bystander.

Photographed by Philippe Rousset, Jean-Jacques Beineix's odd-ball thriller *Diva* is a dream-vision cloudburst of blue: inky blue water rolls languorously in a plastic motion machine, blue cartons of Gitane cigarettes are stacked on a studio floor near a mound of blue puzzle pieces, cobalt-blue light bathes the sheets of a brothel bed, even the hair of the characters ripples with an electric-blue sheen. In his first feature, Beineix displays not only a flawless knack for uncluttered composition—his shots have a clean, blue-heightened glossiness like that of SX-70 snaps—but also a flair for movement, hip banter, and rattled, yearning emotion.

The movie begins with a grand hush. On the stage of a crumbling auditorium in Paris, a regal black American soprano called Cynthia Hawkins (played by Wilhelmenia Wiggins Fernandez) prepares to unleash an aria from Catalani's dubious opera *La Wally*. As Hawkins sings, the camera movements are slow and mesmerized, as if the camera were a subject

crawling toward the wicker throne of a pagan empress in an H. Rider Haggard novel, an ebony She.

Since Cynthia Hawkins refuses to record (she considers it a coarsening of her art), her concerts are rare, cherished occasions, operaphilic rituals. Sitting in the audience with a pale, haunted look and a gnawed lower lip is one of Hawkins's most loyal and love-stricken fans, a postal courier named Jules (Frederic Andrei). As a tear slides decorously down Jules's cheek, we see that

he's doing more than drinking in the greatness of his beloved—he's surreptitiously taping the performance. Behind Jules perch a pair of bootlegging Taiwanese thugs, who are determined to get that tape into their clutches. (Since Taiwan doesn't abide by world copyright laws, they could flood the market with illicit Cynthia Hawkins albums without fear of prosecution.) To complicate matters further, Jules unknowingly comes into possession of another tape while he's on his daily rounds—a taped confession by a prostitute exposing police corruption and the activities of the Caribbean drug connection. Poor, confused Jules! Taiwanese hoods come at him from one direction, underworld silencers come at him from another, and between them he dodges, scooting through the thread holes of Paris's traffic on a canary-yellow moped.

The plottiness of *Diva* defies logic and description, and viewers who demand neat, un hurried, Agatha Christie-like expositions in their suspense thrillers may find themselves climbing the walls trying to keep



Andrei and Luu: *Diva* mirrors its director's fondness for music, modernity, and punk.



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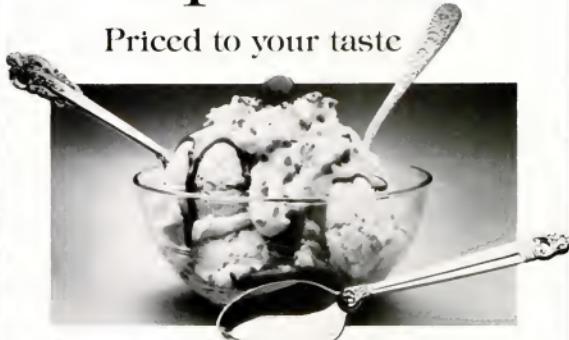
track of this movie's serpentine twists and turns. Me, I gave up trying to make sense of *Diva* about halfway through and simply goofed on its speed, humor, and ever-flying shards of blue. For all its narrative bumps and holes, *Diva* is an astonishingly smart movie, smart in the trim, flecked style of the Talking Heads and the Cars. Like New Wave music and graphics, *Diva* is an exercise in studied cool. Indeed, Beineix's villains are lethal emissaries of cool. One of the hit men pursuing Jules is a sullen skinhead punk with a knobby skull and a pushed-in chin—he looks like Sluggo of the *Nancy* comic strip out for evil kicks. (He also wears a radio earplug. Like everyone else in *Diva*, he's bopping to a private beat.) Eyes hidden behind silver sunglasses, the Taiwanese bootleggers scuttle and pounce with the cryptic cunning of the masked assassins in Sam Peckinpah's *The Killer Elite*, unshakable shadows of menace. Death is their craft and calling.

Fortunately, Jules picks up allies in his harried flight, allies who are themselves emissaries of cool. In a record store, Jules brushes wings with a cute Vietnamese bop-pette named Alba (Thuy An Luu), who's into shoplifting and cellophane skirts. Flirtatiously swinging her black hair, Alba is a sexually precocious pop primitive, like Annabella of the rock band Bow Wow Wow (who has been hyped as "Your Cassette Pet"). When not pinching items off the rack, this cassette pet shares a blue-grotto artist's loft with a mysterious Zen aesthetic named Gorodish (Richard Bohringer), who soaks meditatively in a tub and chain-smokes Gitane as his mind scales the higher reaches of enlightenment. Their domestic scenes are slices of angelic bohemianism. She perches on the refrigerator, idly banging her pretty feet between wisecracks; he instructs Jules in the Zen delights of buttering bread and spends his leisure hours trying to stop a wave with an arrow of pure thought. Jules's own loft is chic bohemian heaven. Surrounded by the rusting hulks of demolished cars, Jules listens to his Cynthia Hawking tape while the camera travels along walls that are decorated with Roy Lichtenstein-like images of twisted chrome and soaring fins. When Alba visits, she asks for a bent plastic straw to sip soda, and he gives her a curved rubber tube. "Pewh!" she sneezes, spitting out the taste of gasoline. These scenes in the two lofts, affectionate and playful and dream-suspended, are like comic encounters out of early Jean-Luc Godard—Godard before he became a fatalistic grump.

In a chase sequence set in the Paris suburbs, with Jules's moped skidding down steep rows of steps and careening around narrow corners, Beineix shows that he can rip through a series of action riffs that rank with the goose-bump highs in *Bullitt* and *The French Connection*. But perhaps more pleasurable are those scenes that are quiet, rapt, a shade perverse. Jules swishes Hawkins's silver gown from her dressing room—QUI A VOLÉ LA ROBE DE DIVA? shout the headlines

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in the French dailies—and persuades a black hooker to slip it on before the two of them make love. Kinky as this gesture is, it's also regardful and tender, an act of homage. A scene in which a wounded Jules recuperates at an absurdly phallic lighthouse is also pensively sweet, as Alba greets the sun by peeling off her top and freeing her breasts. Despite its enthusiastic feel for newfangled compact toys (cassette players, mopeds), *Diva* is generously fair-minded about its pleasures: it contrasts the thunder and imposing peaks of opera with the sleek, unimpassioned surfaces of New Wave without compelling us to choose between them. And by the end of the movie, Jules himself is in a realm of calm beyond choice. He has everything: opera, love, friendship, a memorable of adventures. So dapper and appealing is *Diva* that in a few months the rock clubs may be filled with haunted young swains tapping cigarettes against their Gitane cartons, trying to chat up girls in cellophane dresses. Not since a ciggie drooped from Jean-Paul Belmondo's bored mouth in *Breathless* has being French seemed so worldly and casual, so ineffably suave.

DISORGANIZED CRIME

Former Beatle George Harrison is often depicted as something of a dunce, but he isn't incapable of a knightly deed. When entertainment impresario Sir Lew Grade (dubbed Sir Low Grade in the London press) made noises about trimming the English gangster whodunit *The Long Good Friday* and dubbing the voice of its star, Bob Hoskins, before releasing it in the States, Harrison's company Hand Made Films stepped in and purchased the movie before Sir Lew could do nefarious damage with scalpel and sutures. Although Hoskins's bellicose Cockney croak can be a bit trying on American ears, substituting another actor's voice would have been emasculating, like snipping off the bass notes of a baritone's solo. After opening in New York, *The Long Good Friday* is now being released in the rest of the country, complete and unmolested.

Directed by John Mackenzie, *The Long Good Friday* is a bruising but comic suspense drama about a London underworld chieftain (Hoskins's Harold Shand) who discovers one afternoon that the seemingly solid underpinnings of his world are cracking and splintering like toothpicks. Grandly playing the host on a yacht cruising down the Thames, Shand and his bright, decorative mistress, Victoria (played by Helen Mirren), freshen the drinks of sundry underworld friends and cronies as Shand airs his plans to invest his ill-gotten fortune in more legitimate enterprises, like shopping malls. A puffed-up blowfish of plunder, Shand unveils his schemes with such swelling self-importance that he becomes a

parody of American empire builders like George Steinbrenner who call press conferences to announce they're doing something for the People.

But a series of inexplicable skirmishes soon brings Shand's air castles to ruin. One of his trusted lieutenants—a homosexual—is shivved in a bathhouse by a mysterious hit man. An explosion rips through one of Shand's restaurants just as he's wheeling into the driveway, showering his car with flying glass and debris. Another explosion nearly sends Shand's saintly mother whirling into the great beyond. Flinging aside his notions of feudal largess, Shand retaliates with his own reign of terror in the London underworld to flush out the ungrateful serfs dogging his every move. In one harrowingly funny scene, Shand has the other London gang leaders strung upside down in a meat locker, telling them they're not going anywhere until one of them coughs up some info. With his gritting snap of impatience, he might be a strict teacher keeping a gang of hellions after school. As the movie sinks deeper and deeper into rage, muddle, and violence (with bottle-slashing and even a crucifixion—"I think you'd notice a bloody geezer nailed to the floor, now wouldn't ya?" Shand snarls at a lax lieutenant), Bob Hoskins's fuming, snorting exasperation becomes almost Jacobean in its thwarted rage and bluster.

Early reviews of *The Long Good Friday* have placed the movie squarely in the James Cagney-Eduard G. Robinson tradition, treating it as little more than showy, brawny piece of gangster machismo. With the gruff, sawed-off Hoskins bullying his way through waves of strife, the movie certainly follows in the embattled footsteps of *Public Enemy* and *Little Caesar*, but it also serves as a fever chart for England's current malaise and distress. The original twist in *The Long Good Friday* is that Shand's stalking assailants turn out to be not members of rival gangs but terrorists from the Provisional IRA. (One of Shand's lieutenants, we learn, burned the IRA, and now they're exacting revenge.) The assassination of Lord Mountbatten in Sligo Bay in August 1979 hangs like a pall over this film, for Mountbatten's death proved that the Provos could strike far and deep with near-impunity—a lesson that wasn't lost on the English audience as they watched Shand's soldiers being gruesomely picked off one by one. Not only is *The Long Good Friday* broodingly grim about the Irish troubles but it also makes a provocative, unsettling point: compared to the Provisional IRA, an underworld chieftain like Harold Shand is an ineffectual squirt. The IRA are the true ruling gangsters.

But for all the thunderclouds hanging overhead, *The Long Good Friday* never becomes an ode to feebled despair. It slides down the rails to ruin with a whoop and a mad cackle. John Mackenzie's direction is hardly a marvel of tidy economy—characters and details fly off this movie like

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loose planks from a speeding locomotive—but Mackenzie is shrewd enough to pace the film to the brusque, impatient rhythms of Bob Hoskins's churning performance. Mackenzie also keeps the movie from turning soft or inviting. A few reviewers have called *The Long Good Friday* romping fun, but what's distinctive about the movie is its refusal to lower its guard and give in to simple pleasures; instead, it keeps poking and weaving, going for the viewer's ribs. Calling *The Long Good Friday* a fun film is like finding Céline's novels cute. Works with diseased, tangled roots like these were never intended to be arranged like flowers in a vase.

WEAK KITTEN

One of the snares in writing about movies for a monthly magazine is that movies now come and go so swiftly that by the time a review appears the film itself may already be resting at the morgue with a tag dangling from its big toe. *A Little Sex, I'm Dancing As Fast As I Can, I Ought to Be in Pictures*—films like these are such sickly, scrawny little creatures that at the first chill wind they give off a woebegone whiff. As I write, Paul Schrader's *Cat People* has been uncaged only a week, yet it too has already turned up its paws.

An updated remake of the 1942 cheapie horror classic, *Cat People* is about a pair of near-incestuous siblings—played by Malcolm McDowell and Nastassja Kinski—

who sprout fangs and turn into munching panthers when their libidos are aroused. The original film isn't a towering masterwork, but its small-scale virtues—moody, suggestive images, insinuating creepiness—make it one of the all-time great late-late-show items. Schrader, unfortunately, has weightier things on his aching bean. "The whole notion of *Cat People*," he told an interviewer from *American Film*, "is one of incestuous people who become animals if they have sex outside their own family. The film interlocks incest with fear of loss of virginity, with bestiality, with lycanthropy, with bondage. In other words, we've interlocked all the things one may fear and desire into this symbology." When directors begin to sound like Carl Jung on locoweed, they've really gone off the deep end. Even if Schrader were a sure-handed director, *Cat People* would still be wobblingly top-heavy with intellectual pretension.

And Schrader's hand is far from sure. Where the earlier movie entices the eye with rich shadows and odd compositions, Schrader simply ladies on the gore, giving us afterbirths and chewed-up arms ripped from their sockets. Even the becalmed dream sequences featuring waves of coral sand and panthers curling atop tree limbs fail to seduce us—they're too solemnly silly to conjure up much of a mood.

For many, the sole reason for seeing *Cat People* will be to run the eyes avidly up and down the precarious bones of Nastassja Kinski. (With her appearance on the covers of

both *Film Comment* and *American Film*, Kinski has clearly become the favorite fantasy squeeze of serious moviegoers—Brooke Shields with European tone.) Although it's amusing to see Kinski taking catlike leaps from the balcony and crouching on all fours, she's too wanly inexpressive an actress to carry a whole movie, and Schrader gives her so many unnecessary nude scenes that you begin to tire of her slumping posture; her face and figure alike give off sighs of fatigue. Kinski looked wonderful in the now famous Avedon shot in *Vogue*, with her little baby belly button sticking out just below the curve of an entwining python; she was so eerily restful and composed that she and the python seemed to have signed a secret jungle pact. On screen, however, Kinski looks somewhat dazed and awkward. Her fumbling confusion is part of her charm—it makes men (and maybe women, too) want to cradle her sliding back—but it also makes watching her attempts to emoter an uncomfortable chore. In *Cat People*, as in Coppola's recent *One From the Heart* (see "A Hole in the Heart," TM, March 1982), Kinski looks so sapped of rosy life that you can't help but feel that all that career buzz—the interviews, the photo spreads, the impetuous romances—has left her more than a wee bit groggy. If Kinski doesn't start showing some signs of animation, she's going to turn into an overhyped and quickly discarded media stiff, a female Richard Gere. She'd better find a sheltering nook. She's a doe in a forest of hunters. *



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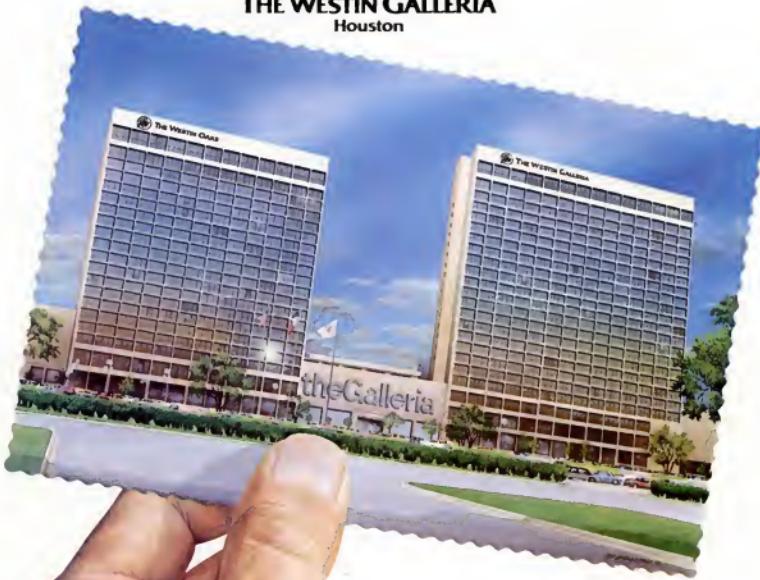
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Officer Purdom at work: "Even though I'm a woman, they still know I'm the Man."

THE PROVING GROUND

Five times as many criminals are on probation as in prison. Jan Purdom is one of the officers who try to keep them in line.

For the second time this morning, Billy, a burglar, is explaining why his chief desire at this point in life is to go to the joint. "It's the drugs," he says, in a voice too old for his twenty-odd years. "It's the only sure way I'll get off the drugs, and then I won't have any problems." He stares glumly at his recently reacquainted jail slippers. From outside, beyond the big green metal door of the interview room at the Dallas County Jail, come the rumblings and clangings of noon mealtime.

Billy says he appreciated receiving probation for his first burglary, but the weekly meetings with his probation officer and the sundry other proscriptions of so-called "counseling" time couldn't keep him off the streets and away from the drugs. The drugs sort of found him, and pretty soon he was speeding again. Then one thing led to another, and he found himself slipping through some stranger's unlocked window. "If I go to the pen," he says, "I'll have to get off the drugs."

Billy's probation officer, Jan Purdom, stares incredulously at her most recent washout, her normally relaxed face taking on a schoolmarmish glare. After nearly a year on

the job she should be used to having her hard work and good intentions ignored. But the failures still cut deep. Billy, for instance, not only can't handle the freedom but also has the audacity to suggest that the system erred in offering it to him in the first place. If the offenders themselves don't endorse probation and the notion of rehabilitation, how can anyone else?

"Why didn't you tell me about the drugs earlier?" she asks. "That was what our meetings were for. How can probation work if you won't be honest with me?" She flings her hands skyward in despair.

Billy shuffles his jail slippers and mum-

bles, "I wanted to, I really did. I came close a lot of times. But I couldn't bring myself to do it. I was afraid."

"More afraid of that than going to the joint?"

"I guess so," he says.

Purdom tells Billy she hopes his probation won't be revoked, but she's not too optimistic. She wishes him luck, and we leave him behind the big green metal door.

I have been with Jan Purdom for all of two hours now, and already I can tell that her job involves a lot of hoping. Day in and day out, the average probation officer spends a lot of time keeping his fingers crossed. More than anything else, probation is a crapshoot: society gambles that most of the lawbreakers that we leave out here won't cause any more trouble. If we win, we've saved a lot of tax money and a few souls; if we lose, we've only helped to generate more crime.

Once an esoteric experiment in corrections, probation is now the principal means by which we seek to reform lawbreakers. Politicians can talk all they want to about how more criminals should be put away, but the fact is that in Texas there are



On surveillance: Purdom makes unannounced visits to her probationers' homes.

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roughly five times as many lawbreakers on probation as there are in the Texas Department of Corrections. And in that group is a different sort of probationer: the potentially violent one. When probation was first implemented early in this century, the idea was to divert nondangerous offenders to "community-based corrections," thereby offering lawbreakers a chance to redeem themselves without threatening the safety of the community. In general, early probationers were contrite drunk drivers, mixed-up adolescents on drugs, weekend hot-check writers—people who had made a mistake but didn't seem to pose any further danger. It sounded like a good idea at the time, and it was—at the time. But nowadays an increasing number of violent and hardened criminals are out on probation. Jan Purdom's 37 wards are not just troublemakers. As one of five Dallas probation officers selected to participate in a statewide "intensive supervision" experiment, she works with probationers who are burglars and thieves, would-be murderers, and even crooks who have been on probation once or twice before.

During the past three years, the number of criminals on probation in Texas has increased by 21 per cent because of the serious overcrowding of our prisons. Purdom's maximum case load for intensive supervision probation is 50; the average probation officer has a case load ranging from 150 to 200. It is entirely conceivable that in twenty years most of the money and good intentions that society now applies to fighting crime will be applied instead to the clerical process of dispatching lawbreakers back to the streets as quickly and efficiently as possible.

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We climb into Purdom's late-model compact—being a probation officer involves a lot of driving around—and head toward lower East Dallas to visit a probationer convicted of aggravated assault, an offense that stemmed from a drinking problem. He is spending the first few months of his probation in a halfway house. Purdom's charges are required to make weekly visits to the probation department in Oak Cliff—during which they may face anything from a severe scolding for not keeping up with their restitution payments to a urinalysis test to make certain they're staying off drugs—but she also visits them, unannounced, at least twice a month at their homes or jobs. This is called surveillance, and Purdom believes it is the heart and soul of effective probation management. "They can tell you anything when they come in, and often they do," she says. "Surveillance is a way to make certain they're living the clean life they claim they are. It also reminds them that we're always around. You have to remind probationers that although they aren't in prison, they are still in trouble."

The halfway house is a ramshackle affair with peeling paint and a tiny, weed-filled lawn. Purdom's client, a burly, handsome young man, greets us on the porch. We retire to a small parlor, where Purdom

launches into a gentle interrogation.

"Have you been out drinking any more?"

"No," claims the probationer.

"You're sure?" Purdom presses.

The probationer hems and haws, then admits that he's had a drink or two since returning to the free world. "But I only got really drunk once," he emphasizes. "I got so drunk that when I came in and started to go up to my room, I fell backward down the stairs and all the way out the door!" The young man suppresses a chuckle.

Purdom does not look amused. Has he made arrangements for alcohol abuse counseling as he was supposed to? The probationer admits he hasn't and meanders off into a Byzantine explanation.

In her confrontations with her charges, Purdom nags, scolds, humiliates gently. This approach can be remarkably effective, as it is with this young man. After he repeatedly evades her questions on the matter of counseling, Purdom finally sets her jaw and says, "Go over to the phone right now, while I'm here, and call the guy. I want to hear you call him myself." The young man hangs his head sheepishly and heads for the phone.

There have been times in housing projects and on dark streets, Purdom admits, when one too many mocking calls of "Hey, mama!" have persuaded her to shift the car into reverse and get out. There have been the predictable sexual innuendos from male probationers, and there is always the threat of physical confrontation. "I watch how confrontatory I am when I'm at their house," she says. "I save the tough talk for when they come see me. And you find that even though I'm a woman, they still know I'm the Man."

No matter how much failure and guilt the criminal justice system rewards her hard work with, Purdom is driven by what *could* be done about society's most unsolvable problem. She began her career as a pretrial release worker in Kentucky. After moving to Dallas, she decided to spend her time doing the thankless twelve-hours-a-day job of a probation officer because it seemed like the one cog in the whole machine that might have some impact on crime. "Incarceration really can't ever be measured in terms of rehabilitation," she says. "Someone may adjust to prison life, but does that have anything to do with adjusting to life out here? Probation tries to get the adapting done out here, which is where these people have to live sooner or later."

While the rationale for probation remains essentially economic—it costs the state roughly \$10 a day to house a convict but only \$1 a day to maintain him on probation—it does have philosophical merit too. Assuming that a convict is not incorrigible and that the supervision provided really involves some checking up on him, why shouldn't the odds in favor of his getting straight be better if he's on the outside?

We move on to visit a young woman convicted of trying to kill her boyfriend—whom

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Purdom suspects was also her pimp. She has been a malingering all along. She hasn't yet found work, and every time Purdom drops in on her she seems to be in bed. A month or two ago, the young woman strolled into Purdom's office and announced calmly that she'd just been in a fracas with another boyfriend and had stabbed him. Since her clothing was bloodstained, Purdom took her at her word. But lacking any further evidence—the boyfriend in question never filed a complaint—Purdom was left in limbo. Revocation seemed in order, but a probationer can't be shipped off to the joint unless he's committed a crime, and if there's no complaint, there's no crime.

People on probation are convicted lawbreakers, but they retain some rights. Mere

suspicion of wrongdoing isn't nearly enough to warrant rescinding their freedom. Probation officers are officers of the law, but they can't enforce the rules at gunpoint. Their only real weapon is revocation of probation. When a court places an individual on probation, it orders him to obey a list of rules ranging from not committing another crime to making restitution to his victim to accepting treatment for alcohol or drug abuse. Technically, failure to abide by those rules can result in revocation of his probation and a prison sentence instead.

But revocations are hard to come by. In Dallas County last year, for example, there were 12,000 probationers "under care," but only 9 per cent of them had their probations revoked. A lot of probation advocates argue

that this percentage is so small because probation works. But another explanation could be that revocations are doled out too stingily. During the last quarter of the same year, there were roughly twice as many warrants issued on probationers—meaning that the police or the probation officer was sufficiently worried about an individual's behavior to haul him up before a judge—as there were revocations resulting from warrants issued. The prosecutors and judges who must handle the paperwork of revocation naturally find the exercise distasteful. I have more than once heard a prosecutor complain that a revocation proceeding is clogging the daily docket or delaying a pressing trial: "We've already dealt with this guy once. How much time do we have to waste on him?"

A more troubling problem with the way we treat probationers is the relative secrecy in which they are allowed to pay their debt to society. I was appalled to discover that adult probationers—convicted felons—enjoy nearly the same cloak of privacy that juvenile offenders do. The fact that they are on probation is a matter of public record, but the particular circumstances of their probation, their previous records, and a lot of other facts are for the probation officer's eyes only. Many probationers acquire jobs without ever informing their employers of their status, and unless the job raises suspicions—say, a child molester's working as a janitor at an elementary school—the probation officer will generally go along with the lie of omission. The reasoning is that employers might balk at hiring someone on probation, and since finding gainful employment is an essential part of the rehabilitation process, why make it harder for the probationer to find a job?

I see the reasoning, but I'm still concerned. For one thing, there's usually more to any crook's file than his current conviction. What about previous arrests that may not have resulted in conviction? Pertinent psychiatric material? His use of alcohol and drugs? This is not information that should be blithely released to anyone who walks into the probation office, but maybe it should be shared with prospective employers. Advocates of probation are fond of complaining that the community has been the biggest obstacle to effective community-based corrections. That may be so, but there must be quid pro quo: if probation departments truly want community involvement and support, they ought to be willing to be frank with the businesses that hire their probationers.

If probation is to be even marginally successful, there has to be a good deal more contact between probationer and probation officer. Purdom and her colleagues in intensive supervision see their probationers at least six times a month—a great improvement over the attention normal probationers receive, which may be as little as two visits a month. But more attention would require more officers. Currently there are about 1000 officers statewide, supervising about

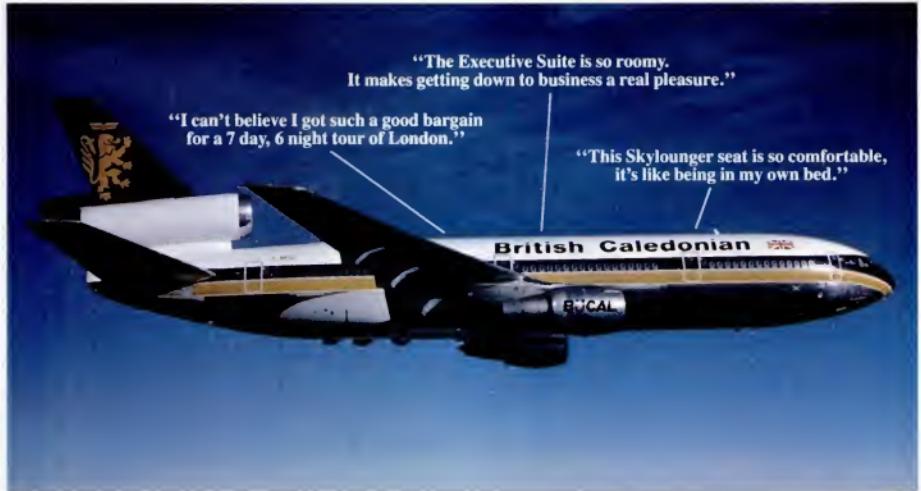
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135,000 probationers—a staggering case load. To make the ratio of cases to officers more reasonable, three times as many new probation officers would have to be hired and trained.

The actual cost of training new officers, however, might not be as prohibitive as it appears. Probation is a form of correction that almost pays for itself; more than a third of the dollar a day it takes to maintain a probationer comes from the probationer's own pocket in the form of fees and restitution payments. And it may be that finding those new officers is worth the effort and expense. Criminologist Robert Martinson, in a massive review of corrections literature from 1940 through 1960, discovered that more intensive supervision of probationers and parolees resulted in a lower recidivism rate. But Martinson also found that more time spent with probationers yields better results only when the officers can dangle before the lawbreaker some real threat of sterner punishment—suggesting that while we need more probation officers, we also need to give them greater authority.

We drop by to see another burglar; he's not home. We visit briefly with an obese welfare chiseler. Then we swing northward out of the ghetto toward Pleasant Grove to call on a young drug offender. I am particularly interested in this visit, since he's just been placed on probation and this is Purdom's first visit to his home. The probationer greets us at the door. He is scrawny and

slightly jaundiced-looking, and he suffers from acne. He asks us in tentatively, almost sheepishly, and I soon understood why. The small two-bedroom apartment is the very definition of squalor. The floor is a jumble of beer cans, cigarette butts, paper sacks, and other refuse. None of the ashtrays have been emptied in weeks, and partially consumed bits of junk food lie here and there. The boy clears places for us to sit, and Purdom begins her interrogation—only this time she's not so gentle.

"You haven't had any drugs, have you?" she asks.

The young man stares at his shoes and mumbles, "No."

"No grass even?"

He is silent. Then, "Well, I did smoke a joint."

"That's all? Come on, what else have you had?"

The young man scratches himself. "Well, okay, I shot speed last Friday. But only that once."

Purdom shakes her head disgustedly. The young man had been out on probation for all of one week before he shot dope again.

"Why?" she asks.

"It was available. It's just everywhere," he explains.

Purdom issues a stern admonition about his getting into a drug treatment program as soon as possible, and we leave.

Society can't expect too much from probation. Everything's relative. For some people, merely staying out of serious trouble is

progress, whether they get a job or not; for others, even giving drug treatment a try is a step forward. Perhaps Purdom senses my skepticism, because she has decided to end the day on an uplifting note. The last probationer we visit is an eighteen-year-old burglar who, by all accounts, is a real success story. After spending much of his youth perfecting the art of stealing, he is now finishing high school and may even go on to college. Purdom hasn't had any trouble with him, though in his heyday he was a member of one of the most successful teenage burglary rings in the area.

He's a tall, gangly kid with only a hint of sullenness in his eyes. I ask him if he's ever been tempted to steal again. "I know what you mean," he says quickly. "Sure, because I know how easy it is. But the key is that I've learned there's other ways to make a living. And that it's not so important to always have a big wad of money in your pocket."

As he and Purdom chat, I grow more curious about what makes this kid different from Billy the burglar or the drug offender we just visited. Three things are apparent: he's younger, he's clearly more intelligent, and he has a stable home life with his mother. But is there any way to improve the odds that others can recognize the simple facts of life as this young man has? Is it possible to give the Jan Purdoms of the system a weapon a little more powerful than hope?

More money, more officers, and more real supervision would help, but there is a

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deeper problem. If I learned one thing during my day with Jan Purdom, it was that few probationers really seem to understand that they've done something seriously wrong, as wrong as the crimes of the fellows who wind up behind bars. They don't seem fully aware that they've been given a special dispensation, a second chance, and that if they blow it, the consequences could be grave.

Criminologists have long been trying to find a way to teach the criminally inclined those very things. But in the area of probation, a couple of promising concepts have emerged. If the problem with probation is that a criminal feels there's neither much to gain by walking the straight and narrow nor much to lose by returning to a life of crime, the solution is to raise the stakes involved. One attempt at this is "deferred adjudication probation," which has become extremely popular in Texas. Under deferred adjudication the probationer has both more to gain and more to lose. If he serves his term successfully, the state agrees to expunge the conviction from his record (most probationers carry their convictions with them the rest of their lives), but if he transgresses the terms of his probation, he stands to go to prison for the full range of punishment for his crime (offenders on regular probation risk going to the pen only for the term of probation they were initially sentenced to). Offering outright absolution in return for minimal law-abiding behavior may seem like a desperate idea, but there's a certain symmetry to the concept: you go straight, you receive the maximum mercy; you screw up, you receive the maximum punishment.

Another innovation along the same lines is "shock probation." An offender on shock probation is actually sent to prison for his crime, but by agreement among the prosecutor, the judge, and the defense attorney, he is freed on probation after a period of no more than six months. The probationer, however, doesn't know about the agreement (unless his attorney has tipped him off). Theoretically, the relief of being let out so unexpectedly ought to work wonders on even the most defiant criminals; as one probationer put it, "It'll get your attention in a hurry. You *really* don't want to go back there."

For his part, Billy the burglar will have a good deal more than a couple of months to learn what it's like in there. Not long after our visit with him, Purdom informed me that his probation had been revoked and he had been sent to prison for seven years for his latest offense. He'd gotten his wish—though by now he has undoubtedly regretted it. I remembered his resigned decision that perhaps he'd be better off in the joint, and it occurred to me that if probation has a tragic flaw, it is not its blind good intentions or its tendency to mother rather than to correct. It is simply that it can't persuade probationers like Billy that they truly are better off out here. They have to learn that the hard way. ♦

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HANDS ACROSS THE OCEAN

British playwright Alan Ayckbourn brought his troupe over to visit the Alley and put on two shipshape productions of his own works.

Alan Ayckbourn is Britain's most popular dramatist. He may be Texas' most popular dramatist as well, since almost every theater in the state has mounted one or more of his plays. This spring Houston's Alley Theatre pulled off a major coup by bringing to Texas not only two Ayckbourn plays but Ayckbourn himself and his troupe, the Stephen Joseph Theatre in the Round Company of Scarborough, England. It would have been treat enough to see two productions by one of the famous English repertory companies, but it was doubly fascinating to get a peek into Ayckbourn's intimate workshop, to watch the plays acted by the company for which they were written, and directed—superlatively well—by the playwright himself.

The first play, *Way Upstream*, was an American premiere for the Alley. In fact, Houston got to see this strange and funny new play before London did (it will be produced there this summer at Britain's National Theatre). Theatergoers are used to technical novelty from Ayckbourn. He has always been an ingenious dramatist; his relentless technical inventiveness in his 25 earlier plays has included such devices as bending time and space so that actions occurring in different places on different days are played onstage at the same time. So the sight that greeted Alley patrons—a real cruiser afloat on 20,000 gallons of water on the stage—might not have been so surprising to those who are onto the playwright's tricks.

The real innovation in *Way Upstream* was

in the far more basic realms of characterization and theme. The great comic virtuoso among modern playwrights, Ayckbourn has always seemed curiously detached from the characters he has created; as the plays get funnier and funnier the frustrations and unhappiness of the characters get worse and worse. Who else has written so many comedies with unhappy endings? But Ayckbourn's ironic detachment breaks down in *Way Upstream*, and he gives us a happy ending with a vengeance.

At first the play seems to be typical Ayckbourn. The playwright is very interested in power, both economic and sexual, and as in so many of his plays, the central characters are business associates and their wives. Keith and June, the domineering couple, and Alistair and Emma, the put-upon nice couple, have hired a boat to spend a holiday cruising up the river Orb. The way the first couple manipulates the second, and the slapstick fun provided by the maneuverable boat onstage, sustain the play's interest for the first few scenes (and the first few days of the trip). The play takes on an atmosphere of menace when the couples are joined first by a mysterious river rat named Vince and then by his girlfriend, Fleur. The two take over the boat, evict Keith, seduce June, and lord it over Alistair and Emma. The climax of the play shows the previously weak-willed Alistair revolting against this modern-day piracy. He defends Emma with a bit of physical violence of his own, and leaving the others behind, they pilot the boat

to an idyllic spot where they renew their love for one another.

Such decisive action on the part of the main characters is a new turn for Ayckbourn, whose predominant image of life heretofore has been a kind of grim stasis, if not outright degeneration. Alistair and Emma become a hero and heroine, a modern Adam and Eve in a paradise regained, where they strip off their clothes and jump into the water before the final blackout. What's more, Vince and—despite a certain attractiveness—Fleur are the playwright's first real villains. *Way Upstream* is a drama of engagement, of commitment to action. It is almost a call to arms against modern passivity and ennui.

Though Ayckbourn rises to a new level of emotional commitment, he does so with a certain clumsiness. *Way Upstream* wears its heart—its call to arms—on its sleeve. It employs a rather heavy-handed symbolism in order to project Ayckbourn's concern with a broader public and political context than he has usually dealt with. The names of the river (the Orb) and the final destination of the cruise (Armageddon Bridge), as well as the Union Jack flying from the boat, leave no doubt that the author is commenting on the state of his nation in the world today.

The baldness of Ayckbourn's symbolism bothered other critics more than it did me. On the whole, the play seemed to breathe a new health and optimism into Ayckbourn's dramaturgy. Despite the easy public acceptance his earlier plays have received, their

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Houston Chronicle

The playwright as free-enterpriser: Ayckbourn writes to keep his theater afloat.

black humor has often seemed grimmer even than Ionesco's or Pinter's (both of whom Ayckbourn admires). Ayckbourn's inventiveness has sought to fend off despair through cleverness and exhibitionism. A playwright, naturally, has a right to a bleak vision, but if the vision remains too bleak the playwright tends to lose his voice, as Beckett has, or to repeat himself, as Ionesco and, until now, Ayckbourn have. If *Way Upstream* enables Ayckbourn to find a way out of the funhouse—a funhouse that can hardly be distinguished from a madhouse—I greet it gladly and look forward to his next plays.

The other play the Stephen Joseph Company brought to Houston was a characteristic product of the earlier Ayckbourn mood. *Absent Friends* is a 1974 play that had been produced in the United States before, but never with much success. Five pals and business associates assemble for a tea planned by one of the women, an event designed to cheer up Colin, who had moved away, gotten engaged, and lost his fiancée in a drowning accident. By the rules of reversal common to ironic comedy, Colin spends the whole party cheering up the others and offering lots of unwelcome and inappropriate advice about their personal lives.

By Ayckbourn's standards, *Absent Friends* is fairly straightforward in its structure. Its only gimmick is that the play takes place in real time, minute for minute—we see one set and one continuous series of actions filled with the longueurs of a normal, if uncomfortable, social occasion. The effect of this time scheme Ayckbourn himself has called claustrophobic. And indeed, it is not an easy play to watch. Nonetheless, its audiences had a marvelous time. That is because, not unexpectedly, Ayckbourn is the ideal Ayckbourn director, and Houston had the extremely rare pleasure of seeing both *Absent Friends* and *Way Upstream* acted with a flair that no American cast seems able to touch. I wish we had had a chance to see him direct material written by other playwrights and acted by Americans.

Ayckbourn's position as the only important British or American playwright to sustain a full-time job in the theater has obviously been good for him as a writer; it has made him prolific and realistic. He has been

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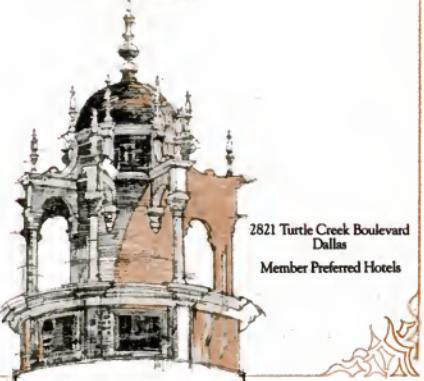
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the artistic director of the Stephen Joseph Company since 1970, and his association with it dates back even further. Though he could doubtless support the whole company on his sizable world royalties, he insists on keeping it going as a self-supporting theater responsible to the public and arts councils alike, which is difficult because Scarborough is a small northern coastal resort (population: 44,000) and because the theater is committed to doing brand-new plays almost exclusively. One reason Ayckbourn writes plays that appeal so thoroughly to audiences is that he has to if his theater is to survive.

Ayckbourn's visit to the Alley—which is the first half of an exchange, with the Houston theater sending its troupe over next year—came about almost by accident. Ayckbourn first heard of the Alley from a Texas actress who once worked for him. He was struck by some important similarities between the two companies, especially that both were pioneers in theater-in-the-round (still not a popular format in Britain) and each was founded by a single strong personality (Stephen Joseph and Nina Vance). But the work that turned this idea into a reality was done mostly by Iris Siff, the Alley's managing director, who died shortly before the arrival of Ayckbourn and his company. The visit is only one indication of how far the theater has come in the two years Siff had directed the Alley since Vance's death. During Vance's illness, the fortunes of the theater were artistically at an ebb, but Siff and the Alley's new artistic director, Pat Brown, had increased its number of productions to nearly double that of three seasons ago and raised the quality to a higher and much more consistent level.

One measure of the new energy at the Alley is the quantity of activity. While the Ayckbourn plays alternated upstairs, two plays by Texas-born playwrights alternated downstairs. One of them, *and if that Mockingbird don't sing . . .*, by William M. Whitehead, was an appealing and solid new play. It was an excellent production directed by Rice University drama professor Neil Havens. Later in the run, a children's play also opened, and then two very short one-acts by Ayckbourn were mounted as a lunchtime divertissement for downtowners. It was a pity that Pat Brown, one of America's best Ayckbourn directors, didn't tackle the one-acts herself. Under John Vreeke, the director of the Alley's apprentice program, the novices who were acting the Ayckbourn miniatures were sadly variable. The first sketch, *Between Mouthfuls*, was a nearly total loss because the three male actors could not manage the English accents or behave plausibly in the social milieu. But the second, *Mother Figure*, was funny and adroit enough to compensate. This play, about a mother so confined to her house and children that she treats even casual callers as if they were five-year-olds, was beautifully acted, especially by Sandi Shackelford as the mother and Emily Riddle as her next-door neighbor. In *Mother Figure*, the Alley proved it had listened well to Ayckbourn and his troupers upstairs. *

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The latest polls on religious beliefs show that every American has at least a grain of faith.

The Jesus movement, Sun Moon, Jim Jones, TV preachers, the Moral Majority, and the Islamic revolution in Iran have provided students of religion with a decade's worth of flashy, often frightening, material. But a more important and easily overlooked story is the profound manner in which religion, or the lack of it, is related to so many facets of our daily lives. The Gallup Organization has conducted nationwide polls on various aspects of religion since the thirties. These polls are supplemented by the work of other pollsters and by occasional major studies commissioned by religious, academic, and commercial institutions. Two recent examples of the latter sort are *The Unchurched American*, sponsored by thirty religious groups (see "Never on Sunday," TM, November 1980) and *The Connecticut Mutual Life Report on American Values in the '80s: The Impact of Belief*. A notable aspect of the Connecticut Mutual study is that it began as an investigation not of religion per se but of beliefs and values in general. As the researchers analyzed the data, however, they concluded that "the one factor that consistently and dramatically affects the values and behavior of Americans . . . is level of religious commitment."

The data provided by the various polls show remarkable agreement in reminding us that we are by far the most religious of modern Western nations. Despite the alleged efforts of secular humanists, 94 per cent of American adults profess belief in God. Also,

68 per cent claim membership in a church or synagogue, 41 per cent attend a religious service every week (less than 30 per cent seldom or never attend), 57 per cent pray frequently, 28 per cent read the Bible frequently, 56 per cent say religion is a very important aspect of their lives, 71 per cent profess to believe in life after death, and 65 per cent assert that religion is capable of answering "all or most of today's problems." Using an eight-item scale that reflected how often people engaged in such behavior as praying, reading the Bible, attending worship, and encouraging others to turn to religion, the Connecticut Mutual study concluded that 26 per cent of all Americans over fourteen—some 45 million people—can be classified as "intensely religious."

These folks are not evenly distributed throughout society. True to stereotype, Southerners, blacks, women, the aged, the poor, and the less educated are more fervent in belief and practice than those in other demographic categories. But the other categories are also amply populated with believers, and predictions of ineluctable secularization should be viewed with skepticism for at least two reasons. First, the widespread decline in religious belief and practice that characterized the sixties and most of the seventies has leveled out and even reversed itself slightly since 1978. Second, though young people display notably less interest in religion than do their elders, this disinterest may reflect their position in the life cycle more than a resolutely secular outlook. As

evidence, 60 per cent of those who scored "low" and "lowest" in religious commitment indicated they would give more attention to religion if they knew they had only six months to live.

Even without the specter of impending death, many people are starting to take religion more seriously. A Gallup poll published in February revealed that 26 per cent of adults had received religious education within the past four years, up from 17 per cent in 1978, and that the proportion of teenagers participating in Bible study groups had risen from 27 per cent to 41 per cent over the same period.

Religious commitment correlates impressively with a wide range of beliefs and attitudes. For example, 97 per cent of those classified as most religious feel a substantial dedication to their work, compared to only 66 per cent of those in the "least religious" category. The most religious are also oriented more strongly toward their families than are the least religious, and they place greater emphasis on doing things as a family (by a 93 to 58 per cent margin). The margin is almost as large in the satisfaction they profess to derive from their immediate families, their willingness to spend time with older members of their families, and their expressed determination to avoid divorce in cases of serious marital discord.

Perhaps the most interesting recent data, gathered by several polling organizations, are those probing the relationship between religion and politics. On numerous issues—

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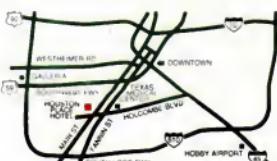
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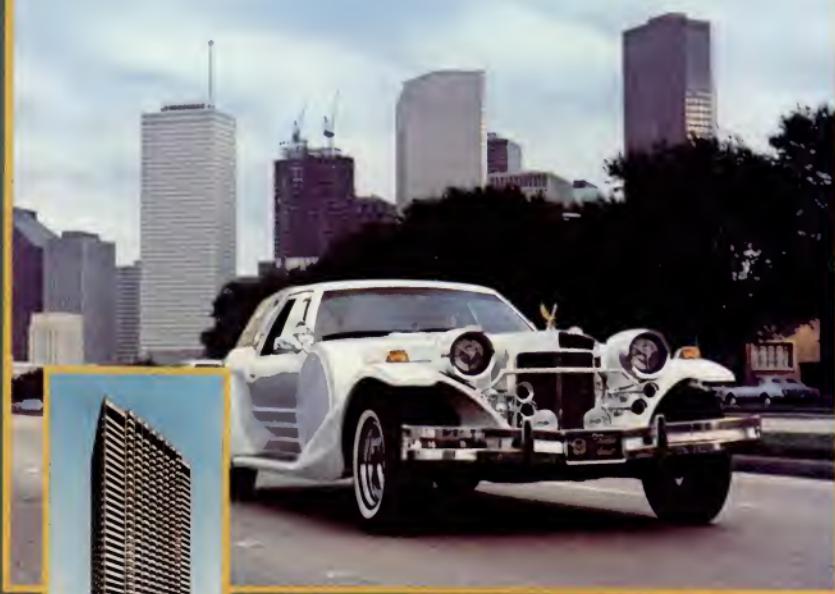


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inflation, tax cuts, international relations, Social Security, nuclear power, attitudes toward Cuban and Vietnamese refugees, government social programs, the death penalty, registration of handguns—there are relatively few differences between the attitudes of religious and nonreligious people. But there are not great differences between other major demographic groups, either. Men and women, Northerners and Southerners, even people who identify themselves as liberals and conservatives line up in quite similar proportions on most of these issues.

On the familiar agenda of moral questions, however, the highly religious contrast sharply with their more secular neighbors. For example, 74 per cent of the most religious group believe that sex between two single people is morally wrong, as compared to only 11 per cent of the least religious group. Other noteworthy gaps between the two groups appear in their branding as "morally wrong" pornographic movies (87 to 46 per cent), marijuana (87 to 30 per cent), homosexuality (87 to 54 per cent), abortion (85 to 43 per cent), and living together without being married (84 to 17 per cent). To be sure, religion is not the only influencing factor. Age, education, and region also are factors: older, less educated Southerners are typically more conservative on these issues than younger, more educated Northerners. But nothing accounts for as much difference in opinion as does the level of religious commitment.

Even the most religious Americans typically regard peace and prosperity as more pressing politically than what Jerry Falwell calls the "pro-moral, pro-family" agenda, but, other things being roughly equal, they are likely to support candidates and legislation favorable to their positions on these controversial issues. Further, they are more likely than people of little or no religious faith to believe they can make a difference, and they are more willing to attempt to do so than are people of little or no religious faith. Though they share the widespread cynicism regarding traditional political institutions and mechanisms, they are nevertheless twice as likely as the least religious to believe that voters run the country (64 to 32 per cent), more likely to trust their leaders (56 to 36 per cent), and somewhat more likely to believe in the effectiveness of traditional politics (41 to 30 per cent). What is more, they are prepared to put their faith into action. They are far more likely to believe they can have a significant influence in their community (76 to 39 per cent), more likely to vote (77 to 49 per cent), more likely to do volunteer work (38 to 6 per cent), and more likely to attend neighborhood and community meetings in which they can make their influence felt (34 to 5 per cent).

This disparity should not be interpreted as either reflecting or heralding a massive shift to the right. In recent polls, solid majorities—including many who regard themselves as sympathetic with the Moral Majority—favor affirmative action, sex education in the public schools, passage of the Equal Rights Amendment, freedom of choice on abortion,

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"Despite the low regard the general public has for business leaders, their religious beliefs are really quite similar."

and registration of handguns. But in a nation in which only half the eligible population votes even in presidential elections, a relatively small aggregate of people who believe in the system and are willing to back up their belief with action can make a measurable difference. At present, it is the highly religious who best fit this description.

The most successful leaders of the eighties may well be those who can sound the notes that will best harmonize with the hopes and aspirations of the 45 million people classified as highly religious. Given the demonstrated capacity of such people for hard work, discipline, and self-sacrifice, truly visionary leaders might summon remarkable effort and accomplishment from them. On the negative side, because of the trust they are prone to place in their leaders, demagogues might exploit their moralizing tendencies by placing the blame for complex problems on groups branded with such labels as "liberal" or "secular humanist."

Leaders of the New Right, of course, fully appreciate the political potential represented by the highly religious and have worked hard at enlisting their support on behalf of right-wing causes and candidates. The wonder is not that political operatives whose piety was not especially notable before 1979 have managed this opportunistic maneuver but that politicians from other segments of the spectrum have not mounted a similar strategy. The failure of the middle and the left to tap such a considerable resource may reflect nothing so much as a substantial gap between American leadership and the general public in both morality and perception.

In a poll of more than 1700 leaders in nine different categories, the Connecticut Mutual study found most leadership groups to be considerably less religious than the general public and markedly more liberal in their moral beliefs. The only exceptions were religious leaders, who were predictably more religious and more conservative morally than the general public, and business leaders, whose religious and moral views were strikingly similar to those of the public—this despite the generally low regard in which the public holds business leaders. Government leaders not only tend to be less religious and more liberal than their constituencies but are the least admired of all leadership groups. They also display a faint notion of the qualities the public desires in its leaders—as do

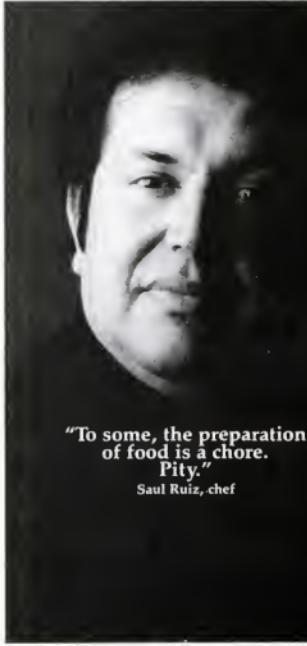


all other leadership groups.

Media elites, who should be expected to help leaders and followers understand each other better, are poor candidates for the task. A 1979-80 study, conducted under the auspices of Columbia University's Research Institute on International Change, reveals that media elites are substantially more liberal on most political issues than the general public and could scarcely be more ill-suited to communicate effectively with the intensely religious segment of society. Fewer than 8 per cent attend religious services weekly, and 86 per cent say they seldom or never attend. Only 25 per cent feel homosexuality is morally wrong (compared to 71 per cent of the general public), 47 per cent have moral objections to adultery (compared to 85 per cent of the general public), and 90 per cent feel women should have free choice regarding abortion. They are, in short, natural adversaries of groups like the Moral Majority, and they view the world through quite different eyes than does a majority proportion of the general public.

Correctness of religious, moral, and political positions is not, of course, determined by the number of people who assent to them, any more than the truth or falsity of evolution can be decided at the ballot box or in legislative assemblies. But knowledge of and appreciation for what is being thought and felt by people different from oneself is valuable, whether one uses it to achieve rapprochement or to fight one's opponents more effectively. After two decades of experience with widespread social permissiveness, mind-numbing overchoice, and severe challenge to bedrock institutions, millions of Americans appear to be seeking greater social stability, a return to traditional values, and deeper levels of commitment to their families, their friends, their communities, and their country. No foundational pier or beam seems better able or more likely to bear the weight of this reconstruction than religious faith.

Though I have concentrated mainly on the contrasts between the most and the least religious among us, the data reveal that religious commitment is related to most factors of American life in a remarkably consistent, smooth pattern, a relationship that is not true of other variables. That is to say, once again, that none of the standard indicators—age, sex, race, region, education, or socioeconomic status—tell us as much about where people stand, where they want to go, and what path they are likely to take as does the nature and level of their religious faith and practice. Religious people will doubtless view this development in a positive light, as a sign that America has not slipped out of God's pocket. Secularists may lament it as a barrier to individual freedom and social progress. The unscrupulous and cynical may exploit it in repressive or destructive ways. The wise and the just may treat it as an opportunity to draw once again on wellsprings that have nourished much that is admirable in our common life. Only the naive and the inattentive will regard it as of little importance. *



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that she was fighting to be heard over a mountain of electrified apparatus, struggling to make her voice a telling instrument at a time when a singer was lucky if her voice got mixed a little higher than any of the accompanying instruments.

Farewell Song (Columbia PC 37569) is for the Joplin record collector. Six of the cuts come from the time Joplin sang with Big Brother and the Holding Company, and three of them were recorded live at different venues. The insecurity that drove Joplin was



Threadgill: the silver-haired granddaddy of country music still sings every Wednesday night at the Austin cafe that bears his name.

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at once her nemesis and her power, although the bravado that accompanied her every act offstage vanished once she was immersed in the whirlwind of sound onstage. Country Joe MacDonald may be correct when he says in the liner notes that "Janis felt at home in San Francisco with Big Brother. [The band] was such an outside group of people that she did not feel weird or different." It could also have been because they were novice musicians and as such not a threat to her—together they forged a sound that depended more on the strength of their feeling and intuition than on their actual ability. But most of the power of these recordings with Big Brother rests in Janis's astounding vocalizations riding the wave of raw sound of the band, whose instruments were as often as not out of tune. "Harry" is a prime example of their most splayd-out, psychedelized sound.

The other three *Farewell Song* cuts, with the Full Tilt Boogie Band, the Kozmic Blues Band, and the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, place her within groups of adept musicians, where she may have felt more insecure than ever about her own chops, although she worked harder than anyone to maintain the professionalism she felt was required of her. "Tell Mama," with Full Tilt, was obviously never intended for public release; it's a mish-mash of badly mixed sound and likely the first song the band played before the musicians had had a chance to warm up. For all their expertise, they could never match Jani's soul. Her singing in "Raise Your



West Texan Butch Hancock (right, with John Reed): philosopher, preacher, and balladeer

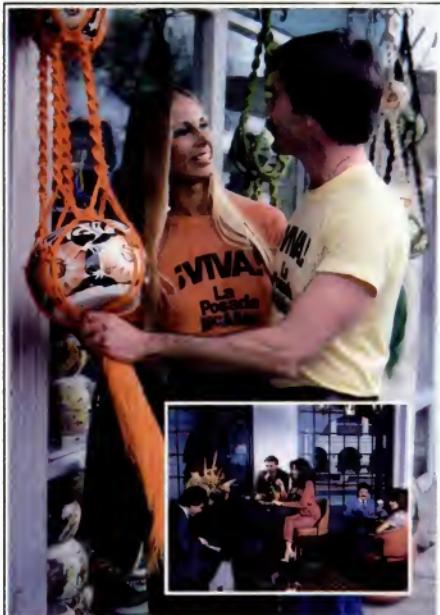
Hand," with the Kozmic Blues Band, is equaled by the soulful musicality of the other performers. "One Night Stand," recorded with the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, is probably the best cut on the album. This band's acquaintance with the roots of the blues was as great as Jani's; the song is a sad testimony to her lifestyle.

Back in the early sixties, the most exciting thing going on in Austin was the Wednesday night gathering at Threadgill's on North

Lamar, where people squeezed elbow to elbow (or sat under tables, as I did) to hear local musicians—Bill Neely, Stanley Alexander, Janis Joplin, Powell St. John, Lanny Wiggins, John Clay, and bar owner Kenneth Threadgill—sing and play true country music. We were lucky to have heard Mr. Threadgill back then when his pipes were in their prime; his interpretations of Jimmie Rodgers's songs brought their poignancy to life for our generation. Those were knee-slapping, foot-tapping, joyful occasions that brought together all kinds of people—from mechanics and farmers to beatniks and coeds.

The years have passed, but the 72-year-old grandfather of the Austin music scene has kept right on singing. At long last, we have a good record, *Silver Haired Daddy* (ARLP 80-1), as his legacy to us. Backed up by some fine musicians, including Johnny Gimble on fiddle and mandolin, Bonnie Hearne on piano, Bill Hearne on acoustic rhythm guitar, and Rene Best on guitar, he sings his favorites ("Peach Pickin' Time in Georgia," "Down in That Old Cherry Orchard," and "Waiting for a Train," to name just a few), keeping the original flavor of the songs intact. This music—unlike some done by commercially oriented charlatans such as the Kingston Trio and Peter, Paul and Mary—is real folk music.

Butch Hancock is the unsung hero who is carrying folk music's torch into the eighties, the troubadour whose songs are his life and whose guitar is his wife. His two new



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albums, *Firewater (Seeks Its Own Level)* and *1981: A Spare Odyssey* (Rainlight Records RLT 100 and RLT 1981, Drawer 810, Clarendon 79226), were recorded live in the shoe-box Alamo Lounge in Austin just before the demise of that bar. The pin-drop attention of the jam-packed house is a tribute to one of Texas' best songwriters. In *1981: A Spare Odyssey* he preaches about life without self-righteousness, bringing the smallest occurrence into universal focus and imparting a rare clarity to the most arcane questions. Throughout the album he accompanies himself on guitar, adding a few touches of harmonica here and there. On *Firewater* Hancock is ably assisted by old-time running buddies Jimmie Gilmore (vocals), John Reed (electric guitar), Richard Bowden (fiddle), and Bobby Earl Smith (bass). Butch wryly philosophizes in "Like the Light at Dawn" and makes you want to quit drinking in "Firewater (Seeks Its Own Level)," where he sings, "You got drunk last night, and you swear you saw the devil." He honestly opens his heart to his listeners with his poetic songs, making one wonder what stellar canopy covers him and his music: they both inhabit a mysterious universe, but one in which hay still grows somewhere.

Rodney Crowell is another songwriting luminary to come out of Texas, and one whose latest effort, *Rodney Crowell* (Warner Brothers BSK 3587), demonstrates why the interest shown in him by other recording artists is so well placed. He's a talented, prolific, and versatile. He is a

singer, musician, and producer on all his own albums as well as on those of numerous other people, including Johnny Cash and a new star on the horizon, Rosanne Cash, Johnny's daughter and Rodney's wife. The music on this album isn't country music as we know it, but neither is it California music, as it's been called in the past. It's Crowell's own particular blend of X-Acto blade vocals with a purist's rock 'n' roll sound, along with a little country picking and pedal steel. Crowell's incisive voice buoys up the tempo on the fast songs, and his performance of "She Ain't Going Nowhere," a slow ballad by Guy Clark, another awe-inspiring Texas songwriter, is as much a paean to Clark's songwriting as an example of Crowell's singing ability. Why Crowell the performer hasn't gained as great a following as Crowell the songwriter (Emmylou Harris, Willie Nelson, and Waylon Jennings are just a few of the musicians who have recorded his songs) is beyond me. He's truly gifted.

For a California boy, Ry Cooder certainly has a handle on Texas music. In his production of *The Border* (MCA Backstreet BSR 6105), the sound track for the movie of the same name, he intersperses hauntingly beautiful and seductively short guitar tracks, as well as a frightening tunnel of vocal sound called "Earthquake," with every kind of music you'd be likely to hear along the Texas-Mexico border. "Across the Borderline," a slow ballad sung by Freddy Fender in his fury baritone, brings forth the bitter

realities of being a wetback: "And when you reach the broken promised land / Every dream slips through your hand / And you'll know it's too late to change your mind." "Texas Bop," written and sung by Jim Dickinson, is a rollicking roadhouse boogie, pedal steel and all, and Domingo Samudio—otherwise known as Sam the Sham—penned and sings "Palomita." This Mexican polka, which begs to be danced to, has all the joyful sounds of typical *musica nortena*, including introductory howls and flamboyant accordion. Samudio's *bolero* "No Quiero," a tropical ballad, is yet another example of a musical heritage that we'd be in danger of losing but for the perspicacity of people like Cooder. It's unfortunate that most of the Mexican music on *The Border* didn't end up in the movie.

Old Enough (Asylum El-60032) is a good first album. Lou Ann Barton started singing at the age of fifteen in Fort Worth's dives, and certainly after thirteen years she deserves some respect. She's got a ringing voice with a down 'n' dirty edge, and on *Old Enough* she lets loose with an assortment of oldies but goodies. Her style of singing might have fit in better back in the sixties, with Otis Redding and Wilson Pickett, but there's no doubt we need a little more soul these days, and Lou Ann's got it. She knows how to use her voice—when to cut it off, when to waver, and when to growl—and her Fort Worth twang brings her music right down to earth. She does Irma Thomas's version of Allen Toussaint's "It's Raining" note

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for note, which speaks well for her taste if not her imagination—although Lou Ann's arrangement is better. It doesn't hurt, though, to have wonder man Jerry Wexler and ex-Eagle Glenn Frey producing her and the ace Muscle Shoals musicians backing her up. For all the technical expertise that went into it, this record has a good, homegrown feel. The only song that hasn't been recorded before, "I'm Old Enough," has a punchy rhythm that puts it right in there with other R&B greats.

Ethnic music mastermind Chris Strachwitz has released volumes 6, 7, and 8 of *Western Swing, Blues, Boogie and Honky Tonk* (Old Timey 121, 122, and 123), an anthology of dance music from the forties and fifties, taken from his world-class collection of 78s. This historical odyssey is a revelation of musicality. At the time these songs were recorded, the musicians were amplified, but they played together without the benefit of overdubbing or other technical paraphernalia. The tunes are as recognizable as "Trouble in Mind" or as esoteric as "Old Cow Blues"—a virtuosic display of pedal steel, fiddle, and piano workouts. The scope of musicians showcased is endless, from Pee Wee King and Johnny Tyler and his Riders of the Rio Grande to "T" Texas Tyler and Hawkshaw Hawkins. These old songs have a better-developed sense of humor, a more down-to-earth philosophy, than most popular music nowadays.

Outlaw heartthrob Waylon Jennings's new LP, *Black on Black* (RCA AHL1-4247), is

a fun recording of freewheeling live music that explores a diverse range of rhythms. Jennings does a good version of Hank Williams's "Honky Tonk Blues," and a song he wrote himself, "Shine," is a convincing kicker two-step with the subtle inflection of short-licked harmonized guitars. It's much more enlivening than the song right before it, an anomalously swaying version of "Folsom Prison Blues." But the album does include some dubious material, too. Jennings hardly comes across as silly, but some of these songs are pretty inane. Just as the recording industry can use one hit-worthy song as an excuse for twelve inches of vinyl, so can one catchy phrase be forced to carry a whole song. "May I Borrow Some Sugar From You" may have sexy connotations, but the images of "I used to hear four feet dancin' / Now I'm counting only two," and "Don't know how I got this feelin' / Maybe it's because your floor is my ceiling" are not flashingly evocative. And although Jennings is to be thanked for helping to open up country music to more explicit material, the song "Get Naked With Me" (he pronounces it "git nekkid") comes across as hick rather than titillating. His basso profundo, however, is tellingly romantic on Rodney Crowell's "Song for the Life" and on "Just to Satisfy You," on which Willie Nelson harmonizes. Despite Waylon's macho image, he sings *con mucho corazon*.

On *Synapse Gap (Mundo Total)* (MCA-5308)—how's that for a provocative title?—Joe "King" Carrasco has penned a number of

his requisite Mexican-flavored tunes, with keyboardist Kris Cummings's help on a couple. The only song that really sounds Mexican, though, is "That's the Love." The Jamaican-sounding "Don't Let a Woman (Make a Fool Out of You)" has the delightful percussive sparseness of reggae, and it's my favorite song on the album. The organ really rounds out the sound in this band—for all the simplicity of Cummings's licks, they sure are effective. My one gripe with the record is the unvarying uncha-uncha-uncha rhythm of so many of the songs. Carrasco's particular brand of music has an edge or most New Wave; his sound is positive, humorous, and upward-moving. He doesn't have to slander his mother and indulge in instrument mutilation to get his music across, although I sometimes wonder how long his knees will hold out with all his gyrations onstage.

After Pat Metheny and Lyle Mays got caught in the devastating 1979 Wichita Falls tornado, they wrote and recorded *As Falls Wichita, So Falls Wichita Falls* (Warner Brothers ECM 1-1190). They devoted a whole side to the tornado, and the music is a gathering tensile force that implements Mays's otherworldly keyboard and the percussive buildup of Nana Vasconcelos. It's very like the fits, starts, and violent thunder that precede a storm—you can almost hear the leaves rustling as the sounds pluck at your inner ear and make your limbs tremble. Ultimately the piece develops to an omnipotent intensity and gets carried away in a maelstrom of synthesizer. The second side

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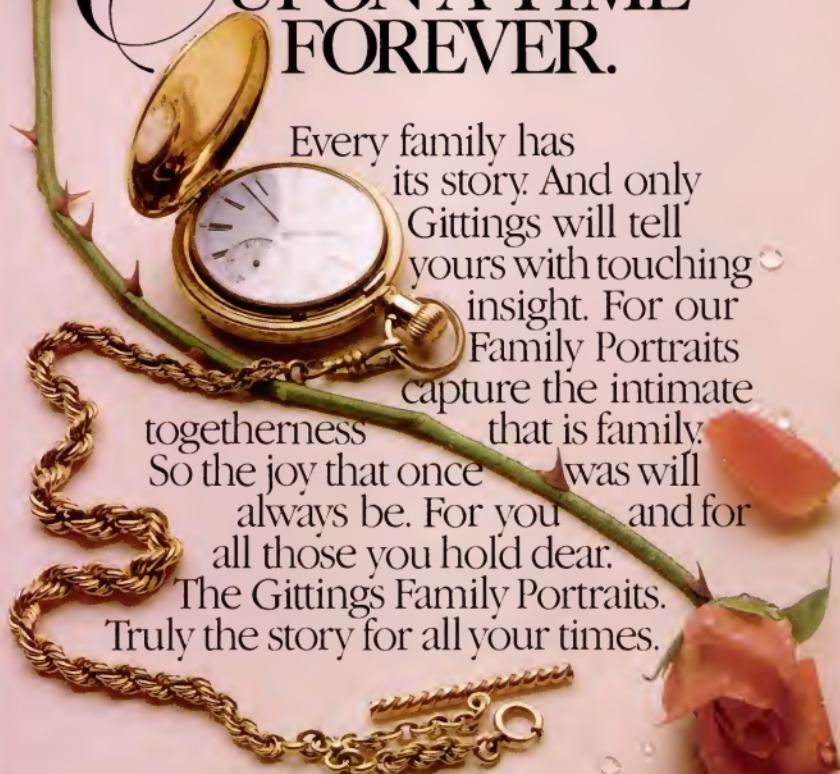
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explores in shorter pieces the more diverse but still enigmatic expertise of the musicians—especially Metheny's artistry on the guitar—in their characteristic stream-of-consciousness style.

On Alright Again! (Rounder Records 2028), Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown, Houston's black cowboy, plays through a sequence of mostly fast blues shuffles ranging from jazzy to jump, with a slow blues ("Sometimes I Slip") thrown in, as well as a piano stroll ("Honey in the Be-Bo") that sounds like it came straight out of the forties. This record is definitely for the big-band lover. A throwback to the time of Louis Jordan, the band is every bluesman's ultimate dream. But the five-piece horn section seems somewhat grandiose and sometimes overshadows Gatemouth's subtle guitar. It's a fact that Brown is one of the most versatile musicians around, a walking storehouse of musical knowledge, playing every kind of music from rhythm and blues to jazz to western swing and Cajun, switching off between guitar, fiddle, and harmonica (although he doesn't play the latter on this album). His weathered singing is a buttress to his guitar playing rather than the other way around; he'll never have the vocal impact of a B. B. King, but he's a guitar virtuoso in his own right, if in a completely different style. Brown plays his fiddle on one tune ("Baby Take It Easy"), but for the most part his guitar is the only showcased instrument—the crack musicians who back him up are given just a few cameos.

"Alligator Boogaloo" has the best interplay of instruments, employing them all equally.

The Bugs Henderson Group from Fort Worth haven't quit playing their brand of R&B-cum-psychadelic-rock, judging from their most recent album, *Still Flyin'* (Flying High FH 6505). Henderson promotes a hard sound with almost none of the subtlety usually found in R&B—for the most part it's a straight-ahead blast. Except for "Judi Likes the Blues," a quiet country rendering with the nice touch of pedal steel, the best music is on the second side of the record. "Heart Attack" is an inspired expression of train racing in which the lyrics and rhythmic guitar runs fit together well; in "Thirteen Ways," Henderson and company have got the dynamic understatement of a slow blues down; and "Little Brother" is a tender handling of a funk instrumental that shows off Henderson's guitar playing. His outbursts on the guitar are effective when he's not waxing wild with endless twiddle-dees, and the trio's rhythm section is honcho tight. In general, though, this wall-of-sound music is absorbed through the pores rather than the ears.

PLAINS SONGS

Live music in Texas is just as healthy as the recording industry, judging from the crowds that showed up at the third annual Joe Ely Tornado Jam to hear everyone from home boys Butch Hancock and the Maines

Brothers to chain-saw rocker Joan Jett and acclaimed warbler Linda Ronstadt. As a testament to its primordial nature, the Tornado Jam drew 25,000 people from all the outlying spokes of Lubbock—places like Levelland, Shallowater, Slide, and Idalou—as well as from other Texas cities and from out of state. They came to Buddy Holly Park to get rained on, slog about in the mud, and generally bear witness to the importance of being dedicated to rock 'n' roll. If the jam proved anything it's that Joe Ely is at a turning point in his career—and looking toward certain fame. His personality inspires a fanaticism that draws even such greats as Linda Ronstadt to his side, just for the sheer pleasure of playing music with him.

The die-hard professionalism of the musicians—such as Terry Allen, who wiped the water off his piano between songs—was borne home as they played standing oblivious in puddles. The incomparable Maines Brothers—some of the best kickers to come out of Texas—were the life of the party. But of all the memorable music to emerge from the jam, far and away the most tellingly relevant was some that was written 25 years ago. The original Crickets still kick out Buddy Holly's songs like nobody else. The idea that Lubbock is a good place to leave—as Mac Davis emphasizes in "Texas in My Rear View Mirror"—is reversed when it comes to the Tornado Jam. For that particular event, there's no place like home. ♦

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Big River

(Continued from page 127)

ing candelilla, a low, many-fingered spurge plant of the region, and rendering out its industrially useful wax by boiling the stuff in iron vats set up in secret places along the river. They were outlaws because in a poor region of a poor country the candelilla trade was fairly profitable, and the government sought to restrict its harvest to favored licensees. They had the dash and certitude and color that being outside the law can give, together with the courtesy and aplomb that being country Mexican practically always does, and also more knowledge of the region than their kinsmen in the pueblos.

We found five raffish-looking friendly outlaws at their wat camp in a pile of boulders one morning, and they had the enlightenment we craved. Yes, said their mustachioed, bold-eyed leader, the waterfall lay only three or four kilometers downstream, and it was very frankly, my friend, an unholly son of a bitch, a place where the river ran between and beneath stones much bigger than houses and no boat could possibly pass. And so, quite exactly, it turned out to be, except that beside the falls—a huge long cascade down through a rocksidge, really—we found a couple of other affable wax-camp types tending catfish lines, who for a few pesos each helped us mightily with a tough portage over boulders and chasms and reduced to two or three hours what could have been a day's work.

I'm told there are big modern dams on the Conchos now, with good new roads running near the river and the pueblos, but they say also that despite that kind of change the *candelilleros* are still functioning and still being kept on the dodge, not only in their native land but in ours too, since "wax weed" abounds in Big Bend National Park, and park personnel with a quite commendable ecological viewpoint try constantly to prevent its harvest. Myself, I'd hate having to persecute such noble criminals as those, but on the other hand their lives are no doubt made richer and fuller and more vibrant by that sustained matching of wits.

Few of them are simmering spurge beside the Rio Grande itself these days, however, even those who gather plants in the park. On that recent four-day raft trip through several canyons, we saw only some flood-silted remains of disused boilers and their stone fire pits on the Mexican side, which, should they endure, will in time, I guess, take on an archeological aura of the sort that attaches to the area's old Indian caves, petroglyphs, walls of melted adobe and tumbled stone with bloody tales behind them, mine shafts, and ruined riverbank hot-spring spas where once travelers came from far and wide to achieve a cure, it is said, for gonorrhea and other rooted ills.

The problem is not so much an excess of law enforcement, it seems, as a lack of privacy, for no self-respecting outlaw would want to carry on his operations in the public



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gaze. And the public gaze is what the Rio Grande's shoreline gets a great deal of these days in the Big Bend, until which the thirties and later was the river's true wilderness section, a hostile, difficult, beautiful place where no one went from outside without compelling reason. Establishment of the national park and the building of access roads not only have changed that state of things but have just about turned it around. Now, from the point where river canyons begin, well upriver from the park's western boundary, to far beyond its eastern one where they disappear in Lake Amistad, the Rio Grande's course has been intricately charted, its navigational hazards analyzed and rated on an established white-water scale of one to six, its features of interest noted and described in

maps and booklets available to those who want to run any or all of the canyons in canoes, rubber rafts, kayaks, or for that matter shallow-draft jet motorboats. And on days when the river is right, neither so low as to make travel hard nor so high as to make it dangerous, anywhere from scores to hundreds of healthy outdoor Americans are likely to be doing so.

A lot of river is there, of course—about 235 miles in the part most commonly used—with a good many put-in and take-out points, so that few stretches are more than occasionally what could be called crowded, unless perhaps by a Robert T. Hill or a wax-camp operator. Moreover, the people who go there to float, whether in pairs or small groups or sizable commercial flotillas of

rafts maneuvered by skillful guides, are for the most part the kind who go to see the river and the country for what they are, since fishing in the alkaline, usually turbid water is poor except for catfish caught on bait, and there are no standard American-garish attractions along the way, or even any standard American comforts beyond some showers and flush toilets at Rio Grande Village, where a good many canyon trips end. It is not, in other words, a suitable or comfortable place for large, loud, pleasure-seeking groups of sightseers and revelers of the kind so often found amid the fleshpots of the Lower Valley, and there are no such around. Outside of some members of the jet-boat set, who seem always to be at the point of getting themselves banned by park authorities but never quite achieve that desirable status, most of the Big Bend's boat folk are clearly good, quiet, interested sorts, often gifted with wilderness skills and sensitivities and knowledge and no more anxious to disrupt others' enjoyment of the river than they are to have their own disrupted.

For the more solitary-minded among them, though, having others there at all does diminish what they came for. Treasuring wilderness, they have journeyed there to be alone with it, either individually or with four or five friends at most, because being alone with wilderness is what wilderness is all about. And the presence of other people, even or maybe especially other people who treasure it too, is a diminution of wilderness and a diminution of the aloneness they seek. Crowds are not needed to achieve the diminution; it resides in the knowledge that on any given day you are most likely going to encounter, briefly, one or two or five or six other parties, passing them or being passed. In that mere knowledge there is a fracture of solitude, a using up of wilderness.

You could see it, on that raft trip, in the quiet, almost embarrassed greetings that were given in return for ours, whenever two or three canoes passed us in a canyon of the Bend or in one of its long, winding, bird-loud desert stretches. Sometimes, more rarely, you would see it in the set jaw and averted gaze of some possessive African duck type who passed in hostile silence. I had come with a good-sized party of people on that trip and did not expect solitude, but if I had come with such expectation I think I'd have been hostile too.

There is irony. On that long-ago cheerful journey we made down the Conchos not knowing what to expect, we undoubtedly saw more human beings in an average day than you can count on seeing now along the Rio Grande, but because they so honestly and unthinkingly belonged where they were, they left the wilderness intact for us and we possessed the aloneness that, without defining it, we had been looking for when we came. And in contrast, on the magnificent, admirably preserved river of the Bend, where you see only a few people who want to belong but don't really, aloneness is hard to have.

Maybe we could all wear Mexican straw hats. ♦

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WHERE TO TURN

(Continued from page 135)

of formal education.

Although Kinross-Wright was a pioneer in the use of tranquilizers, the psychiatrists at DL seldom use drugs, except occasionally as "brain glue" for thinking disorders. But since the kids are permitted trips to town, they can still secure drugs. Hughes allows each group to police itself. If a member of the group is caught with drugs, the others can and will turn him over to the police. Then they'll hire a lawyer to defend him, using money out of their own limited entertainment fund.

The \$100-a-day fee includes psychiatric treatment and elaborate trips that each group plans and takes as it pleases. The kids have gone to wilderness areas as far away as Alaska and Baja California and have had adventures as exotic as climbing Mount St. Helens.

Giddings State School houses the hardest of the hard cores, the violent offenders. For nearly a century the primary reform school in Texas was at Gatesville, but it was closed three years ago. What used to be called reform schools are now called training schools; they are located in Giddings, Brownwood, Crockett, Gainesville, and Pyote. At present, Giddings is the only one that is fenced—the citizens of that Central Texas town insisted on it—but there are plans to fence Brownwood.

Despite the security, there is nothing

draconian about Giddings. It is a reasonably pleasant, modern facility, and the inmates look like the kids next door. It was originally built for runaways and truants, so-called status offenders (their status being juvenile). After the Texas Family Code was revised in the early seventies, status offenders were sent home or to local residential treatment centers instead of state training schools. Since girls in Texas are more likely to be charged with a status offense than a criminal one, the number of girls in state institutions has dwindled from seven hundred to less than one hundred in the last ten years. Only thirteen of the nearly three hundred residents of Giddings are girls.

The kids at Giddings live in neat cottages and attend their own school on the premises. A few are allowed to hold jobs in the community. All are here because of violent offenses—murder, rape, kidnapping, that sort of crime. Most have been arrested numerous times. Ron Jackson, executive director of the Texas Youth Council (TYC), speculates that 65 per cent of them will end up in the Texas prison system. "I'd like to think we're doing more than just warehousing them," Jackson said. "But maybe we're not. I don't think we succeed in helping many. We just get them off the streets for a few months."

When a judge commits a kid to the TYC, the kid can be placed in any of 12 different facilities run by the council or more than 95 private residential facilities with which the TYC contracts. Since the TYC does not

allow corporal punishment, it does not place kids in facilities such as Cal Farley's. Many of the kids at Giddings have virtually grown up under the jurisdiction of the TYC.

Girlstown, U.S.A., has four campuses—in Austin, Lubbock, Borger, and Whiteface. Whiteface is the largest, with 82 girls, and Lubbock the smallest, with 15. The Austin campus, with a capacity of 24, is listed as a residential treatment center, which means that it cares for girls with serious emotional problems. Many of the residents at Girlstown are runaways, and some are delinquents referred by the TYC, other state and local agencies, or child guidance centers.

The Austin center is housed in an old tuberculosis hospital on the east side of town. Most of the girls attend school on campus, but some are enrolled in the Austin public school system. The girls range in age from twelve to eighteen; a high percentage of them have been sexually abused.

If their behavior is good, the girls are given a small allowance and permitted to visit town on weekends. There are no bars or locked doors at Girlstown, and runaways are not uncommon. The average stay at Austin is six months, though some girls have been there for several years. There is staff of nineteen, including a half-time psychologist, a consulting psychiatrist, and a number of mental health workers and interns.

The Mary Lee Schools in Austin and Rockdale were founded in 1963 by Charlene

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Crump, with the purpose of helping mentally retarded women. While the schools still treat some retarded individuals, the emphasis has shifted toward the emotionally disturbed and multihandicapped individual. Today the Mary Lee Foundation, a private nonprofit organization, has three residential treatment centers—two in Austin and one in Rockdale—and a series of workshops for vocational training. In addition, the foundation maintains one halfway house and an intermediate care facility that provides housing for multihandicapped, retarded, and emotionally disturbed individuals who require minimal supervision.

The largest Austin facility in the Mary Lee complex is the South Campus residential treatment center, which houses 66 students, aged five to eighteen. Many of the kids have been abused or neglected and have been in and out of foster homes. They come to the institution with long histories of failure and rejection.

From the street, South Campus looks more like a residence than a school; it is an old stone house that sits on fifteen acres. A tour of the grounds is prohibited, but quick observation of the campus suggests a lack of funds for buildings and material goods. Behind the house are several piles of discarded equipment and a run-down portable building. The rock house, built in the thirties or forties, is filled with used furniture. As outgoing administrator Scott Ellis says, however, the emphasis at Mary Lee is on kids, not "stuff." Through the Austin In-

dependent School District, Mary Lee provides counseling and special services like speech and physical therapy. Most of the kids attend regular classes in the Austin school system. The staff-to-child ratio is about one to five.

Tuition at Mary Lee is based solely on the cost to operate. The fee is listed at \$80 a day but varies according to ability to pay. Kids with absolutely no income usually rely on Aid for Dependent Children, which has a ceiling cost allowance of \$46 a day.

Westwood Ranch (Meridell Achievement Center) is one mile past Seward Junction on Highway 29, just outside the small town of Liberty Hill. The name Westwood is not in the telephone directory; it is known only to those who live on, work at, or have visited the 311-acre ranch. To the rest of the world, Westwood is known as the Meridell Achievement Center, a private profit-making psychiatric care facility for 55 emotionally disturbed boys aged twelve to eighteen.

A quarter-mile up the winding entrance road is a cluster of buildings—the dining hall, several portable structures, an old ranch house, and a stone hospital (still under construction). Near the dining hall are a small swimming pool and a basketball court. The layout looks like a boys' camp, and initially that's the way it feels. Cabins scattered across the land serve as residences for the boys in different treatment groups; each group has a name, such as Pioneers,

Roadrunners, and Achievers, and each provides a nucleus of stability for the boys. Michael Weiner, executive and psychiatric director, quotes a one-to-one staff-to-child ratio. Group therapy starts almost the minute a boy gets out of bed, and if you can keep up with the pace of the staff, you will see that it never stops.

The Meridell-Westwood theory of treatment is based on the importance of real relationships in an environment that permits friendships to form. A boy who enters treatment here will know sooner or later (usually sooner) exactly what his peers think of him, and because his peers are also his friends, he will know that these observations are based not on his history or record but on his behavior at the ranch. Open discussion is the norm here; it takes place within earshot of anyone who cares to listen.

Schooling is available on the grounds; the Georgetown Independent School District provides the teachers. School, like many other activities, is a privilege; a boy must earn the right to stay. The alternative to classes is cleanup or outdoor work, called Green Thumbs, which gets the kids into gardening, raking, and landscaping. For recreation there are sports, including football and weight lifting, and periodic visits home.

Meridell's staff has had very little turnover in the recent past, and the finely tuned program is revealed in every aspect of the camp. ♦

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GROWING UP FAST

(Continued from page 138)

she decided to clean Shea's room herself, she discovered a petrified milk shake and several mossy green sandwiches stuffed in his underwear drawer. She also found a missing kitchen knife and his badly mutilated teddy bear.

A man from the sheriff's office telephoned late one night and asked if we had two boys named Shea and Mike. "Sure do," Phyllis said. "They're downstairs asleep." That's what we thought. They'd gone out the side door hours earlier. They were throwing firecrackers at cars, but the person who reported the noise thought it was gunfire. A deputy told me later that he had drawn his pistol just as one of the boys popped up from a weed patch, crying, "Don't shoot! I'm just a little kid!"

We grounded them, grounded them repeatedly. It was futile. All we were doing was grounding ourselves. We'd become full-time jailers. How the hell do you divorce your kids? We started leaving them Marine Corps recruiting literature.

When Shea was thirteen and Mike was fourteen we moved into a spacious home on the western edge of downtown Austin. Mike's father had bought him a Honda and was sponsoring him in local dirt bike races. Both boys got interested in soccer. I tried to get Shea interested in football, but the coach at O. Henry Junior High thought he was too small. He wasn't too small to get in fights with football players, though. I was getting daily calls for conferences with the assistant principal. Mike was a naturally gifted athlete: he was usually the star player on his soccer team, and his room was filled with racing trophies. This contributed to Shea's feelings of worthlessness. We threatened to take away Mike's racing bike unless his deportment improved, which it did, but we never found a similar stabilizer for Shea.

Phyllis is God's own pacifist, a resolutely nonphysical person, but she was finding it increasingly difficult to avoid physical confrontations with Shea. Shea frightened her. I could usually subdue him just by changing the tone of my voice, but I sensed that the situation was becoming unmanageable. Shea's unauthorized absences from school had become an official matter, and we had to appear before a judge, who tongue-lashed Shea and threatened me with a large fine. Shortly after that, Shea disappeared for four days. I knew he had been running with a crowd of young toughs who, it turned out later, were involved in stealing hubcaps and peddling speed. One of them had stolen Phyllis's jewelry. Another pulled a gun on my oldest son, Mark, who was about twenty at the time and sometimes watched the house when we were gone for a weekend.

When I learned that Shea was hiding out at the home of one of these teenage hoodlums, I asked Mark to go with me. It was an ugly scene. I had to take Shea by force while Mark restrained the other kid. By the time we got home I was soaked with sweat and shaking all over. It could have been worse,

I told myself. Next time it probably would be.

By now we had given up locking the boys in their room. Instead, we locked *ourselves* in our room. At least then they couldn't sneak in and steal the car keys. I mentioned that I was seriously considering buying two sets of handcuffs, and to my amazement Phyllis had already priced them. Great God, what was happening to us?

I hadn't yet discovered that my blood pressure was dangerously high, but I knew I felt like hell. I had constant headaches, and I could hardly drag myself out of bed in the morning. One school morning Phyllis shook me awake, obviously distraught and fighting back tears.

"Let me guess," I said. "The boys are gone again."

"Unfortunately not," she said. "Come look."

The gigantic attic room they shared was littered with cigarette butts, beer cans, roaches, playing cards, games, and clothes. A foul-smelling bong, one of those marijuana tubes sold in head shops, had over-turned and leaked gray sludge onto the carpet. It took a minute for my eyes to adjust, and then I realized that the little rats weren't alone. Each was passed out in bed with a teenage girl. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Phyllis did. I could hear her brokenhearted sobs through the bathroom door.

Now that Shea was fourteen and approaching manhood, his relationship with his stepmother reached rock bottom. It wasn't just Phyllis—Shea seemed to hate all women. One day Phyllis set him off by asking him to put away some things he'd taken out of the refrigerator. He responded by dumping the contents of an entire shelf on the kitchen floor. Phyllis's reaction was so sudden, so rash and out of character, that it stunned all of us. She smashed him in the face with an egg! Then she ran upstairs crying, and Mike and I started laughing. After a few seconds, Shea started laughing too. For a moment there was a measure of respect in Shea's face: I think he had wanted her to shove that egg in his face.

A week before Christmas, during a routine physical, I learned that my blood pressure was in orbit. Skylab stuff—240 over 150. An hour later I was in the hospital with a bunch of tubes running out of me and nurses yelling down the hall for their colleagues to come look at this one. Shea ran away again while I was hospitalized. He did sneak a visit to my room late one night after everyone else had gone, but neither of us could think of much to say.

The last time I spanked Shea was the night I got home from the hospital, just before Christmas, 1979. The incident is burned across my memory. He had come home a few hours earlier, but only long enough to steal my new car. He was nearly fifteen, too old to spank, too young to throw out. I called the cops, and while they were looking for him I got a bottle of whiskey, turned out the

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lights, and waited in his room, a belt coiled in my fist. I was just barely sane enough to realize I was going crazy, or dying, or both. I'd been on the edge for weeks, working on a book ten and twelve and sometimes fifteen hours a day, fighting the panic and fear and incredible isolation. Phyllis was working just as long and hard, trying to sell real estate and keep us together. By now we were *begging* the kids, begging for time, begging to get by just one more day, one more week. I couldn't even remember the last time we'd gone out or been with friends. I wanted to quit—quit writing, quit drinking, quit being me—but I couldn't remember how. I laid my head on Shea's pillow. It had a strong, earthy smell, and I closed my eyes, remembering a little boy in a red cowboy hat, remembering holding his hand as we stood very still and watched a mother raccoon lead her young along a moonlit trail.

It was still dark when I heard him climbing through the window. He was stoned and drunk, and I knew he couldn't yet see me. I took a pull off the whiskey, my rage returning. He'd lost his shirt somewhere, and my own was soaked with sweat and stained by rivulets of madness too vile to catalog. Suddenly I was slashing my belt at his naked back, cursing and screaming and trying to hold him by the wrist while he cursed and screamed and danced out of my grasp. I can still see the fear and blind hatred in his eyes. I felt old and used up. I felt beaten. Shortly after dawn the cops reappeared, and we asked them to take Shea to Gardner House, a short-term lockup for juvenile offenders. We had no intention of filing charges, but we all needed time to think.

When we went for him on Christmas Eve, Shea was considerably calmer, and so was I. He tried to act contrite, but I knew it was only an act. None of us was likely to change, not in our present environment. I'd been years trying to create the right atmosphere, the right structure; nothing grand, but something conducive to work, harmony, and love. Obviously, I had failed. I discussed the situation with both Phyllis and M.J., and everyone agreed that Shea had to be . . . we could hardly say it . . . put away. Some sort of child care facility. Too late for guilt, too late for second guesses, just play it where it lays. The trouble was, none of us had the slightest idea where or how to begin.

This is a problem you can't find a solution to in the Yellow Pages. There are hundreds of thousands of badly troubled teenagers in Texas, handicapped kids, abused kids, neglected kids, delinquent kids, and, more commonly, kids who just can't handle it in a normal family situation. Churches, civic groups, and government agencies have programs, but for a family just beginning to face up to the problem it's almost impossible to know where to start. The legacy of the sixties is here right now, but society hasn't come to grips with the fact.

A few days after Christmas I got a call from a social worker who had seen Shea at Gardner House. She wanted to talk to me. I

entertained some vague hope that she could help, but it turned out she had a different purpose in mind. She had observed the red welts on Shea's back and wanted to know if there was some reason I shouldn't be cited for child abuse. I tried to explain the situation, but the more I talked the worse it sounded. She seemed sympathetic. She mentioned foster homes and halfway houses, but nothing sounded right.

M.J. had already inquired about the wilderness camp in East Texas financed by the Salesmanship Club of Dallas. It was a long shot, but so was everything. The Salesmanship Club pioneered the now-trendy concept of taking teenagers with emotional and behavioral problems to the wilderness and teaching them to survive—to function as a family with other kids just like themselves, kids almost everyone has given up on. They learn to build relationships and self-esteem, learn to cope and cooperate, learn that survival depends on cooperation. The program is amazingly successful and has been widely copied all over the country. The problem was that there were about twenty boys waiting for every vacancy. "Frankly, it's the luck of the draw," an administrator at the camp told us.

We also made application at Cal Farley's Boys Ranch near Amarillo. Cal Farley's is one of the largest and best facilities of its type in Texas or anywhere else. It's essentially like the old orphans' home, a long-term program of loving care for boys in trouble, cast in the mold of Father Flanagan's Boys Town in Nebraska. Cal Farley's is financed totally by contributions: parents don't pay anything. It can handle as many as 404 boys at a time, but there are only about 80 vacancies each year against 1200 applications. Another long shot.

In the meantime, we agreed that our best move was to get immediate psychiatric help. We selected a child psychiatrist whom I will call Dr. Z. The doctor's first move was to order a psychological evaluation from Counseling & Assessment Services in Austin.

The night before our first meeting with Dr. Z, I studied the evaluation carefully. None of the conclusions surprised me. Using the sort of clinical language you might associate with an autopsy, the psychologist described Shea as "a slender, attractive youngster with brown hair of stylish length . . . cooperative and pleasant during the testing . . . motivated . . . to improve." We'd all seen that side of Shea. The psychologist wrote that the boy demonstrated average to above-average intelligence and showed no learning disabilities. The complications of his birth and early childhood suggested hyperactivity, and the psychologist recommended additional neurological investigations.

"The history suggests that Shea has always had some difficulty with his peers," the psychologist noted. "His favorite fairy tale was 'Little Red Riding Hood,' in which story he identified with 'the guy who came and killed the wolf.'"

What particularly caught my attention was a series of drawings Shea had made at the

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psychologist's request. Shea had always expressed his feelings best with drawings. When the psychologist asked Shea to draw a male, he sketched a swashbuckler brandishing a sword. His female was a seductive vamp in an evening dress. His self-portrait was a young man who looked something like Zonker in *Doonesbury*, dancing and snapping his fingers. The psychologist found Shea "elaborately creative" but seemed disturbed that his creations and perceptions were "not always conventionally justified by . . . reality." Someday I'd like to talk to all those shrinks about the nature of reality. Pinned to my bulletin board was a sketch the psychologist hadn't seen, one Shea drew not long after the divorce. It depicted a broken heart dancing across a stage on wobbly legs, an arrow shot through its chest and a tear in its eye. The caption read: "The heart dies for the first and last time."

At our first session, Dr. Z made an instant diagnosis based on the psychological report and on Shea's early medical history. He decided that Shea was hyperactive and prescribed a mood-elevating drug. My immediate reaction was one of enormous relief. At least we had a name for it. And a drug.

She disliked Dr. Z from the start. "He never really talks to me," Shea said after his fifth or sixth session. "All he ever asks is does that medicine make me sleepy in school." I'd noticed the same thing. All I got out of those \$75-an-hour sessions was that Z didn't have much faith that they would help. He seemed extremely interested, however, in having Shea committed to the children's psychiatric ward at Shoal Creek Hospital. When I asked how much this would cost, Z told me not to worry. "Your insurance will cover a big part of it," he assured me.

The following week Phyllis frantically telephoned me in El Paso, where I was doing research. Someone had broken into a friend's home the previous night. Everyone thought it was Shea. They had found his pocketknife on a window ledge. When Phyllis confronted Shea with the accusation that morning in Z's waiting room, he threw one of his famous fits. Z's response was to suggest that the boy be immediately committed to Shoal Creek. He advised Phyllis to contact our attorney. Instead, she telephoned M.J., who drove to Austin to offer support. Together they arranged for Shea to be temporarily locked up at Gardner House. Late that night, Phyllis finally located me in El Paso. I told her to hold what she had, I'd catch the next plane home.

When I talked to Shea the following day we were both calm and deliberate, almost as though we were talking about two other people. Why would he break into the home of a friend? Shea said he thought she might have some drugs. Why did he need drugs? He just liked them. Why didn't he just ask for them? He didn't think to ask. I asked if he'd ever heard of the golden rule. I knew the question sounded strange, coming from

me. Shea and I had never talked philosophy before.

"Sure," he said. "I've heard of the golden rule."

"Tell it to me," I said. "I want to hear you say it."

Without a flicker of irony or sarcasm, Shea said, "Then that's got the gold rules."

Shea looked puzzled when I told him the more traditional definition. He'd never thought about it that way. He seemed to understand that we couldn't continue like this. We discussed our options, which seemed pitifully slim. Shoal Creek was out of the question; even if the insurance company paid half the cost, we were still talking about a minimum of \$50 a day. The Salesmanship Club idea appealed to Shea, but they hadn't given us any encouragement. Cal Farley's had told us that Shea didn't qualify.

Phyllis and M.J. visited another wilderness operation near Bryan, a licensed psychiatric hospital called Discovery Land. The cost was \$100 a day, a bargain compared to some of the \$400- and \$500-a-day hospitals around the country. Phyllis and M.J. agreed that for that kind of money, we could all be committed.

I arranged an interview with a juvenile probation officer, but he only added to my confusion. There were dozens of categories to the problem, but we didn't seem to fit any of them. We were too affluent for Cal Farley's and too poor for Discovery Land. It was possible for a juvenile court to put the boy on probation as a runaway and a truant (I didn't mention drugs or breaking and entering), but this was just a holding action. As soon as Shea violated the terms of his probation, which he was certain to do in record time, he could well be committed to the care of the Texas Youth Council, which supervises a number of facilities, including what we used to call reform schools. "It's a funny situation," the probation officer told me. "Sometimes we can't help until a kid gets into real trouble. It's like saying, 'Go out and commit murder and we can help you.' Then, of course, it's too late for help."

We all agreed on one thing—we didn't need any more help from Dr. Z. We found another psychiatrist, Dr. Jackson Day, who came highly recommended. Dr. Day is a gentle, highly sensible man with a sense of humor and a practical approach. At our first session Dr. Day discarded Z's theory of hyperactivity and stopped all medication. Shea and I both liked Dr. Day instantly and found it easy to talk to him. He told us that a majority of his patients were there because of behavioral problems. The public was slow to accept it, but many children today are suffering from deep depression, from anxiety associated with the growing sense of competition among adolescents, from the fantastic array of choices, and from isolation from important people in their lives. Adolescence used to be roughly defined as ages twelve to sixteen. "A lot of kids today, girls especially, start adolescence at age eight and continue until they finish graduate

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school at age thirty," Dr. Day told us. "It's a rare family that gets through a child's adolescence without some really scary scrape," he said. "I'm not talking about the families I see in my office—they're all in trouble—I'm talking about the families I see on my block. I don't know a single family on my block that hasn't had problems, including my own."

"The parents recognize the problems, the schools recognize the problems, the juvenile authorities recognize the problems. Only the kid doesn't think he's got a problem. The kid thinks he's just imitating adult behavior. Why does he take drugs? He likes them. He doesn't like school, so he doesn't go. Of course, it goes much deeper than that. What he really wants is to be accepted by his friends."

Getting drunk and stoned used to be considered antisocial behavior. Now the opposite is true.

I let myself believe that we were making progress, but after our fifth or sixth visit Dr. Day shocked me by saying, "I don't think I can help Shea. I don't think this is a problem for a psychiatrist. I think what he needs is a well-structured environment away from his parents. The irony of adolescence is that everyone can do better with someone else's kids."

Dr. Day had heard of a place near Uvalde called Faith Ranch. He searched his files and gave me a telephone number and a name—Roy Glasscock. "I don't know anything about the man," he said. "It's a long shot."

"The way I feel right now," I told him, "I'd take Hitler Youth at seven to five."

The first time I saw Roy Glasscock I knew he was better than a long shot. He was about my own age with thin, sandy hair and a rosy Scottish Highlands face. There was a subdued intensity about him, the aura of a good parish priest. If Father Flanagan had been born a Methodist, he might have been such a man.

Steps of Faith Ranch, as it was formally titled, was Glasscock's creation, though he didn't actually find it and he didn't particularly like the name. The ranch was located in the Dry Frio Canyon about 25 miles north of Uvalde, in the wonderfully isolated hills and cedar brakes near Garner State Park. It occupied the site of the old Reagan Wells mineral spa. The resort dining room functioned as Faith Ranch's main house, and some of the cabins were still standing. The first thing Glasscock told us about himself was his deep commitment to Christianity; though born a Methodist, he was an Episcopal layman, who had given up his ministry. What he really was, he said, was God's *whatnot*.

He took me into his office and showed me a hand-carved statue on a bookshelf. Then he told me a story. In 1970, while he was teaching at an exclusive boys' school in Mexico City, he was admiring the statue when God asked him what it was for. "It wasn't for anything," he said. "It was just a *whatnot* that I enjoyed." God asked Glasscock if he was willing to be like that

statue, to be a whatnot. A whatnot for God. It was exactly the sort of opportunity he'd been looking for.

I had been a professional skeptic too long to take all this at face value. I know people talk to God—I do it myself, all the time—but anytime God talks back, I have a few questions. When God talks, how does He sound? Any noticeable accent? But Glasscock told this story as casually as you might describe repairing a leaky faucet. There was nothing wonderful or supernatural in his tone. Just the routine work of a whatnot executing one of God's miracles.

A week after his talk with God, Glasscock continued, he and his wife, Mary Ann, received an unusual request. They were asked to pray for a nun who was dying of cancer. They'd prayed for the sick before, several times, when Glasscock had directed Youth for Christ and later when he headed the youth program at the Church of the Redeemer in Houston. Nothing magical, understand. They merely read the Scripture from James 5 found in the Book of Common Prayer: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him . . ." Then they anointed the dying nun with olive oil, also according to the Scripture. The really peculiar thing about this incident, other than the fact that the nun was immediately healed, was that the nun spoke no English and neither of the Glasscocks was Catholic or spoke Spanish. A nondescript man in street clothes translated. They learned later that he was Monsignor Carlos Talavera, now one of the bishops of Mexico City. They never knew how they happened to be called there.

"After the nun was healed," Glasscock said, "word got around. People were coming up to us on the street and kissing our hands. It was pretty freaky stuff. But God had blessed my life. I still feel my role is being God's whatnot."

In 1972 some people from Uvalde who had known Glasscock from his work at the Church of the Redeemer asked him to take charge of a child care project they had started. They called it Steps of Faith Ranch. There wasn't much there. All they had was five acres on the banks of the Dry Frio, a mobile home, a temporary building, two kids supplied by the county probation authorities, and a debt of \$76,000. They needed someone to make it work. In January 1973 Roy and Mary Ann Glasscock moved into the temporary building on the land next to the crumbling and abandoned Reagan Wells resort. It was two years before Glasscock or any members of the staff that he gradually assembled received salary.

"The problems seemed insurmountable," he recalled. "Mary Ann and I sold our car. We used up our savings. Some people I knew in Houston made contributions, but there was no substantial financial backing. I took off my shoes and began wading along the shallows of the river, talking to God. 'God,' I said, 'I believe You want me here. But I need a gift to make the place work.' I knew something about love, faith, and hope, but wading along, I realized that God

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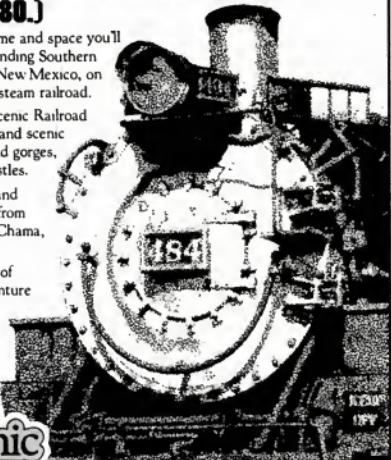
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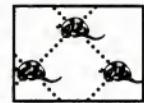
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was giving me something else—the gift of courage."

Within a few years the original 5 acres had grown to 180. Glasscock had walked the property line of the old spa and "claimed it in God's name." By that time the original \$76,000 debt had been retired. This new claim added another \$125,000 to the debit ledger, but that was paid off in less than a year. "We did it all with nickel-and-dime donations," he said. "God was blessing us."

I was barely listening. For some reason I was thinking about a time long ago when I took my oldest son, Mark, with me on a business trip to New York. Mark was about twelve at the time. I was late for an appointment, so I gave him a \$20 bill and dropped him off at the corner of 42nd and Broadway.

My cab hadn't gone half a block when I thought, *Great God, what have I done!* Somehow I knew Mark would be okay, and he was. My instincts told me Shea would be okay, too. I liked Glasscock and trusted him. And I was desperate. We were seated in the living room of the Glasscocks' home on the banks of the Dry Frio. Shea was off somewhere with one of the boys, learning about tractors. What really impressed me about the ranch was, it was *there*. The houses, the school, the dorms, the tennis court, the land, the river so cold and clear they used it as drinking water. It was hard to say what part God provided. Merchants in Uvalde and other places provided many of the materials, and sometimes the expertise. The staff and the boys did all the work. Everything on the

ranch was freshly painted, clean and neat. The boys were so well groomed and well mannered and in harmony with the surroundings that it was difficult to imagine they'd ever been anything else. There was probably a secular explanation for it, but the real miracle was, it was there.

We talked with some of the boys during lunch. It had been a long time since Phyllis and I had been addressed as "ma'am" and "sir." One fifteen-year-old was there in lieu of doing time in prison. He had been charged with breaking into the home of a high school teacher, and the district attorney had decided to try the boy as an adult. "This boy is a very young fifteen," Glasscock told us. "He wouldn't have lasted eight minutes in prison, much less eight years."

After lunch Mary Ann Glasscock gave us a tour of the one-room school where she and two other women supervise about twenty students. Faith Ranch is one of the few facilities I know (Cal Farley's is another) that operates its own full-time school. In the beginning the Faith Ranch boys were bused to Uvalde, but Glasscock gradually realized he was throwing them back into an environment dangerously similar to the one they had come from. At Faith Ranch each boy works at his own level, or pace, as they call it. (Two older boys attend junior college in Uvalde.) The three teachers circulate, helping when one of the boys has a problem with his pace. Nobody fails, but nobody gets promoted for the convenience of the system: a boy must master each pace before moving on.

Glasscock purchased his packaged system from Accelerated Christian Education (ACE), a controversial God-and-free-enterprise curriculum business in Lewisville that, according to the Reverend Jerry Falwell, is helping to "bring amoral public education to its knees." Glasscock was aware that the ACE curriculum was top-heavy with right-wing propaganda. It didn't bother him. His own politics, I learned much later, were traditional—God, mother, country. He worried about the decline of patriotism and honor. People were losing the power to believe, he thought. He didn't always agree with ACE, but he defended its quality. "It's a good system," he said. "We stress a lot of reading, everything from the classics to any sort of recognized good literature to the Bible."

He believed that the Bible contained "all the answers." But Glasscock was making another point. In evaluating an educational system, it was ultimately necessary to ask if it worked. This system appeared to work, at least for these boys.

One part of the ACE curriculum that Glasscock rejected was its emphasis on corporal punishment. Dr. Donald Howard, founder and president of ACE, has said: "If a child does wrong deliberately and you produce a pain in his body and the pain is related to disobedience, then he develops a respect for obedience." Glasscock believed that paddling should be exercised only in extreme cases—and only for boys who had been at the ranch for some time. "I'd never spank a new boy," he told us. "You have to



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know a boy well before you spank him. You have to establish love." Glasscock had his own method of discipline. He called it gratitude therapy. He'd take the boy for a walk and ask if there wasn't something about life that made the boy grateful. Wasn't the kid glad to be alive? No? Wasn't he glad for this fine day? Or the good food? Or the happy coincidence that he wasn't back in jail?

"It never fails," he said. "Little by little, the boy thinks of something and stops rebelling. Gratitude is the opposite of rebellion. This therapy may not last long, but it always works for the moment. After a while the boys pick it up. You see it around you all the time."

Glasscock estimated that 80 per cent of the boys who came to the ranch learned in time to adjust to the normal demands of society. Some ran away, of course. Some came back. Some, a few, they flat couldn't help. Some converted to Christianity or rediscovered it. Some didn't. The system wasn't perfect. They were just doing the best they could with what they had. The ranch was financed mainly by contributions, but in most of the cases the parents paid a portion (usually \$360 a month) of the cost. The food was good, and there was plenty of work to keep the boys busy. There were sports and trips, too. The previous summer Glasscock and his staff had taken most of the boys on a fifteen-day tour of England.

All afternoon Phyllis and I had been waiting for someone to ask if we were Christians, but nobody did. The answer would have been yes. Sort of. Neither of us had been to church in years. I wasn't even sure I believed in church. I preferred to deal directly with the Almighty. I had mixed feelings about organized religion, but not about Faith Ranch. "It won't hurt him a bit," I kept thinking. The truth was, I didn't believe we had a prayer of being accepted.

"Tell me honestly," I asked Glasscock. "What are our chances?"

His reply caught me off guard.

"Do you think it's God's will that he be here?" he asked evenly.

My own reply surprised me even more. "Yes," I said.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see Phyllis nodding enthusiastically. Shea obviously liked the ranch. We'd cautioned him to cool it about his drug experiences, but in the course of the day he'd told Glasscock nearly everything. Glasscock wasn't shocked: it was a story he'd heard many times.

"Of course we'll take him," Glasscock said.

About seven weeks remained in Shea's school term in Austin. Glasscock told Shea to report in early June and warned him how important it was that he complete the school year in Austin, so that in September he could start the ninth grade at Faith Ranch. Shea promised, and he didn't miss another class all year.

Early one Sunday in June, Shea and I started for the ranch. Shea was badly hung over and slept most of the way. He had treated himself to one final fling. I could tell he was frightened. So was I. Neither of us

knew what to expect. He looked small and vulnerable, huddled against the door of the car.

I stopped in the small town of Sabinal to buy some stationery and stamps. Shea was still asleep. I bought a couple of soft drinks and, walking back toward the car in the peaceful stillness of that Sunday afternoon, realized that Shea had probably stashed some drugs in his luggage. I hadn't brought up the subject, but time was running out. I woke him and gave him the soft drink. "Tell me the truth," I said, already feeling like a fool. "If you've got any drugs, tell me now. This may be our last chance." Shea swore he was clean. I knew it was a lie, but I couldn't call him. I offered him a last cigarette as we approached Reagan Wells.

It was Thanksgiving before Phyllis and I saw Shea again. We had moved to Taos, New Mexico, so it was impossible for him to come home on weekends; anyway, the ranch discouraged trips home for boys who had been there only a short time. M.J. had visited him a couple of times and told us she had never seen him so happy and content. He wrote us regularly, which was something of a surprise in itself. When we saw him at Thanksgiving he had changed noticeably. He raved about life at the ranch, the food, the school, the boys, and especially Mr. Glasscock.

I'd never seen him so calm, or easy to be around. He did everything he was told, and a lot of things he wasn't told, like cutting and

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stacking extra firewood. "I can't believe this is the same kid," Phyllis said. We couldn't help being a little apprehensive, of course; it was like living very near a temporarily inactive volcano.

Shea told us he had started attending church in Uvalde. Glasscock had taken him and several others to a Christian youth rally in Corpus Christi, and this had greatly impressed Shea. When I asked what he wanted for Christmas, he told me he wanted a Bible. And maybe a guitar, if it didn't cost too much, and only if we could afford it. I reminded him that when we had given him a guitar three years earlier he had broken it over Mike's head. "I've thought about that a lot," he said. "I don't know how you managed to live with me."

I hugged him and said, "I don't know how any of us managed to live with any of us."

By the time he returned for Christmas, he had "found Jesus." It was the central fact of his life, something he couldn't stop talking about. It was a strange sensation, listening to Shea deliver the blessing before meals and talking to him about Jesus and religion. Self-righteous Bible-wavers give me the willies, I told him. It's not the Bible that bothers me, but the self-righteousness. I believe the Bible is one of our great pieces of metaphorical literature. Maybe even the Word of God, though God has never assured me it is. But I'm amazed when anyone claims an absolute understanding of the Bible. I'm always tempted to ask if he can also understand T. S. Eliot. Unspeakable atrocities have been perpetrated in the name of God by pompous and arrogant prelates who claim to speak for Him.

"Like the Inquisition?" Shea said. Yes, like the Inquisition, I told him. But you don't have to go back that far. You can pick up today's newspaper and find an example.

One night during the holidays we watched a self-appointed messenger of God on TV, a pompous dandy in ruffles and rhinestones, wearing a baby-blue cutaway jacket and the kind of tight pants favored by rock stars. He waved the Bible as though it were something he'd just written that afternoon, gesturing toward the glittering celestial staircase constructed by the studio set designer. "And all your fakeness and all your phoniness shall come tumbling down—so saith the Lord!" he shouted.

Shea and I started laughing at the same time. "Talk about phoniness!" Shea said.

I was delighted that Shea seemed so well adjusted. It was natural that he would be a little self-righteous this soon after his conversion, but it pleased me that he was aware of this danger. We joked about how frightening it was, waiting for the old Shea to reemerge. "I've got to admit," he said as we shared a cup of wine punch, "I still miss my old sins sometimes."

Mike was home too, from New Mexico Military Institute where he had undergone his own, less dramatic transformation. The boys joked about Mike's military haircut and talked about cruising the plaza to look for girls. They behaved like long-lost brothers,

which in fact they were. I learned later that Shea gave his old Bible to Mike. I don't know if Mike ever read it, but without question he appreciated the gesture. It was the best Christmas any of us could remember.

It has been almost exactly two years since that day I first drove Shea to Faith Ranch. He'll be seventeen in August, an honor roll student about to begin his junior year in high school. He has decided to try public school next fall. We talked about it and agreed it was his decision. He was a little uncertain about returning to Austin, where his old crowd is still roaming the streets—those who are not behind bars. But M.J. has moved to a small town in East Texas, and Shea thought that might be the ideal place for his reentry into society. I agreed. I've come to believe that it was God's will, the whole ordeal and lesson.

When I visited Faith Ranch a few months ago the boys were busy building a new, larger school and erecting a roof over the tennis court. A foundation in Houston had also contacted Glasscock, and he was hoping the ranch could get a new bus to replace the ancient vehicle it had been using. He had many plans for the ranch's future—he wanted to turn the old school into a recreation room and construct a third dorm, as well as a workshop and bus barn. He plans to increase enrollment from the present 24 to 40. That's as large as Faith Ranch should be. More than that, and it will risk losing what it's got. Glasscock was weighing a job offer to open another child care camp for a group in West Texas, agonizing over it and waiting for word from God. I later found out that he turned it down.

Shea and several others were training for a track meet and academic competition against students from ACE schools in the South Texas region. I learned later that Shea finished third in art and nearly won the oral argument contest. He would be competing in the nationals in late May. "I think he probably had the best presentation at regional," Glasscock told me. "The judges downgraded him for mannerisms and lack of eye contact. What impressed everyone was how he handled the situation when he momentarily forgot what he was saying. Instead of panicking, he picked up a lawbook and said, 'Now, this is so important I'm just going to read it word for word.'"

At the weekly chapel service that afternoon Glasscock showed a badly dated ACE propaganda film. It featured blank-faced students with short hair wearing red, white, and blue uniforms like so many stewards and stewardesses for Air Jesus. A few of the boys at Faith Ranch laughed at the haircuts and costumes, although those competing in the ACE competition had voluntarily cut their hair and agreed to wear track shorts that covered their knees. It was my impression that most of the boys ignored the dialogue, which was predictably insipid and laced with slams at the public school system and code words like "collectivistic" and "ab-

solutism" and "creation science."

I was curious about how well this steady diet of ACE意识形态 really worked, so I conducted a test. I asked Shea to give me the definitions of some words and phrases I took from an ACE workbook.

"What's a secular humanist?" I asked him.

"Secular means those things that are not Christian," he said. "A humanist is someone who believes that man is basically good, but that's as far as it goes. He believes man is an animal in himself."

"Is it a put-down when you call someone a secular humanist?"

"Not really. Most people believe man is basically good, so it doesn't matter one way or another."

"How about creation science. What's

that?"

"It's that branch of knowledge that believes in the concept of creation rather than evolution. That God created the world in six literal days rather than billions of years."

"Do you believe that?"

Shea hesitated, then he told me, "I don't believe He created *everything* in six days. I look at it this way. Jesus said He was coming soon, and that was two thousand years ago. Who knows what God's timetable is?"

I asked Shea if he was apprehensive about transferring back to public school.

"Are you?" he asked.

"No, I think you're ready."

"So do I," he said, grinning at some private joke. "It's about time for me to go out and practice my newfound skills." *

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A SINGIN' FOOL

(Continued from page 149)

Company in Houston, Pappy admits that he indulged George more than he did his own children. "George Jones is the best kid I ever knew," he says. Whenever George needed money, he'd call Pappy, who would give him an advance from his royalties—as much as \$20,000—for anything from a swimming pool to a bus payment.

Although George's career picked up considerably after he signed with Starday, he was still playing any job he could get. "If he got thirty-five dollars a night he thought he was in high cotton," says Pappy. George had just cut his first single with Pappy, "Let Him Know," when he met Shirley Corley, a carhop at a Prince's Drive-in in Houston. Flirting with her, he flashed her new record. Shirley was an attractive, petite East Texas eighteen-year-old, as country as they come. She was more taken with George's cute country-boy personality than with his would-be star status, and she married him two weeks later. "I was crazy about him," says Shirley. "You know how you get a crush on somebody when you're young—I was smart enough to know really that I shouldn't have married him, but I did." He told her he'd never really had a home or anybody to love him and take care of him, and Shirley was more than willing to give it a try. The union lasted fourteen years, and they had two children, Jeffery and Bryan.

In 1955—the same year his first son was

born—George was hired on as a deejay at KTRM in Beaumont. During that same period, J. P. Richardson, whom everyone knew as the Big Bopper, had an ethnic program on which he played what they called Harlem music. The blacks in the area were certain that the Big Bopper was also black, so convincing was his accent. Slim Watts, another deejay with KTRM, had a band named the Hillbilly Allstars. Slim was the one who gave George the nickname Pee Willicker Pickle Puss Possum Jones. Eventually the name was shortened to Possum, and George still occasionally refers to himself as Old Possum.

In 1956 George had his first hit record, "Why Baby Why," written by a Beaumont songwriter named Darrell Edwards. It went to number four on the top ten country singles chart and stayed in that position for fourteen weeks. With the success of that one record, George decided to head for Nashville in August of the same year. He stopped by W.T. and Helen's on his way to show them the diamond ring for which he'd gone in debt. He'd bought a secondhand car, too, and he told W.T., "I don't know whether I'll ever make it or not, but I'm goin'!"

THE RACE IS ON

Nashville, even today, seems more like a town than a city, with its frame houses, old stores with dilapidated neon signs on the fronts, and brick buildings along the hilly, tree-lined streets. In the area around Ryman

Auditorium—former home of the *Grand Ole Opry*—are blocks of small honky-tonks with their usual contingents of winos and street people. When George arrived in Nashville, the music industry hadn't yet evolved into the city's major preoccupation. Nashville was still a down-home place, even though many longtime residents considered the influx of "hillbillies" to be downgrading to the area. As the years went by and people in the music industry realized the considerable potential for moneymaking afforded by country music, more and more record companies came to set up shop there.

George was a rub in Music City if ever there was one, and without Pappy he might never have reached the stage of the *Grand Ole Opry*, which was the goal of every country musician. After several unsuccessful attempts, Pappy got him a guest spot on the *Opry*, and from then on George recorded in Nashville.

After "Why Baby Why" George didn't have another hit until 1958, when he recorded "Treasure of Love." In 1959 he recorded "White Lightning," written by the Big Bopper, with an electric rockabilly sound. Practically every year since then, George has had one or more songs in the top ten country hits. With Pappy as his producer, he recorded—to name but a handful—"The Window Up Above" (one of the few songs he wrote by himself), "Tender Years," "She Thinks I Still Care," "A Girl I Used to Know," "You Comb Her Hair," "The Race Is On," and "Take Me."

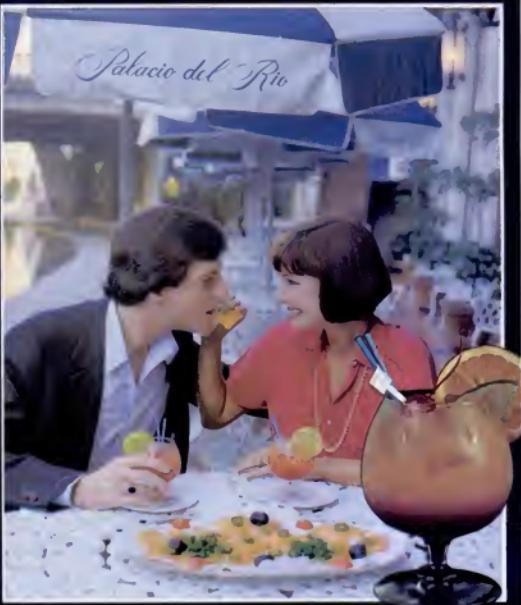
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and Western, his popularity would only increase over the next ten years, especially after he married Tammy Wynette.

TAKE ME

George Jones and Tammy Wynette became country music's most celebrated couple, and their relationship provided a steady stream of gossip for their fans. Tammy first met him in 1966 when she and songwriter Don Chapel, who later became her husband, tried to pitch him a song. They found him in a motel room, wearing silly pajamas and watching television with a lady friend. Tammy left that day heavyhearted because he had seemed oblivious to her. Tammy was attractive, but it was her voice that George noticed first. Later that same year he heard "Apartment #9," her first hit single, on the car radio and commented on what a good singer she was and predicted that she would make it to the top. Soon they were being booked on the same shows by concert promoters, and they developed a nodding acquaintance.

It was a surprise to her when, in 1968, George showed up at a benefit in Red Bay, Alabama, where she had grown up. She had mentioned the concert to Bill Starnes a week earlier and asked that George come. Bill told George about it but never expected that he would agree. The day of the concert, on impulse, George decided to go, so they jumped in his new Eldorado and drove down to Red Bay. Tammy visited with George in her bus for a few minutes while the band played the opening numbers. As she left to go onstage, she gave George a peck on the cheek and said, "I love ya, George." George responded, much more seriously, "I love you, too, Tammy." After the performance, he and Tammy met briefly and embraced with considerably more gusto.

The next day, Tammy called George and they talked at length. When they got off the phone George told Bill to pick Tammy up and bring her over to his house—she was at a shopping center in Madison, Tennessee, a Nashville suburb. Tammy stayed at George's for a few hours, and when Bill came back to get her, George was irrevocably in love.

Three days later George and Bill were invited to the Chapel house for dinner. Tammy had been playing George's new record, "I'll Be Over You When the Grass Grows Over Me," which, ironically enough, had been written by her husband. Don and Tammy had been arguing all day over George. When the guests walked in, everyone was tense. They ate a good dinner—Tammy is a great cook—and then moved from the dining room into the kitchen and sat at the table. Out of the blue, Don said, "Tammy needs to be with you, George. She loves you and she needs to be with a big star like you instead of a nobody like me." Tammy pshawed the idea and told him not to talk that way. Finally, after Don had said the same thing several more times, George got up and knocked over the kitchen table, saying, "You're goddam right she loves me, and I love her, too!"

And with that, Bill had two little girls and two suitcases in his hands, Tammy had a baby in hers, and they were all out the door.

Tammy and George could hardly stay apart—the first year they spent \$300,000 on jet charters alone to squeeze their reunions into their separate schedules. Within a month, thanks to Bill Starnes, Tammy's marriage to Don Chapel had been annulled.

At a show in Dallas George insisted that Bill introduce Tammy to the audience as Mrs. George Jones. As Bill recounts it, "I went in this building with nine thousand people in it and all these other country stars and announced that George was on the bus and he'd be out in just a few minutes, but that he wanted me to introduce his new wife, Mrs. George Jones. And I could see the people lookin' at one another. And I said, 'You probably know her as Tammy Wynette,' and they just went ape. It was somethin' to behold." Tammy and George didn't actually get married until February 1969, nearly five months later.

George wanted to see Tammy become a star—and she was certainly impatient to make it—but at the same time he was bored and jaded by stardom. As W.T. puts it, "When Tammy and George were married, he'd done made it. And he loved to come home and stay two or three months. 'Course, Tammy was a lot younger George, and she wanted to keep making shows, see. I think she was wantin' to go bigger—she wanted to git big as George."

The love that bound George and Tammy was of the soulful, charismatic sort. On the strength of that affection, Tammy hoped to bring an end to the self-destructive patterns that had held sway in George's life for so long. Even before they were married, Tammy witnessed George's drunk and violent side, but she made the mistake of thinking that he would change once he settled into married life. After it became clear how serious his drinking problem was, she began nagging him about it. But Tammy handled George, even when he was drunk, with more patience than he deserved. On one occasion when he came in drunk and passed out, she was determined that there was no way he was going to go out and drink some more when he woke up, so she took all the car keys—including the golf cart keys—and hid them under her mother's bed. When she checked later and found him gone, she was astonished to discover that he'd escaped on a lawn mower.

Their only method, however stopgap, for alleviating problems in their marriage was to move. They moved to Nashville in 1972 and changed residences a number of times. George loved to decorate houses; his favorite style was Spanish colonial. His bedroom was done in red, black, and white and had a huge four-poster bed and carved mahogany furniture. Tammy's taste ran to pink rather than red. In their antebellum mansion south of Nashville, she decorated her bedroom entirely in pink: shag rug, circular bed, stuffed animals. The chandelier even had pink bulbs in it.

One of Tammy and George's main

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DOUBLETREE

difficulties was that they were with each other so much of the time. They started doing shows together shortly after they were married, but George was his usual undependable self, often perpetrating one of his famous disappearing acts whenever he wasn't sure of his reception. Tammy carried the show for him on those occasions, but it made her angry, especially when the querulous fans would demand, "Where's George?" and she would have to tell them he wasn't going to appear.

Though George has been known to say repeatedly that all he wants out of life is peace of mind, it eluded him in his marriage to Tammy. Toward the end of the six years they were together, after their daughter, Tamala Georgette, was born, Tammy bluffed him into giving up drinking by demanding that he choose between her and alcohol. It worked for a year, and George was a model, sober husband. But Tammy hadn't had any hit records recently, and she would often cry herself to sleep at night. George tried to comfort her, but eventually he took to drinking again in defense against her depression. It was the last straw for Tammy when, right before a projected Christmas vacation to Acapulco, he took off with a couple of drinking buddies. When she asked for a divorce this time, she got it.

According to Helen, George and Tammy still have a deep affection for each other. "I think George is over Tammy now," she says, "but there'll always be somethin' special between 'em. But she wanted her way and he wanted his way. They was too much alike."

THINGS HAVE GONE TO PIECES

It was the end of Mr. and Mrs. Country Music, but their fans never could accept the separation and are still waiting for them to reunite. To this day, George will quip about himself and Tammy and intersperse her name in his songs, and Tammy still has to endure the irrelevant queries of "Where's George?" from her audiences.

George had a mountain of problems before he met Tammy, but their breakup only made them worse. It became obvious to Tammy that she couldn't break his cycles of erratic behavior; he was still an out-of-control drunk. In his songs about the degenerative effects of whiskey, his own life and the misery he sang about became one—in effect, he excused his own acts on the basis of living his art.

One of the major consequences of George's marriage to Tammy was his break—at her insistence—with his producer of twenty years, Pappy Daily. George signed on with Tammy's producer, Epic Records' Billy Sherrill, two years after they were married. The two men's styles were very different. Pappy may not have been as technically proficient as Sherrill, but he staunchly refused to cater to the pop sound that took over Nashville in the late sixties. Sherrill, on the other hand, preferred com-



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plicated arrangements with symphonic string backgrounds, even though they were poorly suited to George's grass-roots sound. And whereas the benevolent Pappy was genuinely fond of George, Billy Sherrill saw him as merely an appendage to Tammy. In the end, not only did George lose Tammy but through her he lost Pappy Daily, his main link to his roots.

Nonetheless, in the ten years that George and Billy Sherrill have worked together, Sherrill has garnered him 22 top ten hits. George and Tammy continued to record together for a while after their divorce, and the hits kept coming. They recorded "Golden Ring" and "Near You," both of which went number one. In 1977 they did "Southern California," but that was their last collaboration until 1980, when they did "Two Story House."

Adrift without Tammy and wanting to get back a sense of where he belonged, George left Nashville and turned to an old songwriting pal, Earl "Peanut" Montgomery, and his wife, Charlene, in Alabama. The Montgomeys, being plain country people themselves, provided George with the ideal surrogate family. Charlene took charge of George's house; Peanut took over his cars as he got tired of them; and Charlene's sister, Linda Welborn, kept him company, since he was petrified of sleeping alone in a house at night. Linda and George lived together for four years.

But even old friends have occasional disagreements. A schism developed between George and the Montgomeys when Peanut got religion and quit drinking—and tried to persuade George to do the same. Peanut even bought a church and started preaching. In an argument ostensibly over money (but more likely over the fact that Peanut wouldn't drink with George), George shot point-blank at Peanut, from one car to another. Luckily Peanut's car door stopped the bullet. Out the same night on \$2500 bond, George claimed that the press exaggerated the incident and that he and Peanut were still on good terms.

George's relationships with his series of managers—some of whom had only their status as good of boys to qualify them—weren't improving either. One problem with having a manager is that even though the star is the one who brings in the money, he works for and gets paid by the manager. George's built-in hatred of authority made it hard for him to accept that arrangement. He continually embarrassed his booking agents by not making his shows. George's resentment at being hounded and caged with a baby-sitter overrode his sense of obligation to his fans and made him more uncooperative than ever.

In January 1979, on one of his visits to Nashville, George met a cupid-faced, intelligent young woman named Linda Craig, who tended bar at the Sound Track in the Best Western Hall of Fame Inn. The Sound Track is a low-ceilinged hangout for record industry executives and musicians, as well as tourists who make the Country Music Hall of Fame their base while taking in

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Music City's sights. George spent a lot of time there, and Linda sent him a drink on the house whenever he came in. One night he came in by himself and sat down at the bar and talked with her. "I felt really close to him right away. At first we were just friends, but it gradually got into a romantic relationship."

George was a model companion for about the first three months, but eventually he became difficult to deal with. He was using lots of cocaine, missing concerts (at least fifty dates in 1977 and 1978), and being sued by a number of promoters. He owed CBS Records \$400,000, and in October 1978 Tammy sued him for \$36,000 he owed in child support. He filed for bankruptcy in December 1978, with more than \$1.5 million in debts. His use of cocaine had hurt his voice, and for the next year, during the time he was with Linda Craig, George grew increasingly paranoid about both Shug Baggott, his manager at the time, and Linda.

Linda had refused to accept presents from George, not wanting to be accused later of using him. But her loyalty was lost on him; cocaine paranoia took over, and he accused her of being in league with Baggott against him. Linda described late 1979 as particularly difficult for her and George. "It was like George had all this frustration and anxiety," she said, "and he'd accuse people of things they hadn't done—even real close friends of his—and they just didn't want to deal with him. I was in love, and I wasn't going to turn on him, no matter what."

Finally, in December 1979, the suicidal George checked into a Birmingham hospital. He was down to 96 pounds and suffering from alcoholism, drug abuse, and malnutrition. But as predictably as George Jones falls, his friends and admirers always pick him up again. When George left the hospital after a month, he was surprised and gratified by the support shown by fellow musicians, especially Johnny Cash and Waylon Jennings, who paid off his hospital bill and got a bus and band together for him. Tammy's career wasn't doing too well at the time either, so they agreed to appear together again, and her brother-in-law Paul Richey took over as George's manager. It didn't last long, though. Eighteen months later, George still in debt, even though he was working more and more.

After a performance at Billy Bob's Texas in Fort Worth in June 1981, George complained to Billy Bob Barnett about his management and said he was broke, with less than \$300 in his bank account after working for more than a year and making at least \$15,000 a performance. Billy Bob was sympathetic and suggested that he take over as manager. Although the affable ex-football player had made himself a millionaire several times over, he'd had no experience in managing country music stars the likes of George Jones. But he was a genuine fan of George's, and as a businessman he was intensely interested in the money George would generate. Billy Bob was prepared to sign a contract that would make him legally responsible for George's unbelievable pile of

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debts; he would also take over those suits that were still pending against Jones from the concert dates he had missed. It seemed that George had finally found a manager who was really on his side.

One month later, Pee Wee Johnson, a Nashville club and restaurant owner who was a good friend of George's, gave a mammoth going-away party for him. Billy Sherrill, George's producer, presented him with a plaque with a gold record on it for the album *I Am What I Am*. Fourteen hundred people showed up for the party — they were all but hanging from the ceiling — and George was ecstatic, playing a ninety-minute set.

But true to form, George got cold feet. He disappeared and then called from Alabama the day after the contract signing was to have taken place to tell Billy Bob that he had decided to manage his own affairs. He agreed to make up part of the money Billy Bob had spent by playing some shows at Billy Bob's Texas in Fort Worth, but he has yet to make any of them. George's silver Mercedes, which Billy Bob paid off the note on and drove from Nashville to Fort Worth, is still sitting in the garage of the house Billy Bob bought for George.

THESE DAYS I BARELY GET BY

George Jones may never actually put a gun to his head, but he nonetheless seems

bent on destroying himself in his nonchalant fashion. In late March of this year, George and his current girlfriend, Nancy Sepulvada, were driving from Muscle Shoals, Alabama, to Texas. They were stopped outside of Jackson, Mississippi—she had been driving 91 miles an hour on the freeway and he was charged with possession of cocaine and public drunkenness. On the way back to Muscle Shoals alone the next day (after arguing with Nancy and her daughter), George totaled his Lincoln Continental, flipping it seven times, but he emerged unscathed except for a few scratches on his forehead. The police found an empty vodka bottle in the wrecked car. Shortly afterward, he entered the same Birmingham hospital he had been in three years earlier.

But barring a major metamorphosis, all the hospital stays in the world will never unravel the mystery that is George Jones. His conflicts are multiple and irreconcilable. Some are traceable to his upbringing, others to his success. In the fundamentalist Christian faith of his parents, drinking, dancing, and philandering were all taboo—yet he witnessed his father breaking the first two of those taboos and certainly must have seen many other people merely nodding to convention while they did exactly as they pleased. Success has driven a wedge between him and his family, and although he is extremely generous to them, they nevertheless continue to plague him in his personal life.

Other inconsistencies can be traced only to

the workings of an unfathomably complex mind. Although he has always craved a solid family life, he has destroyed any potential for it in each of his marriages. And even though he's been called one of the world's greatest vocal stylists by any number of renowned artists, he is still unaware of his own power and is subject to fits of uncontrollable stage fright that are only dampened, never extinguished, by alcohol. His dependence—because of his own fear of fending for himself and his unwillingness to face the mundane aspects of day-to-day living—on managers, hangers-on, and people with questionable motives has undermined his faith in people to the point where he no longer trusts anybody, friends included. Yet he continues to maintain dependent relationships. He hates to be alone and feels comfortable in the role of big daddy. He can buy cars for people, and he can lend them money—he can give them anything but love.

But the greatest mystery of all is how a man bent beneath a lifetime of personal failure can remain at the pinnacle in his chosen profession. The answer is that there is *no one*—although there are thousands who try—who can sing like George Jones. His songs are sorrow-tipped arrows that go straight to the heart, and ultimately whether George Jones ever succeeds in mending his ways is of little consideration. What does matter is that he continues to sing in his haunting, untrained howl those mournful songs as only he can. ♦

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His Name Was Forrest Bess *(Continued from page 143)*

different. But not Forrest. In fact he prided himself on being different. We used to tell him that he wasn't one of the group, that he wasn't a regular guy. He would say, "Well, that is the mark of a genius," and we would just laugh and laugh.

—Maurine Cole, a high school classmate who still lives in Bay City.

To his family's utter dismay, Forrest flunked the West Point exam because of a curvature of the spine and, he said, his stutter. He still wanted to study art, but he settled for a compromise with his family; he would go to Texas A&M and study architecture, which was considered manly and practical. After two years, Bess decided he was entirely unsuited to architecture, a failure, and in 1931 he transferred to the University of Texas. There he spent hours in the libraries, poring over books on religion, psychology, and anthropology. He also started to have vague doubts about his sexual identity—a concern that would return with profound consequences later in his life—and he read and reread Havelock Ellis's *Psychology of Sex*, at the time an innovative survey that frankly discussed sexual fetishes and suggested that homosexuality be politely ignored as simply another form of bad manners.

While Bess was at college, his family in Bay City was riding the roller coaster of the

oil boom. About the time Forrest entered A&M, Butch Bess sold his half of an oil lease he owned with R. E. "Bob" Smith for a reputed \$100,000, an enormous sum at that time. Smith went on to become one of the richest men in Texas, while Butch bought an expensive car, gambled, drank, chased women, and rapidly squandered his fortune. Soon Forrest's father went broke. The family's main source of income was three rent houses and a vacant lot in Bay City that Minta Bess had bought. By the early thirties Butch was running a bait fishing business at Chinguapin, where the family had visited in Forrest's childhood, to supplement their income.

Bess dropped out of college in 1932 and went to work roughnecking in the Beaumont oil fields. Like many people during that root-wrenching, restless decade, he would work for a few months, save money, and then wander. In 1934 he made the first of his periodic trips to Mexico, where he lived on \$10 a month and watched the renowned Mexican muralists David Alfaro Siqueiros and Diego Rivera at work. Six months later he returned to Bay City and built his first studio.

In 1936 he had his first one-man exhibition, in a Bay City hotel. Along with his paintings of people, houses, and dogs, he exhibited some works in a fledgling van Gogh style. There were also a few less identifiable, rather abstract paintings based on symbols that seemed to dart into his consciousness when his eyes were closed. That

exhibit was followed by one-man shows at the Witte Museum in San Antonio and the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston in 1938. Bess was even included in the biennial exhibition of the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. But he continued to roughneck and wander in near-destitution, until in 1941 the United States went to war, and Forrest Bess found himself caught up in the conflict that would change his world forever.

He enlisted as a private and, like many artists, was assigned to design camouflage. Bess threw himself into his work and rose to the rank of captain in the Corps of Engineers. But with the winding down of the war, his project was shelved and he was sent to MacDill air base at Tampa, Florida, to teach bricklaying. The lack of responsibility and challenge in his new duties frustrated Bess, and one day his colonel bawled him out because of his attitude toward his class. Bess left the colonel's office, and just as he closed the door he said out loud, "Why, you damned smirking hippopotamus." Bess went back to his hotel and went to sleep. During the night he had another vision, which he described in his letters a few years later. He awoke crying and "fell through my bed into the hotel into a yellow room with two horrible animals—one a fuzzy horse teeth showing and blood red eyes the other a hippo with eyes almost closed and an unbearable stench—both were nodding their heads."

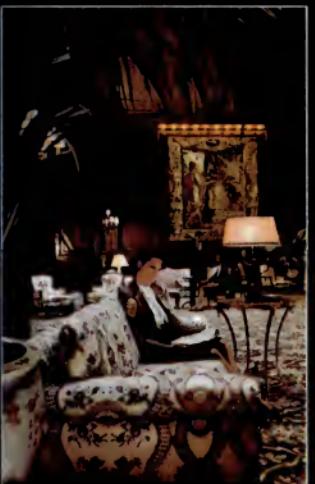
Bess packed his belongings and took a taxi to the base. On the way, he felt as if his entire body were being flushed away from the inside with hot water. At the base's mental clinic he was given a sedative. Afterward, he had two more visions. He was granted a leave of absence and cried for hours at a time over a period of three or four days. He described his whole world as turning yellow and amber. "And it could have been about this time that I separated the mind and the body," remembered Bess. "The mind could be given free reign unfettered. It had unlimited visions."

After his breakdown Bess asked his colonel for permission to see the base psychiatrist. He was refused, but he went on his own. Finally he requested a transfer to a convalescent hospital as a painting instructor. This time his request was granted.

Bess completed his occupational therapy and left the service. He settled in San Antonio, set up a small studio, frame shop, and gallery on Villita Street, and joined San Antonio's burgeoning postwar art colony. He was a distinctive figure, always wearing his khaki Army pants and his close-cropped military haircut. He could be moody and acerbic, but he also had a wry sense of humor and frequently attracted gatherings of artists and musicians at his studio. He participated in a number of local exhibitions, and his work started to move away from his van Gogh style to the simple abstract symbol that he had experimented with in the mid-thirties.

In 1947 Bess left San Antonio and went to live with his parents at their bait camp

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Chinquapin. At first he lived in a tent heated by a wood-burning stove. The peninsula was forbiddingly barren and at the mercy of nature, but Bess found it a tonic for his nerves. The solitude also offered him a chance to contemplate the sometimes frightening direction in which his art was drawing him.

By the time he settled at Chinquapin, Bess had entirely repudiated his previous efforts as an artist. "God I can remember," he wrote, "hours—days months and years spent sitting at an easel staring at a blank canvas—trying awfully hard to be great—outstanding successful—criticizing my own efforts—aping this master or that master. Thinking their thoughts. Hiding from myself through fear, that source which was pounding for recognition within my own being. And then when I relaxed from the effort I was aware that here it was." Bess turned his attention to "that source," which he identified as the real author of his now regularly recurring visions. They were not elaborate visions, like the Dutch village or the grotesque animals he had seen at the time of his mental breakdown, but crude abstract shapes that seemed to appear on the inside of his eyelids just after he awoke in the middle of the night or in the early-morning hours. Bess found that he could not summon the visions and that they could frequently elude his attempts to record them on the sketch pad he kept by his bed. "I have no control over the duration of the vision (I'm lucky if I have time enough to make a sketch in bed). The only thing I do have is a choice as to which one I will sketch. One night they were all in black and white and happened (changed) so quickly that I sketched and painted only one." Bess also discovered that any of the visions that he didn't copy would be lost forever; his conscious mind was simply unable to retain them.

Bess couldn't explain these symbols. They were often just circles, crescents, checkered boards, or rows of lines, sometimes floating in vaguely atmospheric backgrounds. What they resembled more than anything else was the simple vocabulary of abstract symbols used by Paleolithic cave painters, but at the time, Bess was unfamiliar with the cave paintings. He could only acknowledge that his source was a special gift—"You know, I am a very fortunate person I guess. This source of mine is remarkable in that the effort to create is gone"—and that he was obliged to follow it faithfully. "I cannot bring myself around to the point of adding to, taking from, elaborating, or making into a picture—these visions that I have. To do so would be hypocrisy and untrue. Many times the vision is so simple—only a line or two—that when it is copied in pain I feel 'well gosh, there isn't very much there is there?' I do not think that I could live with myself at all if I added to the vision."

As Bess turned out small, distinctively colored paintings of his visions, he began to understand the process of creation, if not the meaning of the symbols. He felt that he was a conduit through which they pass and are

put on canvas" and that his conscious mind was now totally divorced from the act of painting. It was a realization that filled him with excitement and dread. Perhaps these symbols from an unknown source could help him uncover his own identity, a process he regarded with ambivalence. He also began to wonder if his quest was linked to a much greater discovery that could benefit all mankind.

Bess started looking for a wider arena for his paintings. A year after moving to Chinquapin he sold off forty of his older paintings for \$10 each and took a trip to New York to visit galleries and look for a dealer. Back then there were merely dozens of art galleries rather than the hundreds that glut Manhattan today, and Bess seems to have gone from door to door until he had visited every gallery in the city. It would have been hard to tell at the time—even for the artists and dealers involved—but the war that had changed the political balance of the globe had also shifted the axis of the art world. Many esteemed European painters, from Mondrian to Max Ernst, had found refuge in New York from the Holocaust. Perhaps the most influential were the surrealists. Important American abstractionists, like Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollock, and Arshile Gorky, began to employ surrealist techniques to invent symbols that suggested primordial life forms, anatomical parts, ancient mythic symbols, and Indian totems. But by the late forties most of them had pushed beyond these somewhat hackneyed symbols

toward highly simplified abstractions. And the feelings represented on those huge, emotively brushed canvases were generally those of psychological or metaphysical anxiety; as Rothko put it, "Only that subject matter is valid which is tragic and timeless." So began the fabled movement known as Abstract Expressionism, a movement that had at its core a belief shared by Forrest Bess: that the individual painter could put fundamental truths on canvas.

At the time Forrest Bess was making his rounds in New York, however, the abstract expressionists were a neglected group of radicals shown only in a few avant-garde galleries. Bess, whose work was equally outré, soon decided that the only galleries advanced enough for him were the hotbeds of the new movement. He particularly liked the Betty Parsons Gallery, where Parsons was assembling a stable of some of the most celebrated abstract expressionists: Barnett Newman, Clyfford Still, Pollock, and Rothko. Parsons was warmly receptive to Bess and agreed to take his work, and he returned to Chinquapin to continue painting. But the idea of showing in New York filled him with anxiety. He worried that his work would not sell and would become a liability to the gallery. He wrote to Parsons regularly, and if he did not hear from her for a while, he worried that he was being laughed at. He also did not have the training in or concern for the formal aesthetic issues that preoccupied most of the abstract expressionists, and he began to feel like an out-

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sider's outsider. He even wondered if his ideas were merely the rantings of a madman.

By mid-1949 Parsons had assembled enough of Bess's small canvases to schedule a one-man show for December. Several months before the show opened, Bess went to Woodstock, New York, to stay at the farm of Sidney and Rosalie Berkowitz; Rosalie was a painter and friend from Bess's Villita studio days, while Sidney had been a part owner of Frost Bros. in San Antonio.

There was nothing eccentric in the way Forrest looked at all, nothing wild-eyed about him, nothing really outstanding. He was very close to our cook, a marvelous black woman named Lucinda who had worked for us for thirty-five years. We had a large country kitchen with a big table in the middle, and he would sit down at that table and have discussions with her. Forrest and my husband were very close, and they would have long philosophical discussions on art and life. I was the only person he ever fought with, because I disagreed with the things he said. Whenever we were together he would talk about painting. He would tell us how he worked, how he kept the note pad by his bed, and how he would see the images on the back of his eyelids and make little sketches of them. He always said that he had no idea of what they meant.

—Rosalie Berkowitz, an artist and old friend who now lives in New York City.

At Woodstock Bess met Meyer Schapiro, an eminent art historian who seemed genuinely interested in Bess's art and his search for its significance. Shortly afterward, Bess described the meeting: "The hour and half that I spent at Meyer Schapiro's was one of the most interesting and exciting times I have ever had. It was sort of like being in a skiff with a good friend in the bay—no wind—purple haze—not a ripple on the water—a feeling of good companionship."

Bess considered his first New York show a success; he received favorable reviews but, as he expected, did not sell many paintings. He had enjoyed his stay in bucolic Woodstock, but by the time he left New York City he was ready to return home. The city gave him "nerves in the stomach," and he did not enjoy the company of so many other artists. He suspected that they thought him a hick, while he adopted a disparaging view of what he regarded as their stylistic conceits. In his eyes the paintings of the abstract expressionists were simply concoctions, and he angrily dismissed their art-for-art's-sake approach: "Painting itself is of no more advantage of no more importance than the hand is to the mind. It is a means! A way. Nothing more. A way to find a truth."

Back at Chinquapin Bess found himself again under the hypnotic, almost mystical influence of the Gulf. "The peninsula is a lonely, desolate place," he wrote, "yet it has a ghostly feeling about it—spooky—unreal—but there is something about it that attracts me to it—even though I am afraid of it." He

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was now determined to stay. He built a shack on a concrete slab using the hull of a tugboat and copper sheets from the bottom of an old ferry, and he added a slanted concrete "prow" to his little home that would, he hoped, withstand the battering of hurricanes. He continued to fish for a living and to record and paint his visions. He also began to decipher his symbols.

One night at Chinquapin Bess performed an experiment with one of his canvases: "I picked out one, a blue and white striped one—three rows of these stripes—above a red sky and dividing the stripes from the sky a thin jagged black line that I supposed was a beach with driftwood. Night, a warm still night, not a breath of air blowing. My Father, Mother, and my Uncle in the main part of camp talking. I couldn't take my eyes off the painting. I heard a wind come up off the bay. I heard my Father and Mother hustling about closing the storm blinds and gathering the empty gasoline cans. I continued looking, rather staring at the painting. Then I cut off the light, went to bed and looked into the darkness. There appeared the dim surface very early in the morning. The surface was covered with craters, somewhat like the craters on the moon. The craters were seen even in the very dim background. The wind was blowing through the jagged edges of the craters. To one side was a stack of something that I knew would become clouds eventually. They looked like wooden sills.

"I never felt such a sense of loneliness, of desolation. Nothing alive but me. So long, long ago. So ancient, beyond memory."

This vision in the summer of 1953 became the pivot on which the rest of Bess's life turned. It was the climax of several years of intensive painting, reading, and writing, and after it Bess's relatively benign curiosity about his symbols became a reckless, all-consuming, and tragic passion.

The vision had an elaborate but, to Bess, convincing explanation that began with the work of the Swiss psychiatrist Carl G. Jung. From Jung, Bess adopted the theory that civilized man had divorced his unconscious mind from his conscious mind and as a consequence suffered tensions, neuroses, and psychoses. Bess then followed Jung's assertion that certain archetypal symbols could stimulate the reunion of the conscious and unconscious minds, creating a primal state of psychological bliss that would release modern man from the tensions of his overrationalized existence. "I just feel," wrote Bess, "that the mass of people are living in a darker world than they need to live in."

Bess theorized that the symbols—specifically the rows of vertical lines—in the painting that he had stared at that summer night had brought him to some primordial state of consciousness. But unlike Jung, who described the return to man's primal state of consciousness as a psychological or spiritual probing of a collective unconscious, Bess was convinced that he was actually reliving the physical experience of his "Self" in the

distant past. He believed—or desperately wanted to believe—that his painted symbols had the power to activate the deathless memories of an eternally existent and psychologically untraumatized Forrest Bess. Painting, he concluded, was "the Great Means through Therapy in which the individual may become keyed into the Eternal."

Undaunted by the magnitude of the role he now assigned his art, Bess continued to paint and went to work assembling a detailed vocabulary of his universal, therapeutic symbols. He corresponded with a number of psychologists and doctors—including Jung—who he thought might be interested in his theories, insisting in his letters that the artist, with his ability to release tension via his symbols, could benefit modern man far more than science or medicine could. It was a claim that he took seriously, and he realized that if his distinguished correspondents were also to take it seriously, they would require some proof. That really wasn't a problem, because Bess had already fixed on a highly suitable guinea pig for his first therapeutic transformation. That guinea pig was Forrest Bess.

*T*here's usually a good deal of tolerance for eccentrics in small towns. Forrest designed crab traps and a hurricane-proof roof, so he was considered to be useful. My mother and her friends appreciated his ability as an artist and encouraged him by commissioning portraits. His dream work was not well received, however. My parents—who were very square—enjoyed visiting with Forrest at his camp at Chinquapin; they would sit and talk and drink Forrest's strong, dark coffee, which looked like it had been brewing for three weeks. On one visit to Chinquapin, Forrest started talking about his correspondence with Jung. I guess he thought that I would know who Jung was and be impressed, and at first I was. He said, "Jung is very interested in my ideas." Then Forrest squinted his eyes and puffed his pipe, looking very profound, and added, "Something he said reminded me of the fourth canto of Goethe's Faust." At that point, I became skeptical. I felt like he had grandiose intellectual pretensions, and I eventually learned that you had to discount a great deal of what he said, but he was always interesting to talk to.

—Margaret Furse, an old family friend now living in Austin.

Bess had long been aware of two conflicting tendencies in his makeup, and although he did not consider himself schizophrenic, he did refer to them as "personality #1" and "personality #2." Number one was "the typical Texas ambitious man. Rather roughshod." He was the roughneck, the fisherman, the captain in the Corps of Engineers, "practical—masculine—sensible—displaying leadership—aggressive." Number two, by contrast, was "as weak as a jelly fish." To Bess, this personality seemed "quite helpless in relation to adjustment to society. It is



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artistic—sensitive—introspective and had rather cry or lament the shortcomings of mankind rather than fight. . . . This personality I have found is actually somewhat effeminate."

Bess believed that the integration of his two personalities would reunite his conscious and unconscious minds. He even surmised that the unconscious minds of all males were effeminate, while the unconscious minds of all females were masculine. The ideal human being would, in Bess's interpretation, bring together the characteristics of both sexes.

His prodigious research soon provided Bess with all sorts of arcane and sometimes surprisingly logical connections between androgyny and the freeing of modern man. Through his imaginative, undisciplined scholarship, Bess concluded that the pan-cultural theme of art throughout the ages was the hermaphrodite.

By the mid-fifties Bess had become too intoxicated with his theories to settle for a sweeping cultural investigation and its attendant conclusions. Still anxious to challenge the modern scientist and doctor, he began to explore the medical implications of his research. He took as a starting point the experiments of Eugene Steinach, a thoroughly discredited researcher (which merely added to his cachet, in Bess's estimation) who claimed to have arrested aging and rejuvenated men and animals by tying off the vas deferens, thereby causing the flow of semen to back up and create pressure on the interstitial cells that Steinach insisted produced the male hormones. Spurred by these claims, Bess began to study anatomy and endocrinology texts. He planned to devise a procedure for creating a pseudohermaphrodite with characteristics even more unusual than the combination of both sexes in one body. It would be the prototype of a perfect race of human beings reunited with their unconscious minds and so free of psychological tensions that wars and prisons would cease to exist. And because of effects similar to those produced by Steinach, Bess's pseudohermaphrodite would also be immortal.

The man who was formulating these theories throughout the fifties continued to paint and fish for a living. By now he was a fixture at Chinquapin, heading out to the bay in his sixteen-foot skiff with an outboard motor on the stern and "Bait" in big letters on the bow. His cluttered studio was a local landmark and now featured a refrigerator, stove, typewriter, and a layer of oyster shells on the roof for insulation. Bess himself was a colorful, almost romantic figure: tall, mustachioed, with blue eyes, a tanned face, and a shock of nearly white hair, and always those khaki pants. He was a legendary raconteur who clearly enjoyed entertaining—and shocking with excerpts from his complex theories—the cronies, artists, reporters, and occasional patrons who visited him in a steady trickle. But life also had its predictably dark side for Bess, marked by the long, dreary winters of idleness, poverty, and morbid self-contemplation.

Although Bess earned only a marginal liv-



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ing from the combination of fishing and art (he estimated his sales of art at about \$200 a year), his reputation continued to grow. In addition to regular shows at the Betty Parsons Gallery, his work was displayed in one-man and group museum exhibitions all over the country. He had also developed a following in Houston and had an attention-getting one-man show at Houston's André Emmerich Gallery in 1958.

But Bess accepted his local notoriety almost as a matter of course; his real work was of such immense importance that merely becoming an artistic celebrity could hardly reward it. He continued to wage what he described as a "tremendous battle through correspondence" with almost any expert he thought might be interested in his theories. He compiled a notebook of sketches, clippings, quotations, and other data that might corroborate his theories. He also produced a step-by-step manifesto based on an obscure manhood rite practiced by Australian aborigines, which involved the mutilation of the male genitals. "All symbolism in art," Bess wrote in his treatise, "points towards this mutilation as being the basic step towards the state of pseudo-hermaphrodite as the desirable and intended state of man."

The manifesto dropped like a dark curtain between Bess and his closest intellectual companions. Meyer Schapiro dismissed it and Bess called him a chained slave. Betty Parsons declined to hang what he called his manifesto as a show, and he wrote her angrily in 1959: "Art to me is the search for truth so death will end. To you it is a matter of aesthetics." But Bess was, strangely, given hope by Jung's final reply to all his correspondence, entreaties, and theses. "What you have found is not unique," wrote Jung. "It has been found possibly once each century from the beginning of time. It invariably leaves the individual with the feeling that they have made The Great Discovery. Let us return to the safe basis of facts." To Bess, the ancient history of his thesis indicated its timeless significance, and as for "the safe basis of facts," that was all right for Jung. Jung, after all, wasn't an artist. Jung was just scared.

Inflamed by rejection, excited by the prospect of going further than even Jung had dared to go, and drawn on by his own terrifying logic, Bess decided in 1960 to take the next step in proving his theories.

The events of the night on which Forrest Bess became a pseudohermaphrodite are not clear. According to Bess, he paid a local physician, Dr. R. H. Jackson, \$100 and several paintings to perform the necessary surgery. Sex researcher Dr. John Money later corresponded at length with Bess and concluded that Bess, who exhibited an extensive knowledge of anatomy, medical procedures, and painkilling drugs, had operated on himself and invented the doctor's participation to legitimate his experiment. Other possibilities are that the doctor, who apparently did attend Bess on the night in question, did so after Bess either performed the surgery himself or injured himself in a bizarre form of masturbation. Unfortunate-

ly, Jackson died shortly after supposedly performing a second operation on Bess in 1961.

The anatomical facts, however, are clear. In accordance with the aborigine ritual, an opening, or fistula, was created beneath Bess's penis at its junction with the scrotum. This opening led through an incision in the urethra to the bulbocavernous urethra, a naturally enlarged section of the urethra that Bess insisted was capable of intense orgasmic stimulation. According to Bess's theories, the bulbous section of the urethra could, if sufficiently dilated, receive another penis in what would be the ultimate, eternal rejuvenating form of sexual intercourse.

The years just following his surgery were a time of bitter disappointment for Bess,

punctuated by extravagant hopes. Fishing became less and less profitable, and Bess was weary of waiting for the shrimp to come in each spring before he could pay his modest bills. In September 1961 Hurricane Carla ran right over Matagorda Bay, generating a sixteen-foot tidal surge that washed the entire community of Chinquapin over fifty square miles of surrounding pastureland. Only the concrete prow and slab of Bess's studio remained. Bess, however, proud that he was a Texan "determined to conquer land and water," slogged through the mud picking up his scattered belongings and began to rebuild.

Bess also began to rebuild the friendships that were now recovering from the shock of his manifesto and his horrifying operation

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(he even sent pictures of the alterations to Betty Parsons). Parsons gave Bess a retrospective exhibition in 1962, and Meyer Schapiro wrote the catalog essay, in which he commented: "Forrest Bess is that kind of artist rare at any time, a real visionary painter. He is not inspired by texts of poetry or religion, but by a strange significance in what he alone has seen." Bess's work once again received good reviews but did not sell well, and he had more reason than ever to be bitter about the mild interest in his art. In the fifteen years that had passed since he first took his work to New York, Bess had seen the despised abstract expressionists become an international institution and the recipients of unheard-of sales figures for modern painting. Bess was convinced that the hated Rothko, Still (whom he accused of copying his paintings), the late Pollock (Bess had once stormed out of a showing at the Parsons gallery after Pollock began one of his "artistic tirades"), and most of the other artists of the "concoction school" were self-exploiting and insincere; their success was proof of that.

Bess in turn saw that his lack of recognition reflected a cultural schism. "I would dare the critic who reviewed my work to sit at home some night just with one small insignificant canvas of mine and—look at it and nothing else for a period of thirty minutes or longer. I can make them cry for the loneliness they feel. . . . Don't sell the magic packed in the canvases short. But again reflection is needed for the integration

of the ideogram and I am not sure New Yorkers have that much time to spare. Go—Go—Go!"

But Bess did not give up on his quest for truth and vindication. In late 1962 he began to correspond with the controversial sexual psychologist John Money of Johns Hopkins School of Medicine. Money, who later reported on Bess in a paper titled "Three Cases of Genital Self-Surgery and Their Relationship to Transsexualism," encouraged Bess to disclose the details of his theories, his surgery, and his sex life. While Money's interest was clearly clinical, Bess saw this correspondence as the chance to finally "take the human body away from medicine and give it back to the artist."

When not writing to Money, Bess continued to proselytize through more conventional means. He planned a film about Dionysus as man, god, and bull (Dionysus, who emerged from the thigh of Zeus, was another of Bess's favorite themes). He had a rather successful show at Kathryn Swenson's New Arts Gallery in Houston in 1963, and his popularity in Houston increased throughout the sixties. Not only did important local artists, like sculptor Jim Love and sculptor-filmmaker Roy Fridge, find Bess fascinating, if somewhat frightening, but many of Houston's most prominent art collectors showed an interest in his work. John and Dominique de Menil and Nina Culinan were longtime Bess patrons, as was Dallas's Stanley Marcus. Other collectors included George Brown, Houston architect How-

ard Barnstone, and Barnstone's New York colleague Philip Johnson. But Bess only grudgingly sold his canvases—he once said he wished they could all be kept together as a collection—and his favorite collector was a Pasadena plumber named Jack Akridge, who bought fourteen of Bess's paintings at \$10 down and \$10 a month.

*T*he only way you could get to Forrest's—or back—was if he took you in his boat. He'd cook up some strange sort of shrimp-crab stew that would be bubbling up on the stove, and you thought you were taking your life in your hands just eating there, but it always tasted great. His personality was so powerful that you was going to do next.

There was always something in the air that you weren't quite sure about. Jim Love and I would laugh about it sometimes: Did Forrest Bess consider us his next disciples? Were we supposed to have that operation? It was a little bit spooky, because he was so strong in his belief. He wasn't fooling around; I never had the slightest feeling that there was anything fraudulent about him. I don't think his intention was so much to shock us as to convince us of the truth of his theories.

When he came to Houston for openings he would always act the eccentric more than the messiah. He took great pleasure in needling Post art critic Campbell Geeslin [who wrote that Bess's works "give me the creeps"], and he would write him letters that said something like "Sharpen up your pencil, Campbell, I'm coming to town."

—Roy Fridge, an artist living in Port Aransas.

Bess's big secret remained just that to most of the people in Houston and Bay City who knew him. His friends admired his sincerity as an artist, even if what they heard of his theories—which Bess revealed in their entirety to only a select few—sounded pretentious and unappealing. Bess never gave any outward sign of his sexual orientation and protested to his correspondents that he hated effeminate men and that his theories really had nothing to do with homosexuality. Word did leak out occasionally, and Bess once mentioned a homosexual ex-friend who told stories about him and made it impossible for him to go to local bars anymore. But Bess's real frustration was his growing impatience with Dr. Money, who was obviously not going to help him prove his thesis.

The late sixties and early seventies were an agonizing codicil to Bess's long search for the truth. He had always worried that he was "suffering from some sort of mental disease that may be contagious" and conceded that "the Creator behind me may be the Devil or it may be Dionysus." Now that it was apparent that Money, too, was unconvinced, the tenuous threads of logic that had held Bess's theories in a presentable, if debatable, form finally dissolved. Physical and emotional stress also played its part. In 1966 Bess had to have part of his nose, cancerous from all

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his years in the sun, removed and then had to undergo reconstructive surgery. His skin cancer forced him to retire from Chinquapin to one of his mother's houses in Bay City, and the move was painfully disorienting. "Adjustment to living in town has not been easy for me. I miss my little yellowed egret that rode my old cypress skiff. I called the egret George. He could locate me out in the bay where I had gone to trawl. He always landed on the boat, looked at me, in fact even while perched on the edge of the boat well he kept one eye on me. Large black pupils and yellow irises."

Two years later, the medical editor of the *Washington Star* lost the notebook that Bess had been compiling for ten years, although Bess suspected that it had been destroyed because it was too dangerous to publish. A year after that, his mother died. He applied for a veteran's disability pension and was denied. He drank heavily.

In his last active years as an artist, Bess began work on a large panel painting based on his Dionysus and the bull theme. He began to suggest that someone recommend him for a Nobel prize for his original research. And throughout 1973 he was supported by a grant Meyer Schapiro arranged for him; the funds came from a foundation endowed by a gratefully wealthy Mark Rothko for the care of older, impoverished artists.

In late 1973 and early 1974 Bess began to act strangely in public. He got into trouble with the law on one occasion for apparently causing a scene in a hobby shop, although he could not remember the incident. Several months later he was arrested and jailed for wandering nude on a city street late one night, and again he had no memory of it. He was committed to the San Antonio State Mental Hospital, where his condition was diagnosed as paranoid schizophrenia. After a few weeks Bess was transferred to a Veterans Administration hospital in Waco and then to the Bay Villa Nursing Home in Bay City.

Nothing more was heard of Bess until the Bay City Art League gave him a one-man show in March 1977. At his opening, he appeared alert and lucid and happily discussed his theories. Eight months later, on November 11, Forrest Bess died of a stroke, and his dreams of immortality ended. His body, as he had wished, was donated to medical research.

There are myriad explanations for the strange life and times of Forrest Bess. Insanity, repressed homosexuality, alcoholism, and an instinct for sheer sensationalism figure prominently among the more skeptical or less charitable interpretations. To sympathetic eyes he could even be seen as a troubled genius, an innocent burdened by an overwhelming gift. But perhaps he is best described as a man out of place in time, a passionate, intensely metaphysical thinker who in a less rational age might have been a celebrated ascetic, a famed doctor of the church, or an esteemed pagan philosopher. His visions—which clearly were real to

him—belonged to the great body of history that we have largely put behind us, when voices from the sky built mighty empires and jury-rigged philosophies established enduring faiths.

In terms of his art, however, Bess was fifteen or twenty years ahead of his time, a miss that today is as good as an eon. He was not the only artist to accuse the abstract expressionists of throwing their angst around with a little too much finesse. A Port Arthur native named Robert Rauschenberg—fourteen years Bess's junior—suggested exactly the same thing when he painted *Factum I* and *Factum II*, a pair of canvases that exactly duplicated each other's drips and splashes. Rauschenberg went on to become the art star of the sixties by substituting inner tubes and mattresses for meaning-laden brushstrokes and tragic and timeless fields of color.

In the summer of 1980 Barbara Haskell, a curator at New York's Whitney Museum of American Art, saw one small Bess canvas at Betty Parsons's gallery, was immediately drawn to it, and asked to see more. The result of that chance encounter was a one-man exhibition at the Whitney last fall and an unusually high level of enthusiasm from other artists impressed by the quality, painful sincerity, and originality of Bess's work. The fashions of art, which Bess so despised, now favor him. The aesthetic theories of the fifties and sixties, which were postulated and refined just as obsessively as Bess's psychological theories, have now given way to personal imagery, whether abstract or representational, that is direct to the point of crudeness. Messages, the more idiosyncratic the better, have taken precedence over formalist dogma. "My painting is tomorrow's painting," Bess wrote in 1962 with haunting accuracy. "Watch and see."

It is hardly a foregone conclusion that Bess will achieve in death the immortality he searched for in life; that would be an ending that even he didn't hypothesize. But he has already earned a solid footnote in art history. Right now Roy Fridge wants to complete a film on Bess, and there are plans for scholarly articles and a book. His story is certainly the stuff that creates cult figures, and as it is told his reputation will undoubtedly flourish. More important, although he may never have known it, his art and life achieved the most basic thing that any art or life can aspire to: they touched the people around him. When the Forrest Bess exhibition opened at the Whitney last fall, the show's organizers decided to forgo the usual public reception and hold a small luncheon for the curators, lenders of paintings, and friends of Bess. There were only fifteen or twenty people seated around a big oval table, and when the meal was finished the people who had known him began to reminisce. Meyer Schapiro gave a long, eloquent memorial, and then one story led to another. "It was one of the most moving, touching experiences I ever had," said Rosalie Berkowitz, Bess's old friend from San Antonio and Woodstock. "You actually felt that Forrest was present in that room." ♦

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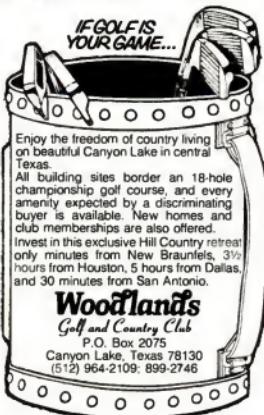
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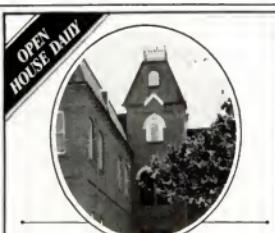
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See Real Estate, page 252

Real Estate, continued

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RESORT CONDOMINIUMS in Rockport, Texas. Excellent fishing, tennis, swimming. For reservations call or write: W. F. Development Corporation, P.O. Box 9265, Fort Worth, Texas 76107. (817) 332-5387.

See Travels, page 254

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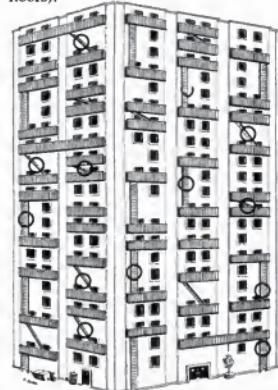


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Solution to April Puzzle

It took thirteen ladders and stairways to make the descent (actually, you had to go up on the sixth, eleventh, and thirteenth floors).



The people whose names were drawn to receive *Texas Monthly* T-shirts are Chuck Davison of Spring, Brad Foster of Irving, Doug Randall of Mount Pleasant, G. Fred Reiff of Abilene, and Ron Wimberley of Lubbock.

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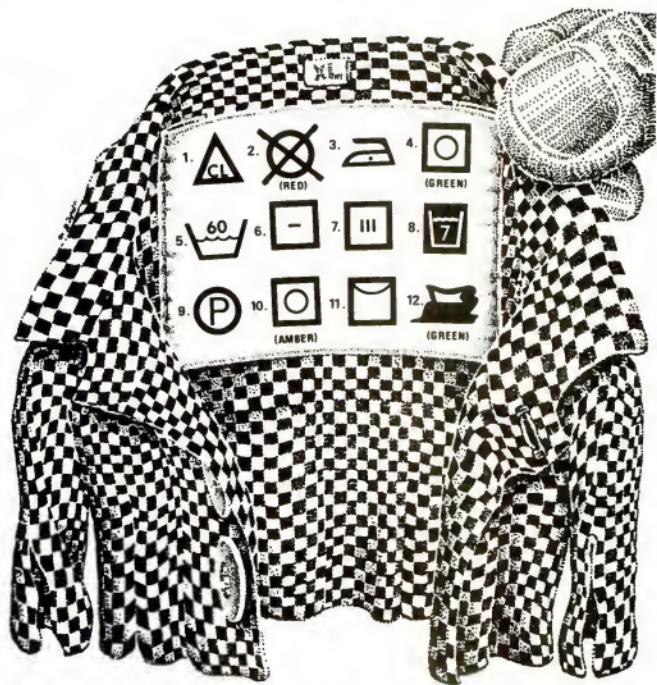
by Don Rubin

Gone are the days of clothing labels that say "Machine Washable" or "Dry Clean Only." Now you have to be a cryptographer to know what to do and what not to do when your Izods get dirty. The credit for this goes to the international symbols adopted by the British, Canadian, and Dutch garment industry to overcome language problems in fabric care. (The colors used by the Canadians and the Dutch have a unique but logical relationship to one another.)

See if you can match up the symbols and their meanings.

Rules:

1. Prizes for solving the Puzzle will be *Texas Monthly* T-shirts.
2. If there are more than five entries with the correct solution to the Puzzle, recipients of T-shirts will be selected by a lottery. All entries become the property of *Texas Monthly*, and the decision of the editors is final.
3. Address all entries to TEXAS MONTHLY PUZZLE, Box 1569, Austin, Texas 78767. Entries must be received by the 22nd of this month. The solution will be published in two months.
4. All entries must include your name, address, and shirt size (S, M, L, XL).
5. Please do not include other communications for *Texas Monthly* with your Puzzle entry.



- Drip dry
- Tumble dry at high setting
- Wash at 140° F
- Do not dry-clean
- Dry on flat surface
- Hot iron

- Tumble dry at low setting
- Bleach with hypochlorite, if necessary
- Wash at 104° F
- Cool iron
- Use any solvent except trichlorethylene
- Hang to dry

STATE SECRETS

Detroit's punch . . . UT's free lunch . . . parks crunch.

YANKEE STAY HOME

♦ If Houston and Detroit were nations instead of cities, they'd probably be on the same terms as Great Britain and Argentina right about now. In recent months Houston has been the source of some not-so-subtle hints that immigrants from the frozen North are no longer welcome. Now Detroit has struck back. The May issue of *Monthly Detroit* magazine features a diatribe against Houston, beginning with the headline "If You Like Being Hated . . . If You Like Bad Air and Three-Hour Traffic Jams . . . If You Like Crime and Garbage . . . YOU'LL LOVE HOUSTON." "Detroit may be shrinking, but Houston is quite literally sinking," the article warns. "Then there are the hurricanes, gruesome heat and humidity, and alternating droughts. Add giant bugs, booming crime, and fake lakes, and you've got Houston—unaesthetic, uncivilized." The article concludes with "Eleven Reasons to Stay Right Where We Are." Unskilled plant workers, we are told, earn 55 per cent less money in Houston (query: what is 55 per cent less than nothing?) and receive lower benefits if injured on the job. Among Detroit's advantages: zoning, lower housing prices, a domesticated police department, Canada, better state support of the arts, and higher SAT scores in public schools. But the article may not achieve its purpose of keeping Detroiters home. Among its photographic gallery of unappealing Houston scenes (strip shopping centers, freeway interchanges, oil tanks) is an ugly urban coffee shop—with a Help Wanted sign in the window.

DON'T FORGET TAX AND TIP

♦ Strange story, that item concerning UT's insistence that six scholarship football players who earned money in postseason all-star games reimburse the school for spring semester meal money. Very strange. For one thing, UT athletic officials were so unwilling about collecting the money that head coach Fred Akers was forced to call the players personally and dun them. (No luck.) For another, although the letter of the NCAA law requires athletes on scholarship to turn over to the school their earnings from play-for-pay events like the Senior Bowl, most schools either find ways around the rule or ignore it altogether. Why was UT so adamant? The answer has to do with power, politics, and paranoia. UT has been a ringleader in the fledgling College Football Association's



Elephant-size roaches roam the Detroit version of Houston.

per cent less money in Houston (query: what is 55 per cent less than nothing?) and receive lower benefits if injured on the job. Among Detroit's advantages: zoning, lower housing prices, a domesticated police department, Canada, better state support of the arts, and higher SAT scores in public schools. But the article may not achieve its purpose of keeping Detroiters home. Among its photographic gallery of unappealing Houston scenes (strip shopping centers, freeway interchanges, oil tanks) is an ugly urban coffee shop—with a Help Wanted sign in the window.

challenge to the NCAA. It has even sued the NCAA. On another front, UT law professor Charles Alan Wright is chairman of the NCAA infractions committee and was highly visible in the disciplining of perennial football power University of Southern California. In short, UT has made some powerful enemies, and there is a strong sense within the athletic department that the school is very much under the NCAA microscope. The meal money episode was a classic example of protecting one's flanks, even if it meant that Fred Akers had to endure the humiliation of being a bill collector.

59 PARKS, R.I.P.

♦ The Reagan administration's assault on federal spending has landed a haymaker on the chins of Texas boating and fishing enthusiasts. In an attempt to save money, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers is shutting down 59 of its 224 parks in Texas, which already ranks near the bottom nationally in park acreage per capita. Most of the closings are of heavily used lakes in Northeast Texas; 17 of the parks border three reservoirs just north of Dallas—Lavon, Lewisville, and Grapevine. The Corps will remove rest room and picnic facilities and will barricade roads leading to boat ramps, although some will remain accessible. What will happen to the old park sites? The Corps would like to declare them surplus federal property and sell them to developers, but because of flooding, that's out of the question. Local governments have shown interest in leasing a few of the parks, and pressure is building for the state Parks and Wildlife Department to take over others. But given P&W's dismal record, don't bet on it.

PRIMARY BECOMES SECONDARY

♦ The low turnout in the May 1 primary election—about 21 per cent of the registered voters—shouldn't have come as such a surprise. It is another indication of how much Bill Clements has changed Texas politics: voters know that the Democratic primary is no longer the decisive election. In true two-party states, only the party faithful vote in primaries; everyone else waits until November. The turnout on May 1 was not, as columnists and commentators have said, an indication of poor campaigning and general voter apathy but rather a sign that Texas politics is getting more and more like politics everywhere else.



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